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# PLAYBILL

WELCOME TO ONE of the most star-packed issues we've ever published. For openers, we have the memoirs of **Larry King**—host of radio's nationally syndicated *Larry King Show*—who has talked with just about everybody who's anybody over the past three decades. *Tell It to the King*, written by King with **Peter Occhiogrosso** and illustrated by **Herb Davidson**, is an excerpt from the forthcoming book by the same title to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and it offers an amazing collection of on- and off-the-air anecdotes about entertainment, political and sports legends such as **Marlon Brando**, **Lenny Bruce**, **Richard Nixon**, **Henry Kissinger**, **John F. Kennedy**, **Don Shula**, **Muhammad Ali** and **Laurence Olivier**. If you like spicy celebrity gossip, you'll find it as difficult to stop reading King as it is to eat just one potato chip.

However, if your idea of the fast lane has more to do with velocity than with fame, you'll relish the return to our pages of our in-house daredevil, **Craig Vetter**, who recounts his gut-wrenching experiences in some of the fastest automobiles known to mankind in *At Ludicrous Speed*, illustrated by **Roy Schnackenberg**. Of his experiment with drag racing, Vetter says, "A lot of people may read this article and think, So he went 186 mph in 7.2 seconds. Anybody can do that. But the violence and the power of these machines would scare most people off before they even climbed into one of them." Strap in with Vetter and we guarantee you'll have your socks blown off. Those who prefer their cars more manageable won't want to miss comic **Jay Leno's** review (with **Peter Frey**) of *Runts of the Liter*—the best itsy-bitsy cars in the world.

And speaking of driving in the fast lane, Chicago Bulls guard **Michael Jordan**, who just may be the greatest basketball player who ever lived, drives down a hardwood lane every game, usually through a gauntlet of huge and violent men. **Michael Kiefer**, who interviewed the 6'6" maestro of dunk to write *Air Attack*, says that the final impression Jordan left on him was that of a perfectionist, a force both on court and in front of his public. Nearly as good with a bullwhip as Jordan is with a basketball, **Harrison Ford** is the undisputed champ of the rich and reticent. Contributing Editor **Bill Zehme's** *20 Questions* with the actor convinces us that Ford is one of the few movie stars we wouldn't mind living next door to.

If you had a neighbor like **Tom Clancy**, the author of the hugely popular spy novels *The Hunt for Red October* and *Red Storm Rising*, you might worry that you were living next door to a James Bond type whose house contained enough top-secret Pentagon information to warrant a terrorist attack. But **Marc Cooper**, who interviewed him for this month's *Playboy Interview*, found that Clancy uses library research and astute supposition—not friends in the CIA—to create in chilling detail the advanced technological weaponry that bristles on his subs, tanks and planes.

On the other hand, as our readers know well, we prefer women to guns, which brings us to one of the most exotic pictorials we've published in many years. The Chinese woman is the stuff of fantasies, so we were delighted to discover *China Dolls*, a portfolio originally photographed for our Chinese-language edition. We asked novelist **Paul Theroux**, who has lived in the Orient and set several of his books there, to give us his observations—not on these particular models but on the irresistible lure the Chinese female exerts on men everywhere. You'll find his essay fascinating.

To round out the issue we have, compliments of photographer **Phillip Dixon**, a special look at *Vanity*, the singer and actress whose talent and sultry beauty earn her the right to her name; the results of our annual Playboy Music Poll; and *The Bitter Truth*, a short story by **Isaac Bashevis Singer** (illustrated by internationally acclaimed artist **José Luis Cuevas**) excerpted from *The Death of Methuselah*, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. And don't forget part one of our spring fashion forecast, *Suited for Spring*, by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne**. We think you ought to be well dressed while you read this magazine. After all, you're in the company of some very special people.



KING



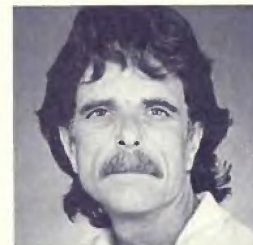
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# PLAYBOY®

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All's Vanity

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Nothing's Air

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Active Playmate

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Pizza the Action

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## COVER STORY

The last time singer, movie star (catch her in *Action Jackson*) and America's favorite nasty girl Vanity appeared in *Playboy* was in our May 1985 issue (*Vanity Rare*). As you'll see in this issue's revealing pictorial of the ultra bad Miss V (on page 68), she hasn't aged a bit. Her cover photo is the work of Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. The Rabbit, by the way, is not only caught in a chain of love, he's feeling like a Prince.

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### THUS SPAKE ARNOLD

I enjoyed the January *Playboy Interview* with Arnold Schwarzenegger, though I disagree with just about everything he has to say about politics and women. However, as a bodybuilder myself, I applaud his statements that athletes should avoid using steroids and that it's not necessary to sleep 12 hours a day, eat raw eggs and avoid sex to develop a competitive body. When Arnold talks about bodybuilding, which is something he knows something about, he's right on the money. When he talks about anything else, he's insufferable.

Robert Johnson  
Los Angeles, California

I wish someone would tell Arnold Schwarzenegger that there is room for both him and Sylvester Stallone in films. He told interviewer Joan Goodman that "there's nothing that anyone can do out there to save his ass and his image." If Arnie believes that, he's in Dreamsville. Sly's fans are as legion and as loyal as ever.

Equally ridiculous is his advice to Sly against starting an all-male club. I don't know a single woman who believes that *everything* has to be gender-integrated. Too many of us belong to all-female organizations that we want to keep that way.

Georgia B. Makiver  
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

I was looking forward to an in-depth interview with Arnold Schwarzenegger, and then interviewer Joan Goodman started harping on the violence in his movies. I can understand a couple of questions about this subject but not 11 straight. You've always stated that it's the responsibility of parents to determine what their children watch or read when it comes to pornography. Well, the same applies to violence. If people don't want their kids to see violence in movies, it's their (the parents') fault if their youngsters are allowed to see such things, not the fault of the film maker or actors such as Arnold.

L. David Kirkland  
Madisonville, Indiana

So Arnold would rather play with guns than with a woman, huh? Poor Maria!

Nick Daniello  
Rome, New York

### PUSHING THE PANIC BUTTON

I want to compliment *Playboy* and the open-mindedness of Michael Crichton for producing the most stable literature so far on the AIDS problem (*Panic in the Sheets*, January).

Being a 27-year-old single male who dates new acquaintances frequently, I, too, am constantly bombarded by the AIDS hype. I saw more relevant thinking and useful information in Crichton's article than in all the media hype that floods our society.

Mark Gordon  
San Antonio, Texas

If Michael Crichton were to edit or publish a journal devoted to AIDS, I would certainly subscribe. I don't mean something for the doctors and the researchers; I mean something for all of us. There should be articles by experts; items by subscribers describing their experiences and their feelings; the probabilities of contracting the disease should be presented graphically, with comparisons to other possibilities such as skiing accidents, automobile accidents, meningitis, typhoid, muggings, lung cancer.

The Herpes Resource Center, a project of the American Social Health Association, publishes a quarterly newsletter concerned with herpes at the level I have suggested. Perhaps Crichton should join with ASHA to publish a similar newsletter on AIDS.

Millard H. Perstein  
Sedona, Arizona

### SIXTIES RETROVISION

Throughout the ages, people have been looking back to "golden ages," when things seemed so much better, instead of facing up to what they've got. I'm 26 and British, so a lot of what was said in the Sixties essays (*Playboy*, January) is not in my memory bank. The events of those times passed me by, though they continue to have

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a big impact on life today.

It's often said by people in my country that Americans have no history. That's one of America's great strengths as far as I can see. It is the constant looking back to the past, when Britannia ruled the waves and all that, that has been one of Britain's biggest problems over the past 40 years. Unfortunately, people like Harlan Ellison are doing the same thing, looking back to the Sixties as the very zenith of civilization, in the same way that a lot of British have looked back to the Empire.

He derides the Fifties, but the people who brought about some of the benefits he talks about were products of that decade. I wasn't alive then, but I know that a certain Elvis Presley made some stunning records then. And wasn't it the decade in which *Playboy* got going?

Ellison talks about revisionism yet is guilty of it himself. He holds up John Kennedy as a near saint, but wasn't Kennedy the President who started to push America into Vietnam? And wasn't that in the Sixties?

Craig Gerrard  
Liverpool, England

#### STELLAR TELLER

Having been annoyed often by the failure of my local automatic teller to do what I asked it, I was greatly amused by *A Night*

*at the Cash Machine* in the January issue. Hats off to Rowland B. Wilson.

John Evans  
Chicago, Illinois

*Also deserving a tip of your hat, John, are co-creators Lloyd Lynford and Bob Sloan, who wrote the story and whose names were inadvertently omitted from "Playbill" and our Contents Page.*

#### LECHER FEELINGS SHOW

I've been reading Asa Baber's *Men* column for about five years now and have always thought that he has quite an insight into the problems and attitudes that face men in these turbulent times. However, in the January issue, it seems that he has hit an all-time low with his "Universal Male Lechery Test," which he suggests is the best test of masculinity since the carnival ring-the-bell-with-the-hammer game. His questions are so terribly defensive and biased that most of us grudgingly say "false" and come out looking like assholes.

Baber is selling us short by asking us to paint an ugly picture of ourselves and then rally around it in defense of our nature. I don't mind calling a spade a spade, but really—to be given a choice of crawling into bed with a beautiful lady or calling for help from my "mommy"? It sounds like a bad screenplay for a Woody Allen movie!

I agree with Baber that we should not be persecuted for our masculinity, but revel-

ing in an image disgusting to women (and the general public) is hardly a way to deal with it.

Jeb S. Hann  
San Diego, California

#### MINI HAPPY RETURNS

Bruce Jay Friedman's witty *The (Hurrah!) Return of the Miniskirt* (*Playboy*, January) and the titillating photos accompanying the essay are outstanding. If the miniskirt is really coming back (and I fervently hope that it is!), I'll be able to retire my wing tips with the small mirrors and flashlights on the toes for a while.

Lanny R. Middings  
San Ramon, California

#### RIDING TAXI DRIVERS

Your *Sports* writer Dan Jenkins' January column, "Death and Taxis," is unfair and racist. The lumping of our drivers into "maniac terrorists of no ascertainable nationality" is the equivalent of *Playboy* Bunnies' being stereotyped as "beautiful bimbos with no brains." It's just not true.

The drivers in our industry have an obligation to the riding public, fellow motorists and pedestrians to drive as cautiously and carefully as possible—and they do.

Common sense tells us at The Independent Taxi Owners Council—representing 5000 independent taxi owner/operators—that wrecklessness [*sic*] does not pay.

Traffic penalties and accidents come out of the independent operator's pocket—that

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see their way clear  
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makes safety a number-one priority. And the driver who jeopardizes a passenger's safety also jeopardizes the tip he so depends upon, not to mention the license he needs to drive his cab and make his living.

People from all walks of life drive cabs to help make ends meet in our exorbitantly expensive New York City. Many of the drivers who enter our industry are immigrants who, without the ability to drive a cab and no other marketable job skills, would have no source of income to support themselves and feed their families. They then would have to seek government assistance and burden taxpayers.

Investigate before you write, Mr. Jenkins. Better yet, stick to the real sports.

Howard Fogel, President

The Independent Taxi Owners Council  
New York, New York

#### THE REAL MCGUIRE?

In *The World of Playboy* in the January issue, I noticed a picture of three beauties with Hef. The caption that accompanies the picture says that the women are Patti McGuire Connors, Sondra Theodore and Carrie Leigh. Now, if my keen "Bunny eyes" don't deceive me, that's October 1981 Playmate Kelly Tough on Hef's right and not Patti.

John DiCrosta

Schenectady, New York

*You're right, John. Our "World of Playboy" editor has agreed to purchase new glasses.*



Kelly, Hef.



Patti McGuire Connors.

#### RATING THE GYM GODDESSES

Your *Fast Forward* item (*Playboy*, January) that claims that two-time Ms. Olympia winner Rachel McLish is the "most celebrated female bodybuilder in the world" probably would be laughed at by the actual bodybuilder who can claim this title, Cory Everson, current Ms. Olympia and the *only* four-time winner of this event. Granted, Rachel is great, but Cory is two notches (two Ms. Olympia notches) better.

Marty Kralik

Toledo, Ohio

#### BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY DOES

In January's *The World of Playboy*, there is a picture of my father, Darrell "Red" Follett, and 1987 Playmate of the Year Donna Edmondson taken at the VA hospital in Des Moines, Iowa, during her October visit to the city and its Playboy Club. Donna's visit brightened the day for all the guys in the hospital and, most certainly, pleased my father. His thoughts on Donna's visit were, "She just happens to have a beautiful body, but she'll be beautiful when she's 60." My dad passed away three days before your January issue hit the stands; on his behalf, I'd like to thank you very much for publishing his picture.

Charles B. Follett

Des Moines, Iowa

*You're welcome.*



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## *Party Right with Bud Light!*

SPUDS MACKENZIE, THE ORIGINAL PARTY ANIMAL.

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## MESHUGA METAL

What to our wondering ears should appear in Manhattan's Caroline's not long ago but the sound of Black Shabbos (*Shabbos* being Hebrew for Sabbath), to our knowledge, America's only Yiddish rap band. Calling themselves Blind "Bubba" Berkowitz, Schlomo E. and Ozzy Beshevis Singer, the three band members appear in Hasidic black hats, long earlocks and black gowns accented by skintight leopard pants and spiked dog collars. On top of some quality shtick, they play a little Johnny Mathis—Johnny Rotten-inspired punk (*My Funny Valentine's Day Massacre*), some reggae ("Reggae Rabbi, he eats bagels with dread lox"), an ode to Sammy Davis Jr. and a tune that goes: "I'm in love with a nun, she's so nice, / I'm in love with a nun, but she's married to Christ."

And on *Wrap It Up*, naturally, they rap: "We're so cool we're almost frozen, / We have to be because we're The Chosen." So "watch out, all you rappers, we're coming into town, / But we have to stop jamming before sundown."

So what do you expect from three nice boys from Queens, "home of Run-DMC," they quickly point out? Says Ozzy, "Rock 'n' roll has saved my life. If I weren't in Black Shabbos, I'd probably be out on the streets practicing law or medicine."

## ALL TOGETHER, NOW

Lately, we've been listening to *The Best of John Williams and the Boston Pops*, a new CD from Philips. The weird discovery is how deeply ingrained in us these recent compositions—the fanfare from the 1984 Olympics, the main theme from *Star Wars* and the theme from *NBC News*, to name a few—already are. We wonder, is this the folk music of the Eighties?

## THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR

Ever wonder how to get a network censor ticked off? Here are a few lines that were snipped from NBC programs last fall.

"I dreamed I was getting it on with your

momma."—*The Father Clements Story*, a made-for-TV movie.

"I'm sorry I called those nut cases you work with crazy."—*Family Ties*.

"You're up for it" (what the Standards and Practices honchos call a cock joke).—*A Year in the Life*.

"I'll have to pull out of here" (yep, another one).—*The Bronx Zoo*.

"I'm going to take you up to my place and thank your brains out."—*Cheers*.

Well, we guess that's why folks lay cable. (Whoops, there goes another one.)

## VIDEOLOGY

As if heavyweight champ Mike Tyson hasn't made enough money beating opponents senseless, he has now sold his name to Nintendo, the video-game people. *Mike Tyson's Punch Out* allows you to match wits and punches with the undefeated knockout artist right on your video screen. . . . Looking for a new VCR? Better buy fast. The world money crunch is going to make them cost more real soon. Current industry indexes show import prices going

up, with unit sales coming down. And who's going to pay the difference? Three guesses. . . . A major blow to the 8mm format was felt recently when Kodak announced it was pulling out of the 8mm-video-hardware business. A pioneer with its \$899 modular system, the company just wasn't able to meet its sales projections. . . . One format that looks as if it's starting to boom is Super VHS. According to the folks at 3M (they're the ones who invented video tape), the new high-resolution format is catching on quickly—even faster than originally projected. It's estimated that by 1989, half of 3M's video sales will be, er, just super!

## FRUITS . . .

The International Banana Association objected to an AIDS documentary on public television in which Latino superstar Rubén Blades used a banana to demonstrate how to put on a condom. A banana spokesperson asked that another prop be used, because "to associate something people eat with a part of the anatomy is not necessarily in good taste. . . . We feel [the producers] reached out for the banana because it's the number-one fruit in the world."

## . . . AND VEGGIES

When the Pope visited Miami last fall, one vendor marketed a T-shirt for Hispanic fans that was supposed to read: VI AL PAPA ("I saw the Pope"). The finished version read VI LA PAPA, which, unfortunately, changed the meaning of the phrase to: "I saw the potato."

## KNOW-IT-ALLS

While varieties of sexual indulgence may seem infinite, they probably aren't—after all, even the *Kama Sutra* has a last page. What is infinite and frequently changing, however, is sex advice. And *A Concise History of the Sex Manual*, by Alan Rusbridger, amplifies that point. For example, while modern sex therapists cite masturbation as the safest sexual activity,



# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"The simplistic 'Just say no!' campaign—the equivalent of telling manic depressives to 'Just cheer up!'—[has] returned drug education and treatment to the *Reefer Madness* era." —Abbie Hoffman in *The Nation*.

### GREENBACKS

What paper money is made of: 75 percent cotton fibers and 25 percent linen.

Highest denomination in United States currency: \$100,000. Highest denomination among bills currently being printed: \$100.

Average life of a dollar bill: one and a half years; of a \$100 bill: 20 years; of a two-dollar bill: 36 years.

### TAX REFORM

Percentage of annual income that the wealthiest one percent of the American population will pay in taxes in 1988: 29.3.

Percentage same group paid in 1977: 31.8.

Percentage of its income that the bottom ten percent will pay in taxes this year: 9.7; in 1977: 8.2.

### JUST SAY BOO

Percentage of Americans who think marijuana is the drug that causes "the most trouble in society as a whole": six.

Percentage who think alcohol is: 21; cocaine: 41.

Percentage of Americans who favored the legalization of marijuana in 1973, 18; in 1978, 30; in 1986, 18.

Percentage of college-educated Americans who favored the legalization of marijuana in 1973, 32; in 1986, 22.

Percentage of Americans who now



### FACT OF THE MONTH

On the average, each American drinks more than 42 gallons of soda pop a year; around 12 percent of that is drunk in the morning.

view the possession of a small amount of marijuana as a criminal offense: 57.

### COMRADE SANDERS

Location of the largest Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant in the world: Peking, People's Republic of China.

The Chinese interpretation of Finger-lickin' good: So good you suck your fingers; of mashed potatoes: potato cement.

Cost of a standard Kentucky Fried two-piece meal in China: seven yuan (\$1.89).

Average monthly wage in the People's Republic: 100 yuan (\$27).

### GRAVY AND BEANS

Average dollar amount in wages plus benefits annually paid to a 25-year-old male high school graduate in the United States military: \$29,639.

The amount paid to a demographically similar civil servant: \$25,953.

Amount received by a 35-year-old male college graduate in the military: \$65,671; in the civil service: \$46,382.

Percentage of salary increase in 1982 for military officers: 14.3; for their civilian counterparts: 4.8.

### CATCH A WAVE

Percentage of U.S. households that own a microwave oven: 60.

Most frequent uses of microwaves: reheating leftovers, 57 percent; defrosting food, 18 percent; heating sandwiches, rolls, etc., 14 percent; preparing hot beverages, 14 percent; cooking vegetables, 13 percent.

Rusbridger reminds us that earlier experts said it caused, among other things, "purple, clammy skin, the dwarfing, the dry cough, the baldness, the stoop, the anorexia and the digestive perversions." Rusbridger has traced sex advice from the frightened naïveté of the Victorians right up to our own freaked-out age. His laudable efforts provide a humbling perspective for experts of every stripe.

### FIN DE SIÈCLE

A quarter of the men in a Finnish survey complained of on-the-job sexual harassment by women, including pressure for sex, pinching, suggestive looks and gestures and sexual jokes. The men claim the harassers are usually younger than their targets. We're wondering, is this some sort of trick to bolster Finnish immigration?

### ZEN AND NOW

He looks like Elayne Boosler, has the vocabulary of Doug Henning and the delivery of Mr. Rogers, but there's only one Zen Master Rama—also known in his nearly ubiquitous magazine ads as Dr. Frederick Lenz. Rama packed us in with several hundred other would-be Zenheads at a recent New York City appearance, the final stop on a nationwide tour. The attraction was a free Intensive Introductory Seminar in Zen Meditation. Appreciating the cost of most free enlightenment, we'd cautiously left our checkbook at home. But Zen Master Rama delivered a surprisingly meek sales pitch—if, in fact, that's what it was. Rama opened with a little mysticism—you know, the "life is a circle" and "the whole cosmos is transient" kind of stuff—then segued into some actual meditation accompanied by the live electronic music of Zazen, a trio Rama produces. Before we could snap out of it, Rama was already thanking us for coming and bidding us farewell. He'd only briefly plugged his monthly "two-evening intensive Zen seminars" (\$25) and Zazen's tapes (which were being snapped up in the lobby seemingly by the hundreds at \$15 a shot) and he had barely noted his quarterly desert excursions (\$250), his Aspen/Snowmass Summer Zen Festival or his Maui Zen Retreat, mentioned in the magazine ads.

According to his promotional brochure, *The Zen Experience*, the Zen Master stands 6'3", has naturally curly hair, believes in birth control, computers and New York mayor Ed Koch and says he rarely flies the same airline twice in a row.

We wanted to know more, so we dialed up Rama International in Van Nuys, California, for a chat. The Selma Diamond-like voice that answered the phone told us she had no way of contacting Frederick Lenz, adding, "I don't know where he is." We figure Lenz's present whereabouts is related to a statement in his brochure in which he characterizes himself as being merely a visitor on this planet with no "plan to take up permanent residence." Zen Master Rama, call home.

# MUSIC

## ROBERT CHRISTGAU

EVER SINCE Stevie Wonder became an institution in the mid-Seventies, he has made records like one—never bad, never ground-breaking. If Ma Bell had commissioned *I Just Called to Say I Love You*, it could have stood as the greatest advertising jingle of all time. But on **Characters** (Motown), he's no longer playing it safe. *Skeletons* is a wild assault on Reaganite hypocrisy that piles on eight consecutive choruses, each with a new set of rhymes to describe what the crooks are gonna do—drop-shock-pop, shake-ache-break, lie-spy-fry. *In Your Corner* promises to defend a white buddy's ass in a black-bar brawl. *Dark 'n' Lovely* is Wonder's most militant and most lyrical anti-apartheid statement. And *With Each Beat of My Heart* is the kind of heart-tugging ballad that made him an institution. The institution's heartbeat serves as a rhythm track.

Depeche Mode is also becoming an institution, but unless you're a teenager, you probably don't know it. This band survived the U.K.'s new-romantic synthesizer epidemic of the early Eighties, and without much help from radio, it has been selling out U.S. arenas since the fall release of **Music for the Masses** (Sire). The secret is simple: Just turn adolescent *Weltschmerz* into something catchy, sexy and seemingly significant. If you're too old for such blandishments, well, excuse me; I've been old enough to find them exotic and educational since I first heard the Shangri-Las at 22. Admittedly, I could do without Martin Gore's S/M metaphors—*Weltschmerz* is capable of taking itself literally. But *Music for the Masses* downplays that shit in favor of twisted road imagery. From the definitive *Little 15*: "And if you could drive / You could drive her away / To a happier place / To a happier day." Sheer poetry?

## DAVE MARSH

Pop fans take for granted Aretha Franklin's Gospel credentials—after all, her style is founded on church music and she's known it all her life, because her father was the Reverend C. L. Franklin, who served for many years as the opening act for the Ward Singers, perhaps the greatest Gospel group of all time.

Franklin has made just three Gospel recordings, the first as a teenager, the second in 1970 and now **One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism** (Arista). All are live and all capture an exceptional performer, but only those unfamiliar with the female Gospel tradition can think them great. The new album pits Franklin against such Ward classics as *Surely God Is Able* and *Packing Up, Getting Ready to Go*, and the results emphasize how much vocal power and range she has lost. Her top is no longer the



Stevie stops playing it safe.

Stevie, Aretha  
and the Shangri-Las  
of the Eighties.

thrilling and unprecedented vehicle with which her career began, and that hurts. Worse, she never seizes a moment the way the great Gospel singers always do. Gospel singers were the original house wreckers, but Aretha stays within bounds all the way through this one. Her greatness can't shine here; like her mentor, Clara Ward, Aretha is a singer whose genius comes to life in the recording studio. Certainly, there's nothing here that compares with her Gospel-inflected pop masterpieces *I Never Loved a Man* or *Spirit in the Dark*. Still, *One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism* does a good job of re-creating a Baptist ceremony, including large doses of preaching (by the Reverend Jesse Jackson, among others), and it's interesting to hear Aretha trying to fit in—introduced not as a star but as just one of the Franklin sisters. And compared with her recent albums, this is better-than-average Aretha, if only because she's not saddled with producer Narada Michael Walden and executive producer Clive Davis, or their execrable concept of what makes a listenable pop song.

## CHARLES M. YOUNG

This month, scatterlings from all over: Foreigner, **Inside Information** (Atlantic)—The singer is overwrought, the guitarist has only rare impulses toward originality, but compare them with Journey and know this truth: The average successful English band has better riffs than the average successful American band.

Jerry Harrison, **The Casual Gods** (Warner)—Keyboardist of Talking Heads makes a solo effort that is more reminiscent of Doobie Brothers than of the parent band—smooth voice, catchy riffs, nothing radical. It is casual but danceable and sexy.

Jello Biafra, **No More Cocoon** (Alternative Tentacles)—Leader of the late Dead Kennedys finds his true calling: preaching. Always angry, usually excessive, sometimes funny, occasionally inconsistent, this is a highly appropriate spoken-word performance for the Age of Reagan. His analysis of right-wing child brainwashing against rock is particularly recommended.

Carnivore, **Retaliation** (Roadracer)—Last time out, these thrashers sang the joys of postapocalypse cannibalism. This time, they want to tear down all churches to build nuclear reactors and stoke them with liberals. They seem to be right wing in the sense that they advocate that enemies of America be hung by the scrotum, but they also preach "Sexual deviation/Religious desecration/Civil mutilation/Violent procreation," so you can't call them Republican, either. Opening cut, *Jack Daniel's and*

## GUEST SHOT



FOR THOSE who thought *Heart* was kaput, there was 1986's multiplatinum self-titled comeback album. And for those who thought that was a one-shot, there is the current multiplatinum *"Bad Animals."* Heart leaders Nancy and Ann Wilson chose to review the comeback LP, *"Cloud Nine"* (*Dark Horse*), of one of their lifelong heroes, George Harrison. Here is their joint assessment.

"We liked the album, though a few songs are filler and just sort of lie there. The standout cuts are the *Devil's Radio* and *Wreck of the Hesperus*, but every track is sung well and from the heart. With *When We Was Fab*, he's talking about the old Beatles days with ease, finally. We've heard a lot of people say, 'Jeff Lynne producing Harrison—oh, yeah, the guy who imitates the Beatles,' but it's obvious from this album that Jeff was one of the few people who would know how to produce George correctly. Also, *Cloud Nine* sounds like a Wings album at moments. By the way, that's meant as a compliment."

# FAST TRACKS

# R

## OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Cher</b>	2	4	7	0	4
<b>Eurythmics</b> <i>Savage</i>	8	6	7	6	5
<b>Bryan Ferry</b> <i>Bête Noire</i>	3	4	5	4	5
<b>Foreigner</b> <i>Inside Information</i>	2	5	5	4	6
<b>Stevie Wonder</b> <i>Characters</i>	9	6	8	6	6

**BUDDHIST MONK ROCK DEPARTMENT:** If you thought raisins singing rock were the last frontier in music, think again. **Paul Revere and the Raiders** visited a Buddhist monastery in the Korean mountains, where one of the monks said to Paul, "You a rock star? I see you on *Solid Gold*."

**REELING AND ROCKING:** A film bio of **Little Richard** is set to go into production. Richard, who will serve as creative consultant, says **Eddie Murphy** will play him. . . . **Madonna** will co-star with **Dennis Quaid** and **Jennifer Grey** in a roaring-Twenties movie called *Bloodhounds of Broadway*. . . . **Peter Gabriel** is doing the music for **Martin Scorsese's** *The Passion*. . . . A film bio of **Jerry Lee Lewis**, called *Great Balls of Fire*, is in the works. **Dennis Quaid** will star in this one, too. . . . **Mick Hucknall** is working on a song for **Roman Polanski's** new movie, *Frantic*. In other Mick Hucknall news, he's negotiating with British TV to host a cooking show that shows low-income people how to eat well on little money. Says Mick, "This is not the foolish whim of a pop star. This is something I really want to do."

**NEWSBREAKS:** An official Michigan historical marker has been placed on West Grand Boulevard in Detroit to mark the original studio and offices of Motown Records. There is a drive on to raise money for a full-fledged Motown Historical Museum. Said **Smokey Robinson**, who spoke at the ceremony, "Detroit was our roots, most of our homes. Even though most of us don't live here anymore, it's still our home." . . . RCA began releasing a series of rare **Elvis** reissues in January. More to come. . . . The new **Joni Mitchell** album has a bunch of artists, including **Billy Idol**, **Willie Nelson**, **Peter Gabriel**, **Wendy and Lisa**, **Thomas Dolby** and sax great **Wayne Shorter**, helping her out. . . . **Prince's** *Black Album* was

held up so **Warner Bros.** could squeeze at least one more single off *Sign 'O' the Times*. . . . Look for *Unforgettable Fire: Past Present and Future*, "The Definitive Biography of U2," by Irish journalist **Eamon Dunphy**. The author had full access to the band for more than 18 months. . . . The final concert of the **Prince's** (as in **Charles**) *Trust*, starring **Elton John**, **James Taylor**, **Phil Collins**, **Belinda Carlisle**, **Paul McCartney**, **Robin Williams** and the **Miami Sound Machine**, will air in the U.S. in May on ABC. . . . One of the expert dancers in the film *Dirty Dancing* is offering lessons in New York at The Learning Annex. The class description says, "You'll be encouraged to improvise . . . so you can create your own version of *Dirty Dancing*." After the fourth class, the students will be taken to a rock club to strut their stuff in public. . . . **Bill Wyman** used his mobile studio this past Christmas to produce a single, *I Want to Grow Like Jesus*, for a British Sunday-school choir. Wyman says, "Everyone who hears it goes ahhhh." . . . The **Dead's** **Bob Weir** went to a **Pink Floyd** concert in Oakland and overheard a fan say, "We're at the wrong concert . . . isn't this the **Grateful Dead**?" On another **Pink Floyd** front, the band filmed one of its Atlanta concerts for a movie release. . . . **Jan Hammer** has written two songs and performed all instruments on them except sax for an upcoming **Clarence Clemons** album.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** We began with the monks, so it's only natural to end with the **Pope**. Think of the possibilities. We hear that His Holiness is teaming up with Belgian rocker **Plastic Bertrand** on a charity single. The Pope will read a short message in French, Italian, English, Spanish and Polish. The proceeds will go to Vatican charities. Could we, dare we, call this Papal Rap? What the heck, let's do it!

—BARBARA NELLIS

*Pizza*, in which someone is barfing same into a toilet, could be number-one single.

### VIC GARBARINI

Eurythmics' **Annie Lennox** is the wounded, avenging goddess in the war of the sexes—swooping down to smite the users of Trojans. "I was bitter when I met you/I was eloquent with rage," she sings on *Savage* (RCA), her latest collaboration with multi-instrumentalist/producer **Dave Stewart**. And *Savage* certainly is a bitter, eloquent collection of laments and diatribes about love and sex. Unfortunately, the chatter and thump of programed synths and drum machines on the skimpy backing tracks diminish the impact of the promising melodies. The feeling that **Lennox** is sometimes wallowing in, rather than purging, her darker emotions is also a little wearing. But on the scathingly ironic *I Need a Man*, she churns out her best **Aretha-meets-Mick** vocal attack, while **Stewart** chucks the synths in favor of a Keithish guitar assault. Notch up another cut on the eventual Eurythmics' greatest-hits collection we're all waiting for.

Last month, I moaned about how **Robbie Robertson's** reliance on **U2** and **Peter Gabriel's** band marred his solo LP. Another couple of listens convinced me that I was out of focus. Now I hear his musical identity shining through—and the sidemen, well, they actually enhance his work. Sorry, **Robbie**; I was wrong.

### NELSON GEORGE

**George Michael's** *Faith* (Columbia) will be one of the dominant records of 1988. It's arranged with wit, intelligently written and beautifully sung. But that describes a lot of quality records. Michael is, of course, more than just musically gifted. He's sexy in a fey way, but with enough believable *machismo* not to offend such straight-arrow types as yours truly. And, as demonstrated in those ubiquitous **Wham!** videos, old **Georgie** knows how to flash that grimace, trim that beard and swing that carring for the camera. All of which will contribute to the adulation sure to be heaped on *Faith*. Those who were charmed by the pop corn of **Wham!**'s *Wake Me Up (Before You Go-Go)* have already taken the title cut to number-one pop. However, it's Michael's superb feel for R&B/funk that makes *Faith* so imposing. The controversial single *I Want Your Sex* sets the tone and the thumping *Monkey* equals it for funk intensity. *Hard Day* is another intricate arrangement of drum machines, melodic keyboard hooks and soulful vocals that has become a black-radio staple. The ballad *One More Try* evokes the secular Gospel of Memphis soul, though Michael's vocal isn't as impassioned as you'd expect. Perhaps *Faith's* most brilliant song is *Hand to Mouth*, a seductive R&B groove that underscores Michael's sardonic view of America's appeal to foreigners.

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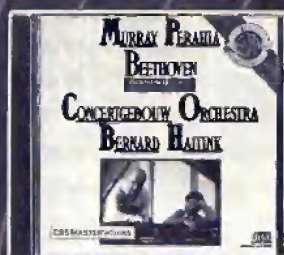




356154. Whitney Houston—Whitney



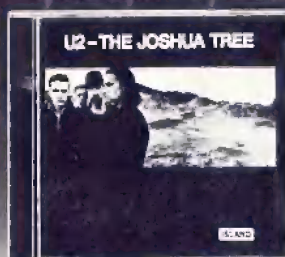
359521. The Cars—Door To Door



357657. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5



346675. Sting—...Nothing Like The Sun



354449. U2—The Joshua Tree

# A Sound Investment



360016. Spyro Gyra—Stories Without Words



362343. Stevie Wonder—Characters



362228. George Michael—Faith



354902. Fleetwood Mac—Tango in The Night

363465. Dolly Parton—Rainbow. (Columbia)

362483. Orig. Soundtrack—Hail Hail Rock 'n' Roll. (MCA)

362236. Tony Bennett—Bennett/Berlin. (Columbia)

362210. Earth, Wind & Fire—Touch The World. (Columbia)

362129. Belinda Carlisle—Heaven On Earth. (MCA)

361543. Kitaro—The Light Of The Spirit. (Geffen)

361279. World's Greatest Overtures—Strauss, Suppe, more. (Digital—Pro-Arte)

361147. Rodgers And Hammerstein's Carousel. Barbara Cook, Samuel Ramey. (Digital—MCA Classics)

360974. Squeeze—Babylon And On. (A&M)

360149. Echo & The Bunnymen. (Sire)

360107. Billy Idol—Vital Idol. (Chrysalis)

359976. Bodeans—Outside Looking In. (Reprise/Slash)

359901. Mick Jagger—Primitive Cool. (Columbia)

359612. Elton John's Greatest Hits, Vol. III 1979-1987. (Geffen)

359208. Loverboy—Wildside. (Columbia)

359075. Aerosmith—"Permanent Vacation." (Geffen)

359018. Pat Metheny Group—Still Life (Talking). (Geffen)

358937. Handel: Music For The Royal Fireworks—Yehudi Menuhin, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (Digital—MCA Classics/RPO)

358663. The Art of Alfred Brendel Vol. 1. (Vanguard)

358507. Who's That Girl—Orig. Soundtrack. (Sire)

358127. Kronos Quartet—White Man Sleeps. Volons; Ives; Bartok; etc. (Digital—Nonesuch)

357939. Original Soundtrack—"La Bamba". (Slash/Warner Bros.)

357889. Copland: Billy The Kid: Appalachian Spring; etc.—Bernstein, NY Phil. (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)

357871. Tchaikovsky: Waltzes—S. Commission and Houston Symphony (Digital—Pro-Arte)

357640. Wynton Marsalis—Marsalis Standard Time. (Columbia)

357467. Sammy Hagar. (Geffen)

357350. The Duke Ellington Orchestra—Digital Duke. (Digital—GRP)

357145. Richard Goode Plays Brahms Piano Pieces, Op. 76 & 119 Fantasies Op. 116. (Digital—Nonesuch)

357087. Grotesful Dead—In The Dork. (Arista)

356741. Bach: Preludes And Fugues For Organ, Vol. 1. (Digital—Newport Classic)

356667. Heart—Bad Animals. (Capitol)

356576. John Adams: The Chairman Dances—DeWaar, San Fran. Sym. (Digital—Nonesuch)

356501. Benson/Klugh—Collaboration. (Warner Bros.)

356287. Suzanne Vega—Solitude Standing. (A&M)

356279. Gloria Estefan And Miami Sound Machine—Let It Loose. (Epic)

355834. David Bowie—Never Let Me Down. (EMI America)

355776. Sirovinsky: The Firebird (1910 version); Song Of The Nightingale—Boulez, New York Phil. (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)

355529. Philip Glass—Dance Pieces. (Digital—CBS)

355362. Whitesnake. (Geffen)

355156. Vladimir Horowitz Plays Favorite Chopin (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)

355115-395111. Prince—Sign 'O' The Times. (Paisley Park)

354985. Billie Holiday—From The Original Decca Masters. (Digitally Remastered—MCA)

354951. Mozart: Flute Quartets—Rostropovich, Rempol, Stern, Accardo (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

354829. Liso—Liso And Cult Jam With Full Force—Spanish Fly. (Columbia)

353946. Bryan Adams—Into The Fire. (A&M)

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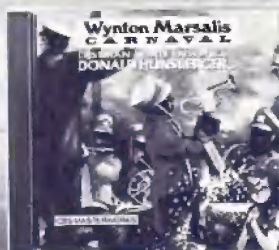
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## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

GRAND OPERA enters the music-video era in *Aria* (Miramax), an explosion of talent, melody and tantalizing imagery that will probably attract more classicists than MTV addicts. Producer Don Boyd's brain storm was to give ten directors carte blanche with an operatic aria of their choice, going as far out as inspiration or irreverence might lead them. Typically, director Julien Temple uses Verdi's *Rigoletto* as background music for a here-and-now sex farce about a married couple (Buck Henry and Anita Morris) who keep just missing each other while shacking up at a kinky motel with their respective amours (Beverly D'Angelo in animal skins plays Buck's doc). While real opera stars, living and dead, keep the sound track swollen with song, the performers on screen for the most part do without dialog. There's no place for talk, anyway, when director Nicolas Roeg also has a go at Verdi, with Theresa Russell (Mrs. Roeg off screen) in male drag as a Middle European king named Zog—or when Robert Altman hokes up Rameau's *Les Boreades* as a musical soiree in a madhouse, with Julie Hagerly among the demented revelers. France's Jean-Luc Godard spoofs Lully's *Armide* with a bevy of nude bimbettes ogling muscle men in a gym. Not all the ideas are so facetious. Directors Bruce Beresford, Ken Russell and Franc Roddam play it straight, or with darker ideas. And *Aria*'s most visually stunning episode is the Roddam treatment of *Tristan und Isolde*—the famous Wagnerian music used to set the mood for a suicidal young couple (Bridget Fonda—Peter's daughter and Jane's niece—and James Mathers) making passionate love before they end it all in a glitzy Las Vegas hotel. Plainly, there's a consistent thread of eroticism here. Some of it works, some of it seems obscure or arbitrary. But *Aria* is consistently lavish, ambitious and unlike any other movie you're apt to see this year. **YYY**

An aggressive young musician (Kevin J. O'Connor) sets off on a quest to establish contact with a legendary guitar maker named Silk (Harris Yulin), who has quit the rock scene and vanished years earlier. En route northward "to the last town on the last street in North America," the searcher meets music makers and women from Silk's past (Laurie Metcalf, Bulle Ogier), finally corners his quarry and confronts some disturbing truths about integrity, success and himself. Although *Candy Mountain* (International Film Exchange) is as bleak as the Nova Scotia landscapes where much of it was shot, there's a mysterious, poetic pull to this road movie codirected by veteran photo journalist Robert Frank with screenplay author Rudy Wurlitzer (whose credits run the gamut from



*Aria*'s Mathers and Fonda.

### Ten nights at the opera, road-movie rock and cinematic *glasnost*.

*Coming Home* to Walker). Frank is a well-seasoned aesthetic rebel known both for still photography (*The Americans*, 1959) and for such underground film classics as 1972's controversial, seldom-shown Rolling Stones documentary *Cocksucker Blues*. Between them, Wurlitzer and Frank peer into the nether world of contemporary music with a singular cinematic vision that works its spell like a lonesome traveler strumming the blues. **YYY**

Among the unexpected fringe benefits of *glasnost* is *Repentance* (Cannon), Russia's provocative entry in the Oscar race. Made in 1982 by director Tenghiz Abuladze and initially banned, the movie has now become a sellout hit in the Soviet Union. Over here, its scathing mockery of the social system seems leaden and long-winded at times, but is fascinating all the same and no less bluntly critical of the ruling class than any recent film from the so-called free world. There's surreal black comedy in the opening sequences, following the death of a provincial mayor whose body is repeatedly disinterred and propped up in his family's garden. The grave robber turns out to be a woman named Katevan (Zeinab Botsvadze), whose own family suffered grievous wrongs under the late, unlamented tyrant, portrayed in flashbacks as an obvious hybrid of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. Katevan's trial, then, evolves into an icon-smashing indictment of the past. "As long as you defend him, he's divine," she charges. *Repentance* is a subtly subversive,

intellectually challenging political fantasy for moviegoers who prefer a message to mere mental massage. **YYY**

France's Academy Award contender in the foreign-language category is yet another film about Nazi persecution of Jews during World War Two. But stay tuned, because writer-producer-director Louis Malle's *Goodbye, Children* (Orion Classics) works vivid and disquieting variations on that familiar theme. Drawing from his own reminiscence of a Catholic boyhood, Malle goes back to 1944, to a boarding school where a student named Julien (Gaspard Manesse, clearly Malle's alter ego) befriends a remote, studious Jewish classmate, Jean (Raphaël Fejtő), who has enrolled under a false name. Julien scarcely knows what it means to be a Jew until his brother, a lightweight upperclassman, explains, "They're smarter than us . . . and they don't eat pork." One bleak day, schoolboy camaraderie gives way to a genuine tragedy that twists the hearts and minds of children subjected by the Gestapo to a crash course in cruelty. Malle's poignant wartime memoir trims big ideas to fit a small canvas, brought to life with perfectly crafted, deeply personal insight and compassion. **YYY½**

Good intentions go astray in *Five Corners* (Cineplex Odeon), directed by Tony Bill from John Patrick (Moonstruck) Shanley's oddball screenplay about teen trauma in a Bronx neighborhood in 1964. When it's on track, the movie plays like *American Graffiti* with an Eastern Seaboard slant, spotlighting Jodie Foster as a feisty young woman whose local admirers include a zany bartender (100-proof performing by Todd Graff), a civil rights activist (Tim Robbins) and a homicidal psychopath (John Turturro, another new talent to watch). There's a breezy air of social satire blowing through the movie when the psycho, who has just served a jail term for trying to rape her, brings Jodie a pair of stolen live penguins as a peace offering, or when someone (we're never quite sure who) slays an unpopular algebra teacher with a bow and arrow. Whimsy turns to violent melodrama, though, before the final reel—with matricide, homicide and Jodie dragged up to a tenement rooftop for a King Kong climax. Finally, there are so many characters amid so much clamor that *Corners* wears out its welcome and earns merely a muffled Bronx cheer. **YY**

Spewing inspired madness at approximately the speed of light, with some genuine pathos thrown in for good measure, Robin Williams is a stand-up comic with a sit-down job in *Good Morning, Vietnam* (Touchstone). As an Armed Forces disc jockey whose outrageous broadcasts from



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Saigon boost GI morale back in 1965, Williams fills the screen with hilarious insults, impersonations and his special brand of liberating antisocial obscenity. After the first onslaught, you may notice that there's not much of a movie to fill the spaces between Robin's routines. It's strictly heart-on-sleeve formula stuff about freedom of information and courage under fire. Director Barry Levinson, as always (notably in *Diner* and *Tin Men*), has a good sense of ensemble comedy, with Forest Whitaker, J. T. Walsh and Bruno Kirby among the guys on the base. They're funny, though mostly foils in a wishy-washy wartime tale said to be loosely based on a real-life character. A more apt title for *Vietnam* might be *Robin Williams Live*. **YYY**

That ultimate drag queen, Divine, plays a consummate stage mother in *Hairspray* (New Line), written and directed by that king of camp, John Waters. Ricki Lake, as Tracy Turnblad, is Divine's portly offspring, a teenager of the Sixties who aspires to stardom on a trashy TV bandstand show—where a girl from the slums, if she can dance up a storm, can be catapulted to supercelebrity among her peers. The alternative to fame, someone observes, “is a one-way ticket to reform school.” As the kind of movie in which a supermom pops her daughter's pimples while vowing “We'll claw our way to the top,” *Hairspray* manages to be simultaneously outrageous, harmless and quite droll, if you happen to have a taste for low comedy. Divine's rivals in this bouffant opera are Sonny Bono and Debbie Harry (identified as Miss Soft Crab of 1945), playing a pushy couple who make parenthood look like a punishable crime. **YY½**

Some dreamily photographed, sopping-wet sexual fantasies may be the main attraction of *Sister Sister* (New World), an otherwise conventional thriller. An old Louisiana plantation house down in the bayous is the atmospheric setting, where Jennifer Jason Leigh, Judith Ivey and Eric Stoltz work their way through one of those women-in-jeopardy tales. They're a charismatic trio but can just barely sink their teeth into a screenplay as phony as the alligator that comes snapping out of the swamp. **YY**

On stage or screen, there's no better actress anywhere than Maggie Smith. And in all of literature, there's no finer portrait of a lovelorn spinster with a drinking problem than in *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* (Island Pictures). Smith, directed by Jack (Room at the Top) Clayton in a meticulous adaptation of the Brian Moore novel, wrings every iota of wry humor and pathos from her role as an Irish biddy who rather delicately creates havoc in a Dublin rooming house. Keeping pace with her all the way is Bob Hoskins as the landlady's bachelor brother and the object of Miss Hearne's misplaced affection. While she's



Ricki Lake, Alan Wendt in *Hairspray*.

Something for everybody,  
from fans of Divine  
to those of Maggie Smith.

looking for love, he's looking for a business partner with cash to invest. Drink, disappointment and the loss of religious faith are the issues joined by *Judith Hearne*, a bleak but tender little movie with two grand performers to light up its dark-gray skies. **YYY**

Dominick (Tom Hulce) is a slightly retarded young man who works on a garbage truck to put his brother Eugene (Ray Liotta) through medical school. Thereby hangs the tale of a touchy sibling relationship in director Robert M. Young's *Dominick and Eugene* (Orion), which is well written and well played but smacks of those prime-time problem dramas that proliferate on the tube. This one is resolved by a case of child abuse and murder, a melodramatic flourish that doesn't help much. A real help, though, is Jamie Lee Curtis, chiming in with another intelligently sexy performance as the young woman who takes an interest in the doctor's case. **YY**

Charles Grodin, Sally Kellerman, Kristy McNichol and Merete Van Kamp all have minor roles in *You Can't Hurry Love* (Lightning). Their mission is to explain the ground rules of contemporary sex games to a jilted young square (David Packer) who arrives in Los Angeles and signs up with a dating service. On videos provided by the service, he passes himself off as a director of TV commercials, a rock musician and a race-car driver before he learns what's real with a girl called Peggy (comely Bridget Fonda, again). This none-too-fizzy comedy has the staying power of a soft drink, which indicates that it will probably go in no time, flat, from your neighborhood theater to your neighborhood video shop. **YY**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Absolution** (Reviewed 1/88) Harrowing suspense, and Burton at his best. **YYY**  
**Aria** (See review) Can't stop the music or the moviemakers. **YYY**  
**Broadcast News** (3/88) TV or not TV, and really tuned in. **YYYY**  
**Candy Mountain** (See review) It's mostly rock, but not too sweet. **YYY**  
**Cop** (3/88) James Woods going Dirty Harry one, or maybe two, better. **YY**  
**Cry Freedom** (12/87) Attenborough's moving drama about apartheid. **YYYY**  
**The Dead** (2/88) Anjelica Huston in father John's masterful swan song, from a story by James Joyce. **YYYY**  
**Dominick and Eugene** (See review) Brotherly love put to the test. **YY**  
**Empire of the Sun** (3/88) Spielberg on a roll with World War Two. **YYY**  
**The Family** (Listed only) They're all Italian, and plenty of 'em. **YYY**  
**Five Corners** (See review) Anyway, a Bronx cheer for Jodie Foster. **YY**  
**Goodbye, Children** (See review) Anti-Semitism in occupied France. **YYY½**  
**Good Morning, Vietnam** (See review) A semitriumph for the first Robin. **YYY**  
**Hairspray** (See review) Some follicle follies, with Divine. **YY½**  
**Hope and Glory** (11/87) Brits having themselves a lovely war. **YYYY**  
**Housekeeping** (Listed 2/88) Lahti's performance is immaculate. **YY½**  
**The House on Carroll Street** (3/88) Kelly McGillis, girl detective. **YYY**  
**Ironweed** (3/88) Nicholson and Streep injecting sure-fire star power. **YYYY**  
**The Last Emperor** (2/88) He has clothes, plus scads of glorious scenery. **YYYY**  
**The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne** (See review) Magic by Maggie. **YYY**  
**Moonstruck** (2/88) Cher and Cher alike with the cast of a zesty comedy. **YYY**  
**Patti Rocks** (2/88) Two macho men and a woman who's too much for them. **YYY½**  
**Promised Land** (3/88) More American dreams coming to a bad end. **YY½**  
**Repentance** (See review) Russia's bid for the Oscar, not a bad bet. **YYY**  
**Sister Sister** (See review) Things going bump in the bayou. **YY**  
**Walker** (3/88) Nicaragua then and now, in misbegotten black comedy. **Y**  
**Wall Street** (3/88) Michael Douglas with another sort of fatal attraction, courtesy of Oliver Stone. **YYY**  
**White of the Eye** (3/88) The return of Cathy Moriarty. She's got it. **YY½**  
**You Can't Hurry Love** (See review) On the singles scene in La-La Land. **YY**

YYYYY Outstanding

YYYY Don't miss      YY Worth a look  
 YYY Good show      Y Forget it

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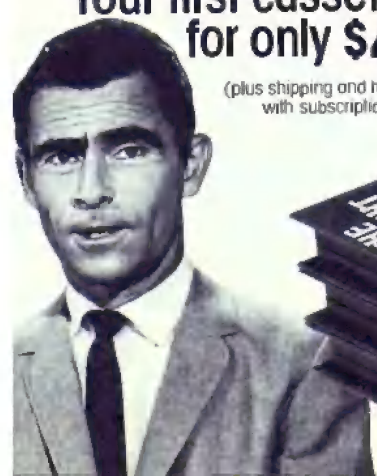
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# THE TWILIGHT ZONE

T13  
T14

## By THOMAS M. DISCH

TONY HENDRA'S *Going Too Far* (Doubleday) is the former *National Lampoon* editor's sprawling, gossipy account of, in his subtitle's words, "The Rise and Demise of Sick, Gross, Black, Sophomoric, Weirdo, Pinko, Anarchist, Underground, Anti-Establishment Humor." Hendra's history of "Boomer" humor begins 30 years ago, a decade before the postwar "Baby Boom" generation had advanced from underwear jokes to *Mad* magazine with Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce; its demise more or less coincides with John Belushi's. Hendra's main contention—that America's sense of humor escalated from the gentle, genteel wit of *The Saturday Evening Post* to the scathing and gut-busting satire of *Saturday Night Live*—cannot be gainsaid, and it's also woefully obvious that the pendulum has lately taken a long swing back to the mild-mannered and warmhearted. While Hendra's history of dark humor is somewhat skewed to reflect the high points of his own career, that doesn't amount to a large distortion, since he has always lived close to the snarling source of satire and even today is a force behind the last genuine comedy show with teeth, the British TV series *Spitting Image*. As becomes the work of a great satirist, Hendra's book could not be timelier, since the question it poses—whether Boomer humor did actually go *too far*—is a critical 1988 case before the Supreme Court (*Jerry Falwell vs. Larry Flynt*). One doesn't have to think Flynt's gross-out techniques are funny to feel a friendly interest in his case: Satire may not be lively at the present moment, but theoretically, it's still possible. If Falwell wins, satirists of all sorts will have to consider other employment opportunities.

Way back in 1842, in *The Mysteries of Paris*, Eugène Sue created a recipe for pot-boiling fiction that was to be the basis for such later classics as Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend* and *The Great Gatsby*. In his first novel, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh* (Morrow), Michael Chabon continues in that great tradition. Sue's formula was to combine high society and the scum of the earth in equal parts, mix well and bring to a boil. As a background, take the familiar scenes of everyday urban life and paint them with romance's most lurid colors, so that every bedroom smells of myrrh and musk and factory smokestacks tower against the night sky like the battlements of hell. Anybody can write a *realistic* account of his first postgraduation summer of growing up and making love, but to make such a story the stuff of legend, as Chabon has done here (and Fitzgerald did before him), takes something close to genius. Chabon can paint a scene with two daubs and a flick of the wrist, as in this picture of a "bright,



*Going Too Far*: A history of Boomer humor.

A gossipy account of baby-boom humor and an absolutely terrific first novel.

uncomfortable living room. The decorator had made an effort, it seemed, to create the illusion that the whole house existed in some remote future, in the wan, empty years after the extinction from the planet of furniture and cushions. I sat down on three wide dowel rods and a piece of beige canvas and tried not to lean back." Chabon also creates characters who are at once plausible and drenched with glamor, including, for the first time in American literature, a biker, Cleveland Arning, who is destined to become, once the movie is made, the archetypal high-style, bad-ass, ill-fated biker of all time. Brando, look to your laurels. And Scott Fitzgerald, look to yours.

Meanwhile, back in reality, Jerrold Mundis has come up with an original and topical theme for a self-help book. His title says it all: *How to Get Out of Debt, Stay Out of Debt & Live Prosperously* (Bantam); but if you need to know more, there's also a subtitle: "Based on the Proven Principles and Techniques of Debtors Anonymous." In an era of trillion-dollar budget deficits and conceptual money that appears only on disposable monthly bills, it isn't hard to think of debt as a basic amenity rather than as a burden—until the brink of bankruptcy. I've no doubt that the Debtors Anonymous techniques work, if used as directed, but they do represent a bitter pill. For those who don't yet stand in need of drastic remedies, I would echo Polonius' fatherly wisdom to Laertes: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." But, meanwhile, what about

that VCR that's on sale for two days only? Aye, there's the rub.

For a taste of country living, try Pat Ellis Taylor's collection of stories *Afoot in a Field of Men* (Atlantic Monthly). Taylor's tales are like a laundry basket brimming with all the dirty underwear of the great Southwest, and the job she has taken on herself is not to wash away all the ground-in dirt with some ethical detergent but just to explain, briefly and dispassionately, how each smelly smear and crusty bloodstain got there. This has usually been the wine-darkened literary territory of such writers as Charles Bukowski and Raymond Carver, or as Taylor's title has it, it's a "field of men." I'd say she's advanced a whole lot farther than a foot into that field—40 or 50 yards at a minimum.

### BOOK BAG

*Work, Study, Travel Abroad* (St. Martin's), by Marjorie Adoff Cohen: An authoritative work for the innocent abroad. Had Kerouac trekked Europe, this book would have been in his knapsack.

*The Female Member* (St. Martin's), by Kit Schwartz: A jaunty romp through genitalia—hers. A humbling read for the man who thinks he knows his way around down under.

*Elvis Presley Boulevard* (Atlantic Monthly), by Mark Winegardner: Many a bored vacationer will marvel at the author's cross-country trek, throughout which he gets plenty of side-show action before his final destination—Graceland.

*Movies Unlimited Video Catalog*, \$7.95, and *The Video Gift Book*, \$4.95, are both the very best in the world of video mail-order madness. Both guides offer classics, comedy, drama and video how-to's. An esoteric feed for the videophile appetite.

*Athletes* (Knopf), edited by Ruth Silverman: A compendium of photographs, 139 in all, eight in color, of athletic activity dating from 1860 to the present. Idiosyncratic, as photo collections go.

*Cars Beautiful* (Loki), by Henry Watts: A handbook that keeps you nursing your car instead of someone else's ups and extras.

*Pranks! (Re/Search)*, edited by Andrea Juno and V. Vale: *The Anarchists' Cookbook* unpoliticized. Pranks, jokes and devious deeds from the likes of Abbie Hoffman, Timothy Leary and the immortal Jello Biafra. G. Gordon Liddy, eat your heart out.

*Peter McWilliams' Personal Electronics Book* (Prentice-Hall). The gadget guru explains the ever-changing industry of electronics in a new addition to his well-known collection of guidebooks.





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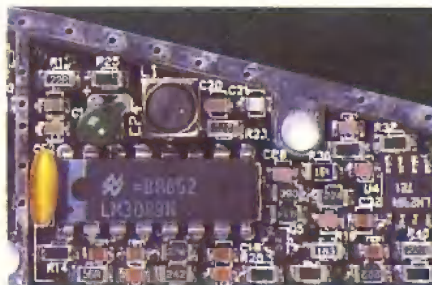
were left defenseless. But now there's a choice: drive uninformed with yesterday radar detector or travel prepared to receive X, K and Ka Band photo radar with the EXPRESS 3.

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A signal processing technology called image rejection, used in military satellite communications, provides optimum reception of satellite signals transmitted from tens of thousands of miles away.

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*The EXPRESS 3 utilizes surface mount components for reliable performance.*

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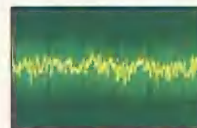
A radar detector this advanced wasn't developed overnight. The EXPRESS 3 is the result of years of extensive design and manufacturing experience in the field of consumer electronics. Over the years, BEL has introduced a number of industry firsts.

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# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

**T**here were no real surprises in the results of a recent survey I took among my friends, which was called "Sports on Television: Dead or Dying, and Who Cares Other than *USA Today*?"

The questions in the survey were carefully phrased and the results were tabulated by the accounting firm of Drinks, Dinner, Limo & Tip.

1. *After Nabisco gets tired of owning the P.G.A. Tour, which sport would you like to see the company ruin next?*

Bird watching in Raipur, India (97.5 percent)

Tractor pulling in southeast Louisiana (2.5 percent)

2. *If only two broadcast journalists were allowed to conduct interviews on TV, who would they be?*

Larry King and Ted Koppel (100 percent)

3. *Anyone else?*

Shit, no (100 percent)

4. *Which sport on which network can slam your eyelids shut the quickest?*

Golf on NBC (50 percent)

College football on CBS (25 percent)

College basketball on CBS (25 percent)

5. *Which sports organization would you most like to see get the "death penalty"?*

N.C.A.A. (68 percent)

N.F.L. owners (32 percent)

6. *What constitutes a death penalty?*

Listening to Brent Musburger the rest of my life (99 percent)

Undecided (1 percent)

7. *Would Brent Musburger like to host three sports events on three networks, all at the same time?*

Yes (99 percent)

Undecided (1 percent)

8. *Who is Dan Dierdorf?*

I don't know (48 percent)

I think I know (31 percent)

I think somebody in my office knows (21 percent)

9. *Could a lady broadcaster handle play-by-play on a Super Bowl?*

What difference does it make? (54 percent)

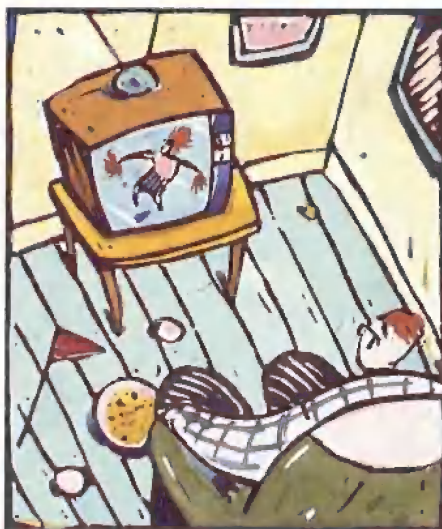
If she's got tits (46 percent)

10. *What is the most interesting thing you've ever learned from listening to TV sportscasters?*

"Tom Landry is the only coach the Dallas Cowboys have ever had" (72 percent)

"He'll have this for a tap-in" (28 percent)

11. *What is the most suspenseful moment for you in all of televised sport?*



## BROADCAST SNOOZE

Naming the Chevrolet Player of the Game (100 percent)

12. *What are your favorite Rudy Martzke columns?*

Those dictated by Brent Musburger (20 percent)

Those suggested by Brent Musburger (20 percent)

Those dictated by Brent Musburger's agent (20 percent)

Those suggested by Brent Musburger's agent (20 percent)

Unable to choose among the four (20 percent)

13. *Who is the greatest football coach in America?*

Barry Switzer, Oklahoma (55 percent)

Joe Paterno, Penn State (45 percent)

14. *Nobody else close?*

Nobody (100 percent)

15. *Not even in the pros?*

Shit, no (100 percent)

16. *Why has pro football become the second most boring sport to watch, second only to basketball in the N.B.A.?*

Broadcast shills (20 percent)

Zebras (20 percent)

Parity (20 percent)

Long season (20 percent)

Brent (20 percent)

17. *What are the cures?*

More Chevrolet Players of the Game (15 percent)

More Budweiser kickoffs (15 percent)

Mazda half times (15 percent)

Nabisco time-outs (15 percent)

Michelob incompletions (15 percent)

Sprite field goals (15 percent)

Toyota fumbles (10 percent)

18. *What would you rather do than watch an N.B.A. game during the regular season?*

Rot in prison (100 percent)

19. *Is there anything good about tennis?*

Dan Rather turns it off (25 percent)

Pat Summerall (25 percent)

Tony Trabert (25 percent)

Mary Carillo (25 percent)

20. *Shouldn't the Heisman Trophy winner be selected later than September 15?*

Only if CBS has enough time to prepare for the live announcement on December fifth (100 percent)

21. *Should every sport have a Heisman Trophy winner?*

No; too nerve-racking (100 percent)

22. *Which channel do you find yourself watching the most these days?*

CNN (100 percent)

23. *Why?*

No network sports events (100 percent)

24. *But you get excited and wouldn't miss such things as the Oklahoma-Nebraska game, the Oklahoma-Miami game and the Final Four, don't you?*

With the sound off, yes (100 percent)

25. *What could get you more interested in sports on network television?*

Diane Sawyer (25 percent)

Lesley Stahl (25 percent)

Mary Alice Williams (25 percent)

Holly Hunter (25 percent)

26. *Has the name of any sports event ever had a more perfect ring to it than the Mazda Gator Bowl?*

Only the World Super Ohlmeyer Celebrity Nabisco Skins Challenge in Kapalaoa (100 percent)

27. *In the realm of TV sports, what do you look forward to the most?*

Rudy Martzke's weekly choices of his favorite hellos from network executives (100 percent)

28. *What future events are you excited about?*

The Nabisco Summit in Moscow (50 percent)

The Nabisco Democratic National Convention (50 percent)



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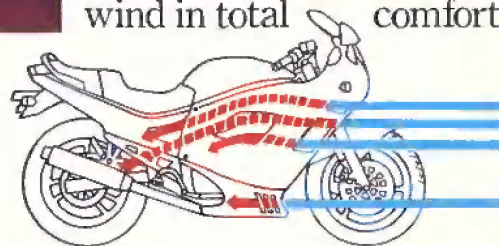
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Wind tunnel developed aerodynamics helped create a highly refined fairing and enclosed bodywork that reduces aerodynamic drag, feeds cool, fresh air to the engine and directs the engine heat out, away from you. And this will allow you to slice through the wind in total comfort.



*For optimum comfort its unique aerodynamic fairing directs engine heat away from the rider.*

The common ground it will share with other highly sophisticated and exotic machines is its sheer desirability. The new Katana 600. It's everything you've ever expected. And a lot more.

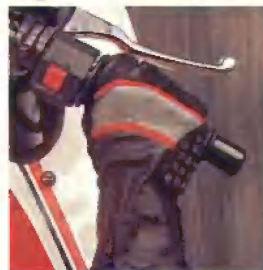


*The exhilarating performance of the new Katana 600 is based on the race-track proven and now legendary GSX-R750.*

Usable torque for exploring those twisty canyon roads or 2-up cruising.

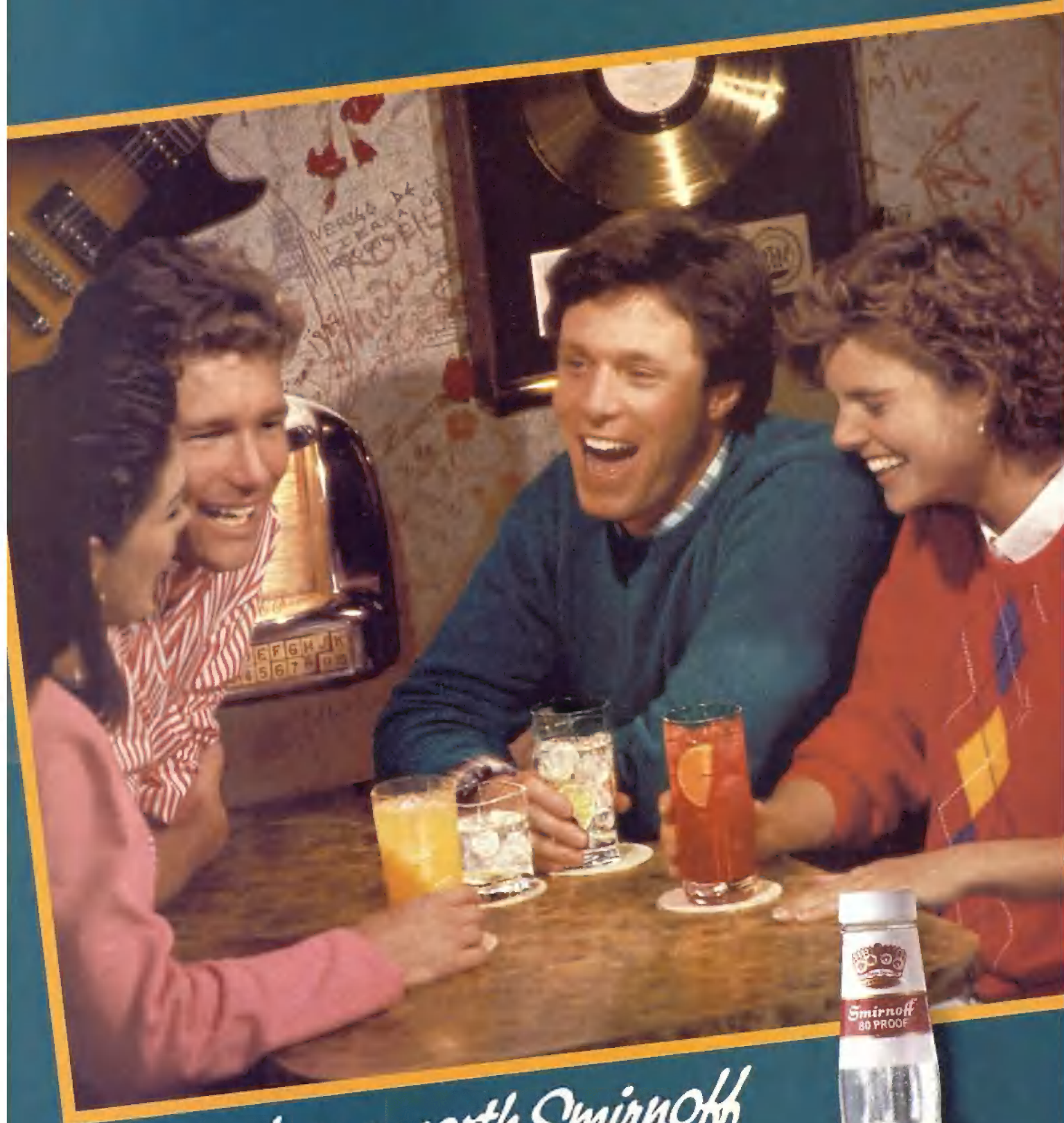
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By ASA BABER

Consider the succulent taste of a charcoal-broiled steak, the refreshing aroma of a brook trout grilled over a mesquite fire, the sensuousness of strawberries and whipped cream. There are incredible delicacies in life, aren't there? But could you list any greater delicacy than the exhilarating and provocative one that has no publicly acceptable name?

All bold men have tasted it; all wise men return to it as frequently as possible. I refer, of course, to the fine art of eating out. Purists call it cunnilingus. I call it pumping fur.

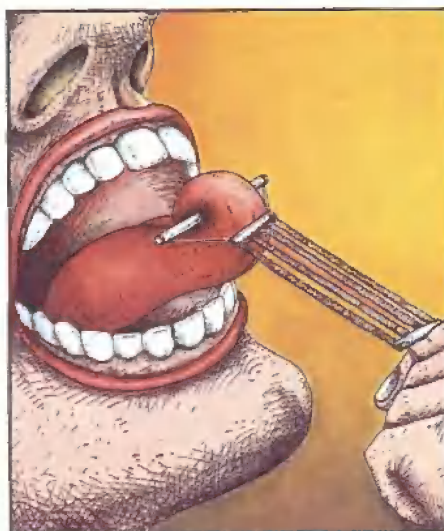
Have you ever noticed that there's a conspiracy of silence about this subject? Why do so few men admit to pumping fur while so many do it? In a society in which we publish restaurant reviews in every newspaper and magazine, why are we so unwilling to discuss *all* our eating habits?

Men, the time has come to pry open the lips of reticence and lick the problem in the bud. What follows are the questions most frequently raised about the fine art of eating out. The hope here is that by bringing this universal activity out of the closet, we'll be able to trade information and offer advice that leads to better eating and better loving.

*Are there conditioning exercises for pumping fur? I'd like to get in shape for it, but I don't know how.*

This is an elemental question, of course. Cunnilingus is an athletic art. Think about it: With your mouth centered on the object of your affections, you try to become a human vibrator. "What am I, a hummingbird?" you sometimes ask yourself. Your neck aches; your knees hurt; your tongue tires. According to the National Sex Injuries Institute, 84.7 percent of all men who practice it are at one time or another injured while pumping fur. Clearly, this is no laughing matter.

I recommend a conditioning regimen that consists of (A) neck exercises (from a standing position, bend at the waist, raise your head and put your face against the wall, placing all your weight on your nose for as long as you can); (B) tongue twisters (say "Clit twit" rapidly 400 times); (C) tongue curls (use six-ounce weights tied to a tongue depressor); (D) chin bounces (do a headstand, then pivot on your chin); (E) knee scrapes (carpet your living-room floor with mattress ticking and walk around on your knees for a few hours each evening). Put it this way: While your friends train for triathlons and marathons,



## PUMPING FUR

you're getting in shape for a furlpumpington. In your heart of hearts, which event truly deserves Olympic status?

*I like pumping fur, but I'm never sure what rhythms I'm supposed to follow or how long I should do it.*

There is a lot of confusion here. Different men have different answers, but on the basis of intensive interviews with 8478 women, I suggest the headphones approach. Tape the following in their entirety and in this order: Ravel's *Bolero*, the Spike Jones version of *The Flight of the Bumble Bee*, Mozart's *Requiem* and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* (fourth movement only). The next time you are about to pump fur, put on your headphones, start the tape and go to work. The tape will give you some sense of the momentum, pace and duration practiced by the most successful fur pumpers. After a while, of course, you'll be able to take off the headphones and work from memory.

*My lover claims that she doesn't like fur pumping. How can I persuade her to let me have the taste treat I'm yearning for?*

You might throw some statistics at her. For example, did you know that the National Fur Pumping Institute has reported that men who pump fur for at least 20 minutes four times a week are far less likely than other men to have heart attacks or strokes? "It's fun; it's exciting; it's aerobic," you should tell her. "Don't you want me to live forever?"

*I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I'm not sure I like pumping fur. Does that make me less of a man?*

If you're looking for liberal sympathy here, forget it. Yes, if you don't like it, you are probably a latent transsexual who possesses Communist and atheistic tendencies. Any way you cut it, real men do pump fur. But before you despair too deeply, have I mentioned that fur pumping is an acquired taste? Remember your first beer? Oh, sure, you pretended to like it, and once you got a buzz on, you loved it. But remember those first few seconds, when it tickled your nose and tasted too salty and smelled unfamiliar? You get the analogy? All fur pumping takes is a little practice, *compadre*. Familiarity breeds contentment.

*I can't stop pumping fur. It's all I ever want to do. Do I have a problem?*

Any addiction is a problem, and there are a lot of women out there who will take advantage of your helplessness and use you ruthlessly if you don't go for help. Fur Pumpers Anonymous is an organization that will provide support and advice as you wrestle with your jones. Be honest; be blunt; admit that you're negotiating with your face too many hours a day, and healing will come in time.

*I told my pastor recently about my love of pumping fur. He said it was a tasteless and subversive act and he was ashamed of me. Help!*

It's anything but tasteless, right? And if it's subversive, does that mean nobody in the FBI does it? Ask your pastor why he goes to the dentist every week for a haircut. He'll shut up.

*Sometimes when I'm pumping fur, my wife calls me by other men's names. So far, she's called me Arthur, Barry, Jonathan, Tom, Gary, John, Peter, Walter, Steve, Jim, Reg and David, but my name is Mortimer. What should I do?*

First, pay no attention to the fact that she's naming most of the editors on our *Playboy* masthead. I'm sure that's just a coincidence. Second, change your name. Third, if she ever calls you Asa, remember that it's a Biblical name, as common as clay in soap operas and the book of *Kings*. And finally, please fix the headboard of your bed so it doesn't squeak so much, and don't forget to feed the cats before you go to work.

OK, men, let's get pumping!



# The game of kings... now a work of art



PLAYING PIECES SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE OF 27MM.



Finely sculptured playing pieces  
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Specially designed board of genuine  
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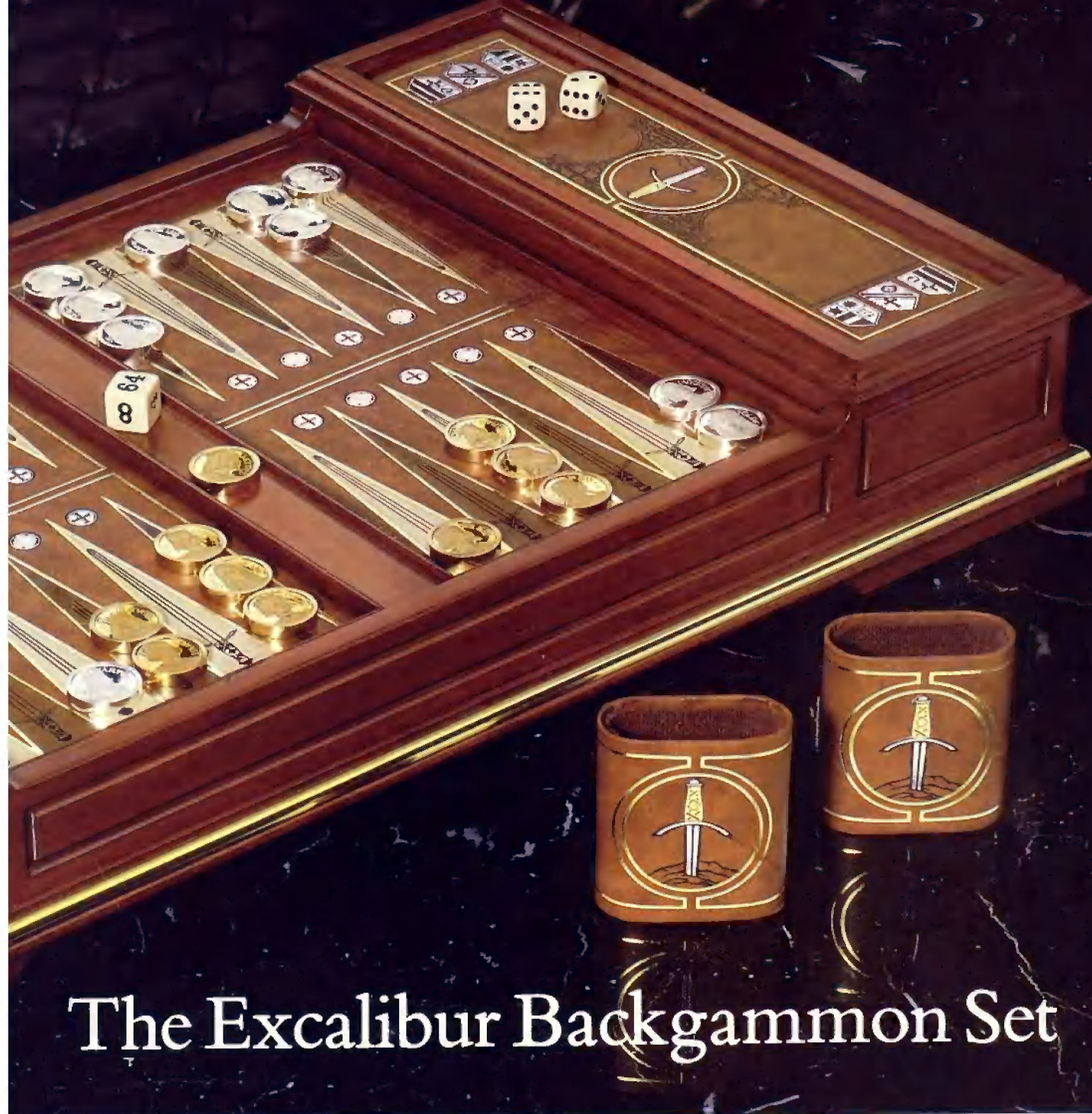
The ultimate expression of imaginative design and artistic creativity, this splendid backgammon set

takes its name from the enduring legend of King Arthur and his gallant Knights of the Round Table.

**Crafted to the highest standards of quality.** Each of the thirty playing pieces is a beautifully sculptured relief medal portraying an immortal character from the golden age of Camelot. King Arthur himself... Queen Guinevere... Merlin... Lancelot... Galahad—magical names, every one.

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frame is solid cherrywood and its surface is genuine leather—elaborately embellished with symbols of medieval heraldry. In addition, there are two compartmentalized drawers for storage of the playing pieces... two leather-cased dicing cups...two pairs of dice... and an oversized doubling cube.

You will receive two minted playing pieces every other month. But you will be billed for *only one* at a time—just \$22.50 per month. The board and accessories are provided as part of the set.

**To play and display with immense pride.** Here is an opportunity to own a backgammon set like no other. A work certain to fascinate anyone who appreciates the truly distinctive and unique.

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# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

**A**m I the only person on earth who doesn't love Marilyn Monroe? I know I'm supposed to, because she's dead and was beautiful and tragic. But she was the embodiment (sorry) of everything I hate about how men regard women.

In every movie, she played a lame-brain. Men constantly slavered in her presence, but she never noticed, because she was too busy playing paddle ball and jiggling her breasts or thinking someone was a woman when he was actually a man with a giant hard-on. She was fresh, she was dewy and she was completely, utterly unconscious. Here is the message she sent to men: "If you play your cards right, you could trick me into fucking you."

And so men tried. They dissembled, they leered, they smirked sweatily and elbowed one another in the ribs. And Marilyn never noticed; she writhed around, helpless, like a doe caught in the glare of headlights. I hate seeing this.

I hate knowing men act like this. This isn't about sexuality; this is humiliation, belittlement, and can eventually lead to harassment of women.

There is a Texas saying "The trouble with women is that they have *all* the pussy." And don't we know it. We just don't know what the hell to do about it. If we show we know we have this pussy between our legs, then we are sluts, we are unnatural, we are not *real* women who must be modest about such things. That was the thing about Marilyn in movies—here was this gorgeous, luscious broad who acted like she didn't know she had a pussy.

We have all, through the years, pretended an obliviousness to our sexuality as protection, since this is where we are tragically vulnerable. Men are bigger and stronger than we are, and if we act like we know about sex and like it, we're asking for rape.

Whereas men are proud of their dicks and will talk about them for hours if given the slightest encouragement. Watch a male comedian in a club, and nine times out of ten, he will talk lovingly of his dick and probably fondle it, too. Do you remember in the film *48 HRS.* when Eddie Murphy talked about how he'd been in prison so long his dick got hard in a light breeze? Do you remember the movie where Whoopi Goldberg said, "I haven't been laid in so long that when I see a guy, I just *slide* across the room"? Of course you don't. It never happened.

Because women are treated as prey. To



## WHY I HATE MARILYN

be treated as prey is to be treated as an animal, dumber and less valuable than the predator.

From the viewpoint of many men, there are two stages in a woman's life: prey and invisible. After a certain age, when men don't want to fuck you anymore, they don't see you at all.

I am somewhere between the two and it is an interesting perspective.

For years, I have had to fend off lines from men like "What are you afraid of?" or "What's the matter with you; are you uptight?" or even the ever-popular "Just relax, will ya?"

This has always infuriated me, because it is insulting to my intelligence to be manipulated in this way, so I'd say things like "No, I'm not afraid of you, I just have no interest in sleeping with you." This gave me the reputation as a ball-buster, a castrating bitch. So then I'd respond to manipulation with more manipulation: "You're a lovely fellow, but I'm in love with Rodney. Do you know him? He's a linebacker for the Bears."

Now that I am getting slightly long in the tooth, it's almost worse. Now I have to wait 15 minutes to pay for the milk in my deli, because there's a young blonde with big tits in the store, and the counter guys just don't notice me standing there, even though they're looking straight at me.

This predator-prey mind-set has many creepy ramifications. I was recently at a night club and asked my friend Wendell if he'd seen Clair. "You know her," I said. "She's tall, funny, a jewelry designer."

"Oh," he said, "you mean the girl with the big ass and the fat legs?"

Now, I know that men are a supremely visual species and care inordinately about such things as the length of a neck and the width of a hip, but I wasn't asking Wendell if he wanted to fuck Clair. Yet to him, and to many men, Clair is defined only by her quotient of sexual attractiveness. She is the girl with the big ass, not the girl who has some interesting ideas about neoromanticism and who can beat anyone at backgammon. This is belittlement.

Not much further down the line is harassment. If a man can convince himself that we are not whole, separate people with feelings and ideas and yearnings, as well as pussies, then he can justify to himself slapping us playfully on the rear as we walk by in the lunchroom with a plate of stew. And if that plate of stew slides to the floor, and we get down on our knees to clean it up, well, of course he's going to make a coarse remark, and too bad if we blush and feel confused and angry.

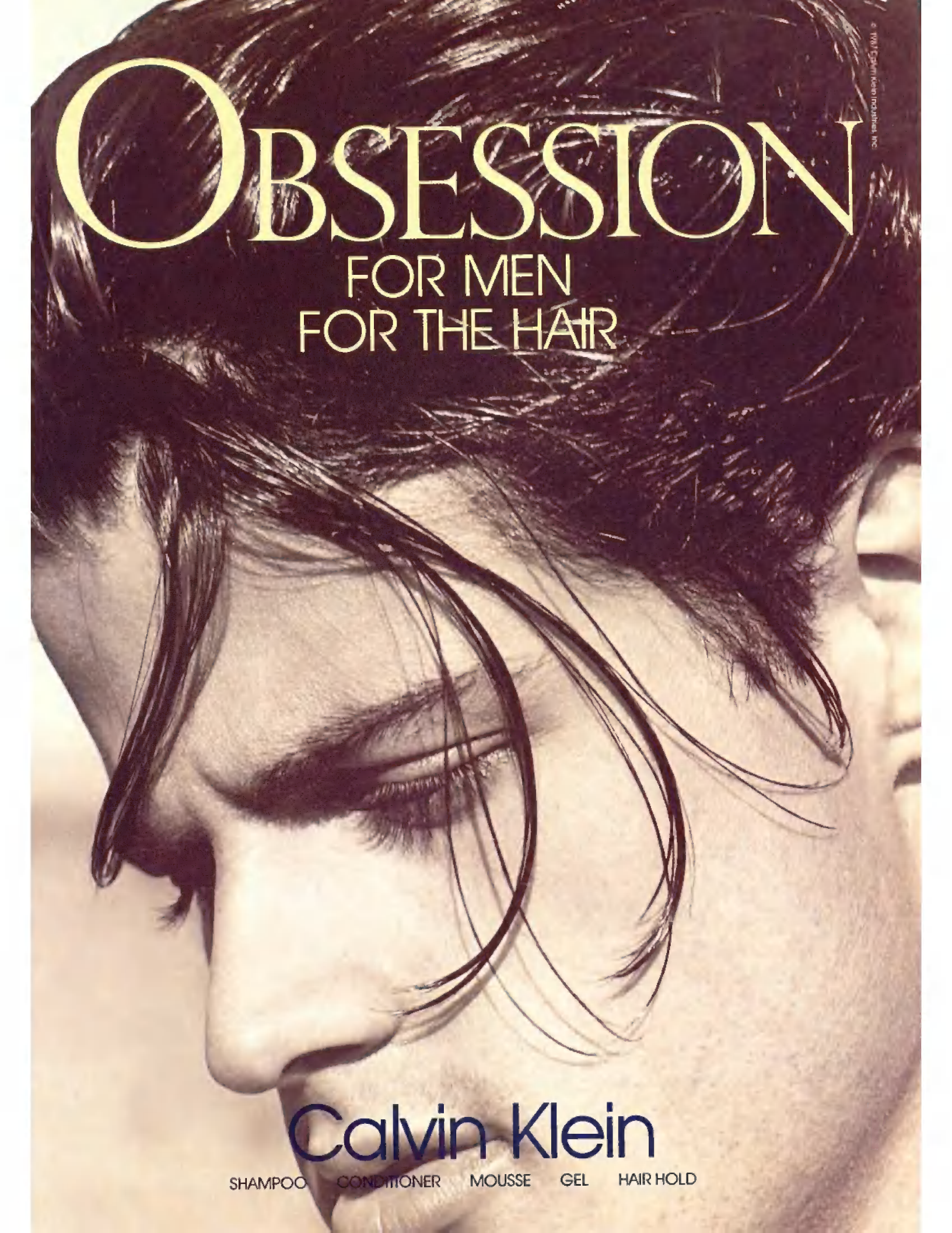
My steadfast opinion is that sexual harassment and belittlement are only superficially a product of men's feelings of superiority. Underneath this is fear and, who knows, possibly hatred. Men who are afraid and insecure become bullies and brutes. Men who are afraid of or angry with women will bully them and humiliate them sexually, where they are vulnerable. Instead of expressing his anger at a woman directly, a man will make adolescent remarks about her tits or write a demeaning sexual fantasy about her.

If we respond to this anger, we are castrating cunts. If we don't respond, we are cooperating in our own victimization. What would you have us do?

OK, I don't really hate Marilyn. I just hate the way she colluded with those who were belittling and objectifying her. In fact, I understand her motives all too well. She wanted love, didn't believe she deserved it and took what she considered the next best thing—lust.

So here's who I like: Cher. She's a smart mouth who will appear almost naked on television and just *dare* you to make something of it.





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# OBSESSION

FOR MEN  
FOR THE HAIR

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**I** never thought it would happen to me, but after an exciting six-year courtship, including a ten-month engagement, my fiancée says she's not ready to get married. She wants to postpone our wedding one year. The reason she gives is the two-month love affair I had during our only breakup, and that was two years ago. She is still haunted by that and fears that it might happen again. I wonder if time will heal her wound, and should I commit another year to finding out?—D. M., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

The answer to your question depends solely on you. After six years, are you willing to invest another year in this relationship? Do you honestly feel that you and your girlfriend will know each other any better after one more year? We're not trying to pass judgment, but your girlfriend's reason for postponing your wedding makes it sound as though she's reaching for an excuse to do so. If you saw another woman during a breakup—more than two years ago—that should be history by now. We suspect that there is more holding her back than meets the eye. She owes it to you—and to herself—to be totally honest. We suggest that the two of you have a long, meaningful conversation about the value of the relationship to each of you—as well as where it stands and where both of you think it may be headed. If she's not ready to commit herself after six years, you should seriously think twice before investing another year. Talk it over—and we hope things work out for the best.

**I** get turned on real easily if I see a good-looking woman go by, and I masturbate quite frequently. I do it in different places, such as my bedroom, the bathroom, the family room while watching TV. I even did it once in the car while waiting for a friend to come out of a store, and luckily, I've never been caught. I am wondering if there are any negative or harmful effects on my penis if I masturbate too much.—D. O., Boston, Massachusetts.

Aside from the masturbation incident in the car—which could get you into legal trouble, if nothing else—we think that your masturbatory urges and desires are normal. There are not likely to be any harmful effects on your genitals unless you chafe your penis from excessive activity. And "excessive" is hard to define for a normal, healthy male. Once or twice a day—or several times a week—doesn't seem excessive to us. However, you might reduce your urges simply by meeting more women and learning how to relate to them socially. That might lead to even more interesting problems.

**R**ecently, a group of four of us decided to play strip poker. We could play poker but didn't know the rules for the strip aspect.



Do you put something back on if you win, for example? Can more than one person lose in a hand? There must be a variety of rules. Some suggestions, please.—E. G., Buffalo, New York.

There are probably as many variations on strip poker as your imagination can create, and the players can negotiate them as they see fit. Basically, strip poker is played like normal poker; but instead of betting chips and money, each game's loser must remove a piece of clothing. Since most people wear five to seven pieces of clothing when fully dressed, you may be able to complete ten games before someone is reduced to his or her birthday suit. If the game sounds too tame to you, feel free to concoct kinkier things that you might implement once a player has run out of clothing.

**A**long with several friends, mostly female but some male, I have been involved in amateur press associations for more than two years. Amateur press associations are creative clubs that trade original art, fiction and nonfiction through the mail. Some of our material is frankly erotic and could be classed as pornographic by people with excessively tiny minds. It now occurs to me that employees of the U.S. Postal Service may be among those with such tiny minds. I am therefore writing to see if you have any idea where we stand, legally speaking. This material is not unsolicited, is not sent to minors and is traded with the full consent and interest of everyone involved. What about it? Should we be looking out for Big Brother? Would switching to U.P.S. (a private business) help?—W. P., Detroit, Michigan.

How well do you know your friends? We know of several cases in recent years in which Justice Department, Customs and postal

authorities have placed fake ads in adult magazines asking to exchange erotica. If the material you sent violated a local law (from child-porn statutes to sodomy statutes), you were busted. Even if you trade only fiction about normal adult erotica, it may fall into the wrong hands, so be careful.

**H**ow frequently should I change the cartridge on my turntable?—R. Y., Columbus, Ohio.

First check the stylus pressure of your current cartridge. If it is more than one and a half grams, you should probably replace that sonic plow with a newer model that won't tear up your LPs. Next, calculate how many hours of zone time you've had. If your current needle has logged more than 1500 hours, you should replace it.

**A** friend who has traveled in the Far East told me about a sexual experience he had with an Oriental woman that I originally found difficult to believe. He related that during their loveplay and the initial stages of intercourse, the young woman had gently inserted into his anal orifice a silken cord into which she had tied small knots. At the moment of climax, she removed the cord one knot at a time. To hear my friend tell it, it was the most unbelievable feeling he had ever had. While I must admit that I am intrigued, I am still somewhat skeptical about this. Have you ever heard of this? If so, are there any words of advice that you would give to someone who might be willing to try it? And if one wanted to try it, where would one get a silken cord that would be suitable for this type of activity and how should it be maintained?—K. J., Huntsville, Texas.

The technique goes by several names, from *Seven Knots to Heaven* to *The Briggs and Stratton Effect*. (Pulling the cord resembles the act of starting a gas-powered lawnmower engine.) Any cord will do—but bolo ties are particularly handy.

**H**ow useful are the new autofocus cameras? Have you converted your entire stall or do you prefer the old ways?—P. W., San Francisco, California.

We prefer the old way of focusing—it gives us something to do with our hands during a shooting. Just kidding. We haven't converted to autofocus, but we have spent a lot of time playing with the new cameras. For your average family portrait, candid household photography, they are great. As advertised, they facilitate spontaneous shooting. There are a few drawbacks: To focus an A.F. system, you must center the subject and press the shutter release. If you want the subject off center, you press the shutter halfway and it locks the focus, then you can shift the camera to one side or the other, then shoot. This feature makes

some sports photography rather difficult; by the time the lens focuses on the subject, the subject has moved on. The other drawback involves depth-of-field calculations. Quite often, when we have focused on a particular portion of the anatomy, we want to know what else is in focus at a particular f-stop. On old-fashioned lenses, you could flip a preview button or simply look at the gauge on top of the camera to tell how much in front and behind the focal plane would be sharp. Many of the A.F. cameras do not bother with the scales. You have to set the autoexposure to aperture priority to give you some control. All in all, the new cameras have a lot going for them. Check them out.

**W**hat is the best way to take money on long trips—traveler's checks or credit cards?—T. P., New York, New York.

Take enough cash or traveler's checks to cover a day or two of hand-to-mouth living and/or ground transportation. The rest of the time, use a credit card. If you plan to spend \$2000 and you convert the cash to traveler's checks, you will pay a one percent, or \$20, fee. (Some banks forgo the fee for their own customers.) If you take a credit card (American Express, Carte Blanche or Diners Club) to a foreign country, you will still pay a one percent exchange fee, but only on the amount of money you actually charge. In addition, the card will eliminate commissions at foreign exchanges. The conversion rate is usually more favorable than that offered when cashing traveler's checks.

**I** am 21 years old and have had a healthy amount of sexual experience. The man with whom I have recently fallen in love is 24 and has had an intense amount of sexual experience. The first few times we made love, my vagina was considerably smaller than his penis. Since then, though, we have become a perfect fit. His penis is curved slightly, and there is no problem with the amount of lubrication I secrete. As soon as I am aroused, my vagina starts to create suction, thereby causing a lot of air to be taken in and released. There is slight pain when this happens, but the sound it causes is, shall I say, rude. We joke about it, saying it's just love noises coming from "her" (my vagina), but it sometimes breaks the mood for me, because it is embarrassing. It has never caused any serious problem for him during our intimate sessions (so he claims). Air is also released if I cough or sneeze after he has ejaculated inside me. I have increased the amount of daily exercise with my pubococcygeus muscle. Air seems to enter me while I am clenching down. It is such an intense suction that it actually pulls my lover's fingers, tongue or penis inside me. I have discussed this with four of my friends, two male and two female, and found that they also, at one time, have had this problem. What causes this suction to occur, and what can I do about it? Does it have to do with the size of my lover's penis? In behalf of my four friends,

my wonderful lover and me, please answer as soon as possible.—Miss C. L., Miami Beach, Florida.

The phenomenon you've described is perfectly normal—and nothing to be concerned or embarrassed about. The interaction of a penis and a vagina does resemble that of a pump, with predictable results. This occurrence is commonly referred to as a "vaginal fart." Sometimes you have to approach sex with a sense of humor. We're sure that with time, you will simply ignore these noises. As for experiencing pain, the two of you might experiment with different positions, shifts in weight and even changes of pace in thrusting to reduce your discomfort.

**H**aving been an avid reader of your magazine for years, I have noticed that many inquiries have been made to the *Advisor* regarding both the constitutional validity and the accuracy of a urinalysis test. Although I have found your answers incomplete in some regards, I admire your efforts to provide your readers with the information that you have furnished thus far. I believe that most of these people are looking to you to provide them with a fool-proof method short of abstinence of beating such a test, particularly a test for marijuana, since that is the most commonly used narcotic. I have heard of a couple of methods that I'd like you to respond to. I have been told that drinking a small amount of vinegar daily will prevent marijuana from showing up in most types of tests (e.g., Emit). I was also told by a registered nurse that consuming a thimbleful of hydrogen peroxide each day would ensure a person who smokes marijuana moderately of passing such a test. Is there any validity to these prescriptions? If not, can you recommend a safe, effective way?—W. R., Columbus, Ohio.

She may be a registered nurse, but this woman sounds dangerously sadistic. Sorry, fella, but there is nothing you can eat or drink that will appreciably accelerate the rate at which marijuana metabolites (which Emit is designed to identify) leave the system. The numerous letters we've received on the subject indicate that there are a lot of people out there chugging noxious liquids in a futile attempt to negate a positive test result. There are, however, several guidelines recommended by NORML that may be helpful, including a 30-day abstinence from marijuana for regular smokers, increasing your liquid intake for several days before the test and giving your urine specimen on a full bladder, and preferably not the first (and most concentrated) micturition of that day. But otherwise, save the hydrogen peroxide for those who would be blonds.

**L**ately, I've been hearing a lot of talk about the average woman's alleged inability to achieve orgasm during intercourse. It seems that due to the poor location of the clitoris, so far away from the vagina, there's just no way to stimulate it, short of just

reaching down there and rubbing that little bugga with those dishpan-callused mitts—right, guys? Wrong, guys. Evidently, Whoever created these wonderful bodies in which we take so much pride also had our partners' pleasure in mind, for what did He (She, It) place on our bodies in the same area? Hair, you fools! Any woman will tell you (if you'd bother to ask) that the clitoris is something to be handled gently, even tenderly! Fingers, if they're not clean, soft and manicured, might as well be stuck up your own ass, where they're out of the way. Hair, boys! It's there; use it. For starters, put away your harsh soap. You wouldn't use that stuff on your head, would you? Get out your good shampoo and the best conditioner you can find. Avoid the ones that use waxes for sheen and look for a pH of 4.5 to 5.5. Check with the local beauty parlor or whoever cuts your hair for brand names. Work with the stuff until your hair is nice and soft and healthy.

Next comes the technique. Not a whole lot to it, really. I'd think more people would have thought of it, but I guess there's no underestimating the average American male. To start, assume your standard missionary position; then, once you're inserted, bring your lady's legs up alongside your torso. Now, instead of your normal in-and-out thrusting, try this. For the outstroke, instead of pulling back away from her, let your hips slide down toward her ass. This accomplishes two things: It keeps your body directly against hers for stimulation on the instroke and it aligns your member at a slightly angled-up position. Now, on the instroke, rock forward and up (use your feet for leverage), again staying close for maximum clitoral stimulation and bringing the glans directly into the area where the ever-elusive G spot is supposed to be.

With a little practice (I'm sure she won't mind helping), you can limit the motion to the lower body only, thus increasing your stamina by expending less energy than with the traditional in-out movement. Some other nice side effects are the increased intimacy of staying face to face mere inches apart and increased friction for you. This is definitely one for a romantic evening with someone you love.

P.S. For those with staying problems, you needn't maintain an erection if you limit the motion a little bit. Once it's in, it can stay in all night, hard or soft! She may never notice you went limp till you're up again.—D. W., Decatur, Illinois.

Thanks.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

**Is marriage in your future plans?**

I think that a person should get married one time only, so it is important to do it right. I would really check out a guy thoroughly, live with him, know him really well. I don't believe in divorce. I want to marry a guy who is honest. I want to be able to trust him and feel secure and safe. I think a good outlook, basically upbeat, and a good personality are essential.



So is great sex. If you don't have a good sexual relationship and a friendship, you'll have problems along the way. I don't want to have kids. I'd rather adopt a child who is already here and needs a home.

*Rebekka Armstrong*

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG  
SEPTEMBER 1986

Right now, I'm thinking about being a successful actress. I'm not thinking about marriage and I'm not worried about it, either. I would rather be independent than live off someone and settle down. An actress has to travel, to go where the part is, and that would mean sacrificing a home life with someone I loved and wanted to be with. Eventually, I'd like to get married and have a family. Actually, a family would be the reason to get married. Right now, my goals are more for success in my career and independence. That's what's on my mind.



*Ava Fabian*

AVA FABIAN  
AUGUST 1986

Sure. For all the regular old reasons. Because I love him. Because I want to be with him forever. Because I want to have babies with him. Because I want the picket fence one day. Not right now, but one day. I think everyone wants the June and Ward Cleaver life, doesn't she? But Ward will be updated, you know, in Armani. Ever since I was three, I've been dreaming about my wedding dress, my flower girls, my fantasies. You don't sit and dream of dirty socks or body odor, you know? I can see this happening to me within the next ten years.



*Lynne Austin*

LYNNE AUSTIN  
JULY 1986

Marriage is definitely in my future, if I can find the right man. Also, I adore kids and would love to have a couple. But first, I have to get rid of the little kid who lives inside me. I'm not ready for marriage yet, I can tell. Divorce is too easy and I don't approve of it. I think I should take my time, because I'm not ready for the responsibility. I want to give my all when the time is right and make a complete commitment. I want the energy to make a marriage work. It would be terrible to have kids and then discover I wasn't in for the long haul. Then everyone feels trapped.



*Sherry Arnett*

SHERRY ARNETT  
JANUARY 1986

Eventually. I'm young and I have a lot of time to think about it. I don't think people need to be married to have a relationship, but if you plan on having a family, it's important. I want a family someday, but my goals are very different now. I want to establish a business career. I want to be happy with myself before I marry anyone. I have a lot of things to try to achieve before I take that big step.



*Laurie Carr*

LAURIE CARR  
DECEMBER 1986

I was raised with the idea that a woman should have a mate, because no matter how wonderful, how intelligent, how everything she is, one day she would get old and be alone and unhappy. I thought marriage was a necessity. Now I think that's bull. I think you can be an older woman without a husband and still have a wonderful time. If you are self-sufficient and love your life, what's the problem? I think each person has to decide this, and if you don't feel marriage is necessary for happiness, it's easier to make the right choice for yourself.



*Carol Ficatier*

CAROL FICATIER  
DECEMBER 1985

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.



# CROSS THE BORDER

## CLEARLY MEXICO'S FINEST



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## How to separate the men from the boycotts

By BARRY LYNN

The description, in Reverend Donald Wildmon's own words, sounds harmless enough. "The N.F.D. is a Christian organization promoting the Biblical ethic of decency in American society, with primary emphasis on TV and other media." But make no mistake: The National Federation for Decency is a fanatical organization capable of much pernicious influence.

The N.F.D. is most noted for championing the Meese commission on pornography. It also figured in the recent decision by the Federal Communications Commission to broaden the definition of indecency (*The Playboy Forum*, August). It crusades against indecency in magazines, on television shows, in movies or inside bubble-gum wrappers. Its leader—Donald Wildmon. Its weapon—boycotts.

Wildmon began his odyssey one evening in December 1976, when, sitting with his wife and four children before their television set, he scanned the dial and found "skin scenes," "unbelievable profanity" and violence. He later wrote: "I made up my mind to try to make TV suitable for family entertainment . . . these things were intruding in my private world."

In a sermon to his congregation a short time later, Wildmon urged that the flock turn off its televisions for one week to protest the fare. Enough complied to create some media interest—and to launch Wildmon's media career. Within seven months, he had resigned his parish pastorate and created the National Federation for Decency.

In 1978, Wildmon began serious condemnation of television networks and those advertisers who promoted their products on the most "offensive" shows (at the time, such hits as *Charlie's Angels* and *Three's Company*). He particularly condemned the advertisers: American Home Products, Ford Motor Company and Sears, Roebuck and Company. In each case, the companies withdrew commercials from programs Wildmon disliked—though they denied that Wildmon had anything to do with their decisions.

For the spring 1981 television season, he recruited the Reverend Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority, Phyllis Schlafly and her Eagle Forum and the American Life Lobby to create a Coal-

ition for Better Television. Planning to boycott the eight most offensive shows, Wildmon had 4000 people from these groups monitor the fall line-up.

ABC, however, cut Wildmon off at



the pass by announcing the results of its own survey, which found that only 44 percent of the people who considered themselves members of the Moral Majority supported "attempts to influence programs to conform to their standards and values." Another survey—by Roper—found that even people who rated themselves to be "very high" fundamentalists were more likely than not to have favorable opinions of such steamy series as *Dallas*. Although a few timid corporate executives declared that they would no longer advertise on certain shows, the network honchos lambasted Wildmon for being out of step with America.

Wildmon went before the cameras and canceled the boycott even before it began, declaring that "we are accomplishing our goal despite the continuing

rhetoric of the networks." He denied that "fear of failure" had led to the demise of the boycott.

In 1982, he tried another boycott, this time against all RCA-related companies, including NBC. RCA/NBC was condemned for failing to meet with representatives of his group, for having *Playboy* Playmates on a George Burns Christmas special, for airing anti-Christian segments on *Saturday Night Live* and for having "more leading characters depicted as homosexual than Christian." "What is at stake," said Wildmon in his statement to the press, "is much more than sex and violence on television. At stake is whether our country will turn its back on more than 200 years of Judaeo-Christian values as the foundation for law and justice. . . . The 'make-it-up-as-you-go' value system advanced by RCA/NBC as a replacement for Judaeo-Christian values is a road to chaos and confusion and a detrimental doctrine destructive to the human race."

Wildmon called for a boycott of RCA electronics, Hertz rental cars, C.I.T. Group financial corporation, Coronet carpets and Gibson Greetings cards (he withdrew that threat and apologized two days later, since Gibson was not owned by RCA). Conditions for ending the boycott required NBC to eliminate jokes about illegal drugs, to present programs dealing with "sex from the Judaeo-Christian perspective," to withdraw feminine-hygiene-product ads, and to not use the word God except in reference to the Deity. NBC also had to terminate the stereotyping of business people "as crooks and con men" and replace the offending programs with fare that promoted "the capitalistic, free-enterprise system as . . . a way to fulfill some of the needs God has placed within our hearts." Wildmon noted that the effectiveness of the boycott would be measured by "sales and financial results."

NBC did not capitulate, but months later, Wildmon claimed credit for a decline in RCA's financial picture, even though its profits rose that year by 400 percent.

Although Wildmon objects to an enormous universe of material, he does recognize the need for some focus to N.F.D.'s national energies. The year 1987

was the year of the Holiday Inn boycott.

Wildmon accused Holiday Inn of promoting pornography through its in-room adult-movie service. It is irrelevant to Wildmon that a visiting preacher will not see one of the films unless he orders it, or that said preacher can make sure his family doesn't order them by simply having the service disconnected by a call to the desk.

Wildmon encouraged his followers to complain by calling the 800 reservation number of Holiday Inn (a number that he has published incorrectly on several occasions), to picket and, of course, to boycott.

Robert Brannon, Holiday Inn vice-president, said, "We will continue to show the films. We see no reason why we should not. Obviously, there are some people who disagree with the shows . . . but the [N.F.D.] argument is not with us; it is with the American people."

Wildmon claims that his efforts have generated 100,000 letters and telephone calls. Brannon says that the chain has received only 19,000, many of which are duplicates. He believes that the boycott had no effect. "We're having a great year, with

both earnings and occupancy up."

To support his boycott tactics, Wildmon is quick to invoke the liberal examples of civil rights and of lettuce boycotts. Of course, when Martin Luther King, Jr., took on Montgomery, Alabama, businesses and Cesar Chavez took on lettuce, they asked for highly specific boycotts so that fuller rights would be accorded to deprived minorities. Wildmon's boycotts, on the other hand, would deny the opportunity of all to exercise their constitutional rights as readers or viewers.

Books and magazines are central to public discourse. They are clearly different from lettuce leaves, which cannot be read, even by fortunetellers. It makes about as much sense for Wildmon to picket Joe's Market, which carries *Playboy*, as it does for the village atheists to band together to drive a Christian bookstore out of a shopping mall.

Nor is it possible ever to satisfy Wildmon in his quest to eradicate evil. He sees it everywhere. In 1986, when one convenience-store chain stopped displaying *Playboy* on their magazine racks, they lost

their N.F.D. pickets. But they picked them up again when N.F.D.ers decided to protest *Mad* and *National Lampoon*, because, according to one picketer, they promote "rebellion against parental authority."

Wildmon's *NFD Journal* repeatedly details the success that half a dozen phone calls, or even a single letter, has had in causing a local company to stop selling a magazine or other N.F.D.-condemned product. It is hard to believe that these merchants had a sudden awakening of morality, or that they had simply failed to take a hard look at the product. Invariably, the reason for curtailing sales was the unwillingness to put up a fight. Wildmon has been a catalyst for cowardice, not conscience. So it will remain until more of us realize that any society that allows itself to become homogenized by political pressure masquerading as moral suasion is one at risk of losing its direction, if not its national soul.

Barry Lynn is the American Civil Liberties Union's legislative counsel.

## Why Reverend Wildmon wants to ban what you watch, hear and play

The Reverend Donald Wildmon is the quintessential advocate of the "If it affects anyone, ban it for everyone" school of regulation. The National Federation for Decency criticized the USA network for airing *Friday the 13th: Part III*, because an 11-year-old in Madison, Wisconsin, hanged himself, allegedly trying to duplicate a stunt in the film. Similarly, the N.F.D. blamed the producers of *Rambo*, because Anthony James Jenkins went on a sniping spree in Mississippi shortly after he saw the film. Wildmon regularly blames the game *Dungeons and Dragons* for assorted teenage murders and reports on every suicide of heavy-metal fans who might have been influenced by AC/DC or Ozzy Osbourne songs.

There is no question that messages in films, TV and even games can occasionally contribute to terrible acts; the question is whether a free society should prevent their dissemination based on a possible effect on the most impressionable viewer. First, it is nearly impossible to anticipate what will set someone off. The behavior of one British mass murderer who killed women and drank their blood through straws was reportedly "triggered" by his attendance at Anglican High Mass. Second, even news coverage would be affected if Wildmon had his way. In Japan, the 1986 suicide of a pop singer led to at least a dozen apparent copycat suicides by teenagers.

Surely, news organizations cannot be

held liable for reporting the truth. In fact, Wildmon should know that courts have consistently rejected imposing legal sanctions on publishers and broadcasters for the unintended effects of their published or broadcasted material.

Wildmon has also adopted a peculiarly simplistic understanding of social psychology. For example, he accepts the claims of child molesters and rapists that pornography led them to their crimes. One would think he would recognize the frequently self-serving nature of such claims. Pornography sounds a bit more contemporary than claiming that comic books made you a criminal and a bit more inherently reasonable than maintaining that the Devil made you do it.

Wildmon is also a big fan of mentioning that pornography is found in the homes of many sex offenders, as if that demonstrated some causal link between rape and reading. Surely, he would not attribute the same link to the presence of milk in the refrigerator or attendance at church as a child. Criminals who are obsessed with sex or violence are expected to be attracted to the depiction of the same things. That is a far cry from demonstrating that, but for pornography, these same people would have been Sunday school teachers.

Wildmon has some additional analytic quirks. In his *NFD Journal*, he regularly reports on violence, but only of a certain kind. He discusses violence only when he

can make one of his fatuous arguments linking its occurrence to its representation in the media. Indeed, Wildmon has no apparent interest in "structural" violence. He has published scathing criticism of such programs as *The Day After* and *NBC Reports* for being "propaganda" for disarmament and anti-gun lobbyists. Nobody who looks at the data objectively can possibly conclude that *Rambo* has been responsible for a greater number of fatalities than have handguns left lying around in people's homes. One might not wish to restrict either, but clearly, restricting the latter would have a more direct effect on actual violence.

Wildmon has his own skewed vision of "sexual exploitation." The man who had his followers count the number of times women's breasts jiggled in an episode of *Charlie's Angels* in order to condemn the show views the Miss Universe pageant as "wholesome" and says that it is one of his children's "favorite shows." Wildmon explained that "we never counted [pageants] as jiggle television," because cameras don't "zoom in on women's breasts." Wildmon's endorsement of the pageant stressed the competitiveness of the event and its demonstration of the contestants' ability to answer questions under pressure.

Clearly, Wildmon is not a reasonable man, but reasonable or not, he remains a force to be reckoned with by reasonable people.

—BARRY LYNN

## WILDMON'S RAP SHEET

The Reverend Donald Wildmon is a man obsessed and his obsession does not discriminate; it cuts across all forms of entertainment: rock 'n' roll, comic books, magazines, television shows, movies and bubble-gum cards.

The vehicle for venting his obsession is the *NFD Journal*—which provides very strange reading, indeed. The *Journal* is absolutely humorless; *everything* leads to sex and violence or, at the very least, to the fall of Wildmon's fantastical vision of America. In the world according to the *Journal*, sitcoms cause suicide, movies cause murder, the media cause mayhem. The *Journal* loves tabloid headlines such as these: "HORROR MOVIE FAN ATTACKS MOTHER," "CBS CALLS CHILDREN GARBAGE," "MAN LISTENS TO ROCK MUSIC, KILLS MOTHER," "TEENAGER IMITATES MOVIE, DIES," "SEX OFFENDER SAYS PORN FUELED FLAME."

The stories behind the headlines are no less lurid:

"PURINA, WARNER-LAMBERT ADS SUPPORT PERVERTED SEX AS CHILDREN'S BEDTIME STORIES."

"[One] episode of ABC's *FULL HOUSE* included a scene in which widower Danny, comedian Joey and Uncle Jesse join forces to tell a bedtime story to Danny's little girls (about six and ten). As the story grows, the men have Cinderella marry Bullwinkle the Moose. Then the Big Bad Wolf appears.

"Uncle Jesse continues: 'They all fell in love . . . They moved to Sweden where people are a lot more cool about that sort of thing.' A long, loud laugh-track tells the viewer how funny it is to tell children bedtime stories with implied bestiality."

"TV INFLUENCES WOMAN TO KILL 10-MONTH OLD BABY."

"A Green Bay, Wisconsin, woman recently told authorities that she killed her baby daughter after being influenced by a television miniseries on the existence of evil featuring actress Shirley MacLaine. The woman was charged with first-degree murder in connection with the stabbing death of her ten-month-old baby daughter.

"The woman, who had a history of psychological problems, admitted to stabbing her daughter ten to 15 times. She said she started thinking about killing her daughter after watching *OUT ON A LIMB* based on MacLaine's book of the same title."

"AT&T, NISSAN PUSH ILLEGAL SEX ON NBC SLEAZE SERIES."

"LA LAW continues its crawl through the gutter with [an] episode which focused again on the illicit sexual liaisons among the attorneys on the show, discussions of how to have sex without getting AIDS, a graphic courtroom description of a rape, and lots of profanity."

"NBC SERIES DEPICTS CHRISTIANITY AS CRUTCH FOR DEPRAVED MURDERESS."

"NBC's miniseries *THE NUT-CRACKER* presents religion as a crutch for the mentally ill and focuses on explicit family violence. The main character is a woman with a twisted mind who plots the murder of her own father. She makes her sons steal from their grandfather, and eventually forces one of them to shoot him to death.

"A grandiose scene in the middle of this six-hour garbage heap depicts the baptism (in church) of the mad woman and her young daughter. The show's creative minds . . . thus weave the Christian faith into the lifestyle fabric of a self-centered, mad murderess."

"PRO-LIFE PRIEST DOWNED IN NBC'S NEW SERIES PUSHING SCHOOL SEX CLINICS."

"[An] episode of NBC's *BRONX ZOO*, starring Ed Asner, was a one hour sermon promoting sex clinics in public schools. The show portrayed those who oppose school sex clinics as narrow-minded, uncaring, self-righteous troublemakers. No sense of balance was to be found."

"MCDONALD'S ADS ON CBS MOVIE WITH FRAUDULENT CHRISTIAN."

"The CBS . . . movie, *MISSING CHILDREN: A MOTHER'S STORY*, had all the makings for a tender and sensitive drama—but they chose instead to make the villain a 'Christian' woman selling other women's children. Other objectionable elements included a man abusing his wife physically and consistently cursing her and his young children, a crooked judge and a crooked welfare worker."

"MOVIE INFLUENCES MURDER."

"Moments before the woman broke down and told Miami police that she beat her father to death, she began a rambling tell [sic] of her life, her love of murder mysteries and her favorite Alfred Hitchcock show.

"Recounting the television episode from memory, she told detectives how a woman beat her husband to death with a frozen roast, then defrosted the meat, invited her husband's friends over for dinner and watched gleefully as they unknowingly swallowed the murder weapon."

"ABC MOVIE ON CRACK HAS WEAK CLERGYMAN."

"The ABC movie *CRACKED UP* . . . did a credible job of showing how quickly crack, a form of cocaine, can take control of one's life and how quickly it can quite literally take one's life. . . .

"The Christian minister, however, is portrayed as a rather weak character—insensitive and imperceptive as a father, humanistic and man-centered as a theologian. Rev. Owens did not have a single clue that his son was on drugs. He was prime-time's stereotypical preacher—wimpy acting, soft voiced, soft brained and above all, fond of hearing grandiose phrases pour forth from his own lips."

Enough of these bloodcurdling stories. Let's see what kind of man reads the *NFD Journal*:

"PASTOR EXPRESSES THANKS."

"Thank you so much for the *NFD Journal*, and for spearheading efforts in the Christian community to deal with the proliferation of violence, perverted sexuality and anti-Christian stereotyping in the media."

"MOTHER APPALLED AT 'SPORTS ILLUSTRATED' ISSUE."

"Just last week my 13-year-old son received his first issue of *Sports Illustrated*. It was their annual swimsuit edition. I had no idea they published this type of thing once a year, and I was appalled at some of the photographs of girls wearing scanty swimsuits and modeling in very suggestive poses. I was so angry that I wrote the editor a letter that night voicing my disapproval. . . .

"Thank you for making the public aware of what pornography is doing to our nation. . . ."

"COSMOPOLITAN" FULFILLS DEFINITION OF PORNOGRAPHIC."

"Recently (concluded on page 50)

# FORUM

## R E A D E R

### NO SYMPATHY FOR JAMESON

John Jameson cannot compare his incarceration in Peru to the situation of American citizens in Grenada or Lebanon ("Ronald Reagan, Where Were You When I Needed You?" *The Playboy Forum*, January). Jameson was accused of violating the laws of another country. It is unrealistic for him to expect the United States Government to interfere with the criminal procedures of foreign countries.

Jon K. Evans, Ph.D.

Sherman Oaks, California

*Jameson replies:*

*I agree that an American citizen should not expect the U.S. Government to interfere with the judicial systems of foreign countries. However, Americans should be able to expect the State Department to deal honestly with the families of American tourists who have been detained in another country. In our case, the State Department's Citizen's Emergency Center conveyed grossly inaccurate and incomplete information to our relatives. In addition, the American consul deliberately did not send the cable we had written to our families to reassure them about our safety. The U.S. Government did nothing to relieve and seemingly everything to exacerbate our families' anxieties.*

### PATENTLY MISTAKEN

You misrepresented the MR Media Watch in "Truth, Beauty & The New York Times" (*The Playboy Forum*, January). You claimed that we singled out the Charlie ad that pictured a woman patting a man's derriere as "one of the worst" ads of 1987. In fact, it was not Charlie that was singled out, it was *MS. Magazine* for "the worst hypocrisy in advertising sales" for carrying the Charlie ad. Apparently, feminists think that only women can administer an admiring pat.

Fredric Hayward, Director  
Men's Rights, Inc.  
Sacramento, California

### ONE MORE TIME

Let me offer one more response to the animal-rights letters you have published recently. Those of you who feel that it is immoral to cause animals pain in order



FOR THE RECORD

## A HORNY PROBLEM

Clive M. Davis wants us to get our priorities straight. He is a professor of psychology at Syracuse University and a member of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. Davis feels that sex research is maligned as a science and ignored by grant-giving Government agencies:

"Most intimate interpersonal relationships are sexual relationships. The more we understand about sexuality and the more we can educate members of our society, the better able they will be to cope with personal relationships. The Government funds research on toads in South America, but what relevance does that have to improving the human condition? I'm not knocking research on toads and I'm not saying it shouldn't be done, but there is no comparison with the kinds of application that can come from research on human sexuality."

to feed yourself should note that there's really no conclusive evidence that *plants* don't feel pain. I suggest that animal rightists give up eating altogether.

Mich Patenaude  
Livermore, California

### GUNSLINGING SOLUTION

Burbank, Santa Monica and Los Angeles, California, have banned the sale of realistic-looking toy guns and there's a movement afoot to get their sale banned nationwide. I don't get it. Does the idea

of a criminal using a toy gun violate people's sense of truth in advertising? Should we take the position that only *real* guns should be used in crime?

My suggestion is that there be no distinction between a real gun and a toy gun if *either* is used in a threatening manner.

H. Williams  
Evanston, Illinois

### UNRELIABLE AIDS TESTS

A recently released study by Congress' Office of Technology Assessment highlighted the fact that the results of AIDS tests are not very accurate. Ninety percent of the people at low risk for the AIDS virus who test positive do not, in fact, have the virus. (People at low risk are people who do not use I.V. drugs or have sex with gay or bisexual men.) Being diagnosed as having AIDS is, obviously, extremely traumatic—and an unnecessary trauma for those who are misdiagnosed.

On the other hand, ten percent of the people at high risk for the AIDS virus who test negative do, in fact, have AIDS. We can only assume that those people will continue to practice their high-risk behavior.

T. May  
Washington, D.C.

### ONLY IN TEXAS

Odd but true—Texas has a dildo law, according to which a person cannot sell "obscene devices," including dildos, artificial vaginas or anything else "designed or marketed as useful primarily for the stimulation of human genital organs."

Kenneth Alan Yorko, in Harris County, was found guilty of possession with intent to sell a dildo.

He was given three days in jail and fined \$750. He appealed his case and ultimately lost the appeal, but not before three of the nine appellate court judges had some interesting things to say about the dildo law.

Judge Sam Houston Clinton argued that when the Supreme Court recognized the right of access to abortions (*Roe vs. Wade*) and to contraceptives (*Carey vs. Population Services International*), it was acknowledging the right to indulge in sexual activity, which naturally involves

## RESPOSE

"the stimulation of human genital organs." The law doesn't tell us how that stimulation must be accomplished, and so "it is sufficient that there is a constitutional right to personal privacy broad enough to encompass a person's decision to engage in private consensual sexual activity in any manner or means not proscribed by law."

The second dissenting judge, Judge Teague, said, "We have come too far in the study of human sexual behavior... and have learned too much from the scientific research compiled... to turn the clock back to more unenlightened times." He argued that it is common knowledge that sexual aids can be helpful in curing sexual problems, and he found the Texas statutes to be unconstitutional. He concluded that the Texas legislature couldn't justify the law "on the basis of the health, safety, morals or general welfare of the public."

The last dissenting judge, Judge Miller, refused to dignify the issue with a full opinion and took a disdainful swipe at the six affirming justices on the court by quoting U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Brennan on an unrelated situation:

"Although there is a remote possibility that a given state court will be the first to discover a latent constitutional issue and to order redress if the issue is properly raised, it is far more likely that the court will fail to appreciate the claim and reject it out of hand."

Clearly, this is what happened in Texas. The dildo law still stands.

B. Chambers  
Houston, Texas

## INFLATED DRUGS

As we all know, Judge Douglas Ginsburg withdrew his name from consideration for the Supreme Court after he admitted that he had once used marijuana "as a college student in the Sixties, and then on a few occasions in the Seventies." What you might not know is that two months before the Ginsburg controversy, the New York County Lawyers' Association concluded that cocaine and heroin should be decriminalized.

The association noted that the U.S. Government "hasn't established its anti-drug policies based on the proven harmful effects of drugs." Furthermore, our present drug laws increase the price of illegal drugs. Thus, decriminalizing them would lower their price and reduce the number of crimes that are committed by

people trying to support their expensive habits. Incidentally, about 40 percent of all property crimes are committed by drug users who need money for drugs, and about ten billion dollars is spent on drug enforcement.

J. Henry  
Columbus, Ohio

## YOU NEVER KNOW

An interoffice memo issued by a New Jersey state agency recommends that some drug-addicted convicts who violate

their probation by returning to I.V. drugs be required to write a 250-word essay "on the relationship between AIDS and I.V. drug use." Anyone think this will do any good?

M. Lancaster  
Trenton, New Jersey

## CHARITY ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

TV preachers are getting a harder look from Congress and the Internal Revenue Service. Whether or not the Bakkers used the money raised for Kevin's House for

## CREAM OF THE SCUM

*Entrapment is a controversial practice, one that not even many policemen defend. Unfortunately, the police sometimes overlook why and how someone committed a crime if an arrest makes them look more efficient and effective. Some recent cocaine busts in Florida were a direct result of entrapment by a private citizen. The news story, as reported in the St. Petersburg Times by Pat Meisul, presents a chilling portrait of one such "confidential informant" and his work as a front-line soldier in the so-called war on drugs.*

"Morse Seymour said he singled out the young woman as a likely source of cocaine from among the late-night crowd at the restaurant because she was wearing jeans, boots and gold.

"Over coffee, he introduced himself as a professional photographer, showed her his collection of 3"x5" color photos of nude and scantily clad women and asked her to model for him.

"In the next few days, Seymour called 23-year-old Bela Archarya repeatedly. They talked of the money in modeling, living together and cocaine: Could she get him some? Preferably two ounces?

"Like other Seymour models, Archarya's career was short-lived. Instead of adorning the cover of some magazine, she wound up in jail, accused of selling Seymour \$3000 worth of cocaine.

"You bitch, you've been had," Seymour said he yelled just after turning her in to undercover vice detectives and collecting his \$350 commission."

Seymour is 30 years old and hasn't held a steady job in years. However, he was able to earn \$10,000 in 18 months from the Pinellas County Sheriff's Department—by getting nearly 200 young

women to buy him cocaine.

Unfortunately for Seymour, Archarya, unlike his other dupes, hired a lawyer who is aggressively pursuing the question of Seymour's "outrageous behavior." Archarya's attorney has asked the judge to dismiss the charges against her because of entrapment and police misconduct.

The sheriff's detectives defend Seymour: "It's not unusual for investigators or detectives to use some sort of pretense or fictitious background, a story to go along with covert activity," says one.

Although the police deny knowing about Seymour's sexual activities, they admit that "at times, he did act independently." We'd say so.

His bag of tricks contained one not seen on *Miami Vice*. One woman testified that while driving Seymour to a restaurant, "I looked over and he was masturbating, so I started kicking him and that's the last I've seen of him." She was later charged with selling cocaine to an undercover cop, Seymour's "cousin."

Seymour does his undercover work for the excitement and the money and maintains that there's "no harm done."

Tell that to the 200 women he conned.

The St. Petersburg Times story embarrassed the Pinellas County Sheriff's Department. Officials insisted they never authorized such practices—though they apparently didn't mind making the arrests. On publication of Archarya's story, many more women came forward with tales of close encounters of the Seymour kind. At last report, although the Sheriff's Department says he was fired, Seymour was back trolling the shopping malls for more model material.

the house and whether or not Jerry Falwell used money raised from political contributions for other purposes are questions to which I'd like to know the answers. But I'm far more concerned about how Pat Robertson is using money donated for charitable purposes through the Christian Broadcasting Network. The IRS is investigating him now and is finding that he has used tax-exempt money received from CBN to help elect some of his supporters as G.O.P. convention delegates. Using charitable contributions to buy yourself an air-conditioned dog house is sleazy; using charitable contributions to buy an election is scary.

R. Rosen  
New York, New York

## WILDMON

(continued from page 47)

I discovered that such popular household magazines as *Cosmopolitan* are filled with material designed to stimulate sexual arousal. Articles and letters include great sex experiences and 'superorgasms.'

"Helpful instructive material on sexual problems or on how to improve your sex life can be good . . . but the line has been crossed into the realm of pornography. . . .

"Beware, young single people, parents and families, of these rotten seeds of im-

morality that may be cleverly planted in your home, office or life!"

So, let's see. What's the perfect world for Wildmon and his minions? One minus Little Red Ridinghood, Bullwinkle the Moose, Cinderella, Shirley MacLaine, L.A. Law, rock 'n' roll, *Cosmopolitan*, wimpy ministers, *Sports Illustrated*, NBC, CBS, ABC, sitcoms and movies in general, McDonald's, AT&T, Sweden, Nissan, Purina. . . . Well, the list goes on and on.

Suffice it to say that the N.F.D.ers should turn off their radios and TVs and just sit tight and subscribe to the *Journal*. It's the only safe reading they'll ever need.

## REVERSE

## SEXISM

The *Playboy Forum* editorials on Shere Hite's book *Women and Love*, "A Cultural Revolution in Progress" (February), correctly note a new trend in male bashing by the publishing industry. The trend is easy to chart in the popular press as well. Women constitute 90 percent of the "Lifestyle" editors of newspapers. Indeed, such departments used to be called the "Women's" section. It is here that women purportedly turn to get front-line reports on the relationships between the sexes. In these pages, the only good man is one who asks a woman to marry him.

For years, women reporters have written about male sexism. Increasingly, though, such reports have been laced with general complaints about males. As the denigration of females by males became passé (how easy it is to rout an assailant with the cry, "Chauvinist!"), the denigration of males by females became *de rigueur*.

The *Washington Post Magazine* ran a cover story "When Time Runs Out," subtitled "What a Woman Does When She's 38, Not Married, Crazy to Have a Baby and Her Biological Clock Strikes Midnight." What a woman does is whine. One woman quoted in the article complained, "[Men] avoid us like disease." Another suggested that in Washington, "the men are aggressive, successful professionals, but as people, they are very lacking."

The article was written by a woman, featured women and depicted women as caring, mature and responsible. It attributed their relationship woes to male inadequacy. Can you imagine what would happen if a male tried to publish views even remotely as critical of females?

The Sunday *Los Angeles Times* ran an article by a woman titled "Census

Study Tells Where the Men Are." The article begins, "Los Angeles women who have noticed a dearth of eligible single men are not imagining things." The suggestion that there is a shortage of males helps single females believe that their lack of a mate is not due to any shortcomings of theirs. And yet, I winnowed the following eye-opening facts from the article: The total number of single men and single women in the United States between the ages of 16 and 64 is about equal. In every city analyzed, women under 25 enjoyed a surplus of men.

*Psychology Today* had as its cover story "The New 'Other Woman'"—a female-authored article on the supposedly increasing number of affairs between married men and single women. Among the reasons offered for these affairs—a shortage of men. Demographics, apparently, make a handy excuse for female behavior.

A *Newsweek* article called "The Marriage Crunch" had nine female contributors and one male contributor. It mentioned an unpublished study that "confirmed what everybody suspected all along: that many women who seem to have it all—good looks and good jobs, advanced degrees and high salaries—will never have mates." (Actually, the study made no mention of the looks of unmarried women and did not specifically cite the category of women with advanced degrees, but never mind. *Newsweek* was aiming at its image of the kind of woman who reads *Newsweek*.)

*Newsweek* said the study was "a slap in the face to this generation's best and brightest women." Supposedly, two out of ten women with college degrees will not marry. We do not know whether those two are the best or the brightest, but here's what one of the women quoted in the article said: "When you look at men who don't marry, you're often looking at the bottom of the barrel. When you look at the women who don't marry, you're looking at the cream of the crop." Isn't it just as likely that the unmarried members of either sex are career junkies with the looks of a toad and the social skills of an accountant? Not in this fairy tale.

A column in *The Atlanta Constitution* repeats the refrain: "It is much harder to match a woman who has it all than one who doesn't. Men are afraid of highly motivated, professional women." All men? Some men?

I'm glad that women have attained enough power to be in a position to make powerful mistakes. Guys have not always performed mistake-free all these years, so the ladies should be permitted a *gaffe* or two. But reverse sexism is bad. It deepens mistrust between many females and many males, and the world has enough us's and them's already.

I know why reverse sexism is spreading, though. First, it sells—primarily to females and primarily because it helps them feel a sense of community with one another and helps them feel better about themselves. Second, its growth has not been checked by protests from vocal anti-sexists. Perhaps we can use our relatively recently honed capabilities for identifying and attacking sexism in order to identify and attack reverse sexism. Then we humans can return to our competitions with a little more fairness, a little more intelligence and a little more humanity.

—ANDREW S. RYAN, JR., PH.D.

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

### JUST SAY "ACHOO" TO DRUGS

LOS ANGELES—There's good news in the air in California. The Asthma and Allergy Foundation of America sampled airborne pollen drifting past its L.A. office



and inexplicably found that 40 percent of the weed pollen was marijuana. And Californians thought smog was making them lightheaded and breathless.

### SMILE—YOU'RE BUSTED

WALLED LAKE, MICHIGAN—Christopher Aaron wins the Poor Judgment and Bad Luck Award for having his picture taken in front of a large pot plant growing in his back yard. An employee at the processing company where he took his film recognized the plant as marijuana and called the police. Aaron has been charged with manufacturing a controlled substance.

### SURPRISED?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Justice Department survey finds that most Americans think that the laws and the courts are too easy on criminals. The study, based on interviews with 2000 people, shows that 94 percent of those interviewed said that rapists should be sent to prison and suggested an average prison time of 15 years. Rapists now serve an average of four and a half years. The interviewees also want harsher prison terms for assault than are normally meted out by the courts. The researchers conclude that "the public wants

long prison sentences for most crimes, with other sanctions used for minor infractions of the law or as add-ons to imprisonment."

### PREMARITAL AIDS TESTS

Premarital AIDS testing, endorsed by key figures in the Reagan Administration, is under consideration in 35 states and is mandatory in three. Yet a Harvard University study finds that mandatory premarital AIDS testing would be inefficient and ineffective and that the AIDS test itself can be inaccurate. The Harvard study concludes that AIDS screening will detect fewer than .1 percent of HIV-infected people at an annual cost of more than \$100,000,000—an amount that could be used far more productively on AIDS education.

### THE RIGHT TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA—When Betty Lou Brau had an artificial insemination, she didn't become pregnant, but she did pick up a sexually transmitted virus known to cause birth defects. Brau filed suit to obtain the sperm donor's name so that he could be held liable for transmitting the disease. "It will be a frightful day if just anyone can submit his biological contents to a company and know that he is completely immunized from any legal action," said her attorney. The court disagreed. In an unprecedented legal decision, the California Superior Court held that the "John Doe" who sold his semen to the fertility clinic had been guaranteed anonymity and that his legitimate expectation of it was protected under the state constitution's right-to-privacy clause.

### MOMENTS OF SILENCE: UNRESOLVED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A legal technicality took the Supreme Court off the hook in deciding whether or not a moment of silence is the same as praying. The Court refused to decide the constitutionality of an overturned New Jersey law that provided moments of silence for its public school students because the two New Jersey legislators who took the appeal to the Court in 1985 no longer represent the legislative leadership. The Court's decision leaves unresolved the politically charged issue of moments of silence in public schools.

### MONEY CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING

NEW YORK CITY—Alarmed at the country's teenage-pregnancy rate, 78-year-old real-estate millionaire John Napoleon LaCorte offered high school girls in three New York City boroughs \$1000 to remain medically certified virgins until their 19th birthday. When his offer was ridiculed by feminists, health experts and constitutionalists, LaCorte changed his plan. Instead of rewarding virginity, he is going to fund seminars to help prepare girls to be good wives, mothers and homemakers.

### CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Last April, the Federal Communications Commission issued warnings to a New York talk-show host for indulging in "shock radio" ("The Playboy Forum," August). The reverberations of this warning were felt throughout the broadcast community. Broadcasters became wary of airing questionable material for fear of being censured and, in any case, were prohibited by the commission from airing any "indecent" programming at any hour. Recently, the FCC relented



somewhat and told radio and television broadcasters that they may air indecent programs between midnight and six A.M. without fear of FCC action. Lest you think that this is a victory, consider that the previous time slot for indecent programming—before the April ruling—was between ten P.M. and six A.M.

# GO TO JAIL

## WRITE A BOOK

The Los Angeles Police Department appears to have a hard-on for Norma Jean Almodovar—though it's not the same kind of hard-on it *used* to have for her.

Almodovar is a former civilian traffic-control officer for the L.A.P.D. She held the job for ten years and then left for, well, a more honest job.

She made the mistake of telling a friend from her traffic-control days, Patricia Isgro, that she was working on a book called *From Cop to Callgirl*. Almodovar reports that in the book, she talked about her days with the L.A.P.D., made derogatory references to the sexual performance of the boys in blue ("They just whip it out of the holster and shoot") and gave some examples of corruption in the department. Some officers, for instance, stole property from the cars of auto-accident victims and then put pressure on her to keep her mouth shut.

Unfortunately, Isgro was no friend. She went to the police with Almodovar's story and was sent back—wearing a body wire. Isgro asked Almodovar about her work as a prostitute and expressed interest in joining the profession. Several days later, Almodovar says, seven L.A.P.D. officers, guns drawn, arrested Almodovar for pandering, which is a felony. They searched her apartment and took her book manuscript.

The police claimed that Almodovar was trying to entice Isgro into prostitution; Almodovar said that she was simply trying to bolster Isgro's ego and was going to offer a male friend money if he would play the role of the John. Isgro was described by the district

attorney's office as "a typical linebacker." She's six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. She's also 50 years old. You be the judge.

But no go; Almodovar was convicted for "encouraging" someone to perform an act of prostitution. However, the judge, while acknowledging California's "mandatory sentencing" law for prostitution, with its three-year sentence, also noted that the defendant had no prior convictions. He placed her on three years' probation.

Almodovar then appeared on the *Joan Rivers Show* and *Donahue*; she gave numerous speeches and interviews and sometimes read entertaining selections from her reconstructed manuscript.

The district attorney was not amused, and a brief was filed from his

office objecting to her probation. The brief argued that the mandatory-sentencing law means exactly that (though in the first three years after the passage of the law, more than 30 percent of those convicted received probation). The 31-page brief also contained more than 50 references to Almodovar's book and to the publicity she'd garnered, charging that she "magnifies her pandering by using literary means to sell prostitution as a glamorous career to a potentially vast readership, while commercially exploiting her law-enforcement past to draw on scandalous escapades that undermine respect for the law."

How, exactly, did the district attorney and his boys invite respect for the law? With such arguments as these: "Whereas a robbery may have a traumatic effect on the victim lasting weeks or months, pandering can lead its victim to a lifetime of shame and degradation. . . . Whereas rape is accomplished by one act of force . . . pandering is a cold-blooded, calculating, profit-seeking criminal enterprise." Society should be protected from this 5'3" redhead.

"A corrupt system has decided that I am a threat to society because I talk about the abuses of power and authority that I have witnessed," Almodovar wrote in a postsentencing statement. "I am not a threat to society; I am a threat to the system. . . . I have stepped on a lot of toes, and now certain members of the police department, with the help of the district attorney's office, are engaging in a blatant vendetta."

One might think so. —JOHN DENTINGER

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Nomination forms are available through the Playboy Foundation, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The nomination deadline is April 29, 1988.

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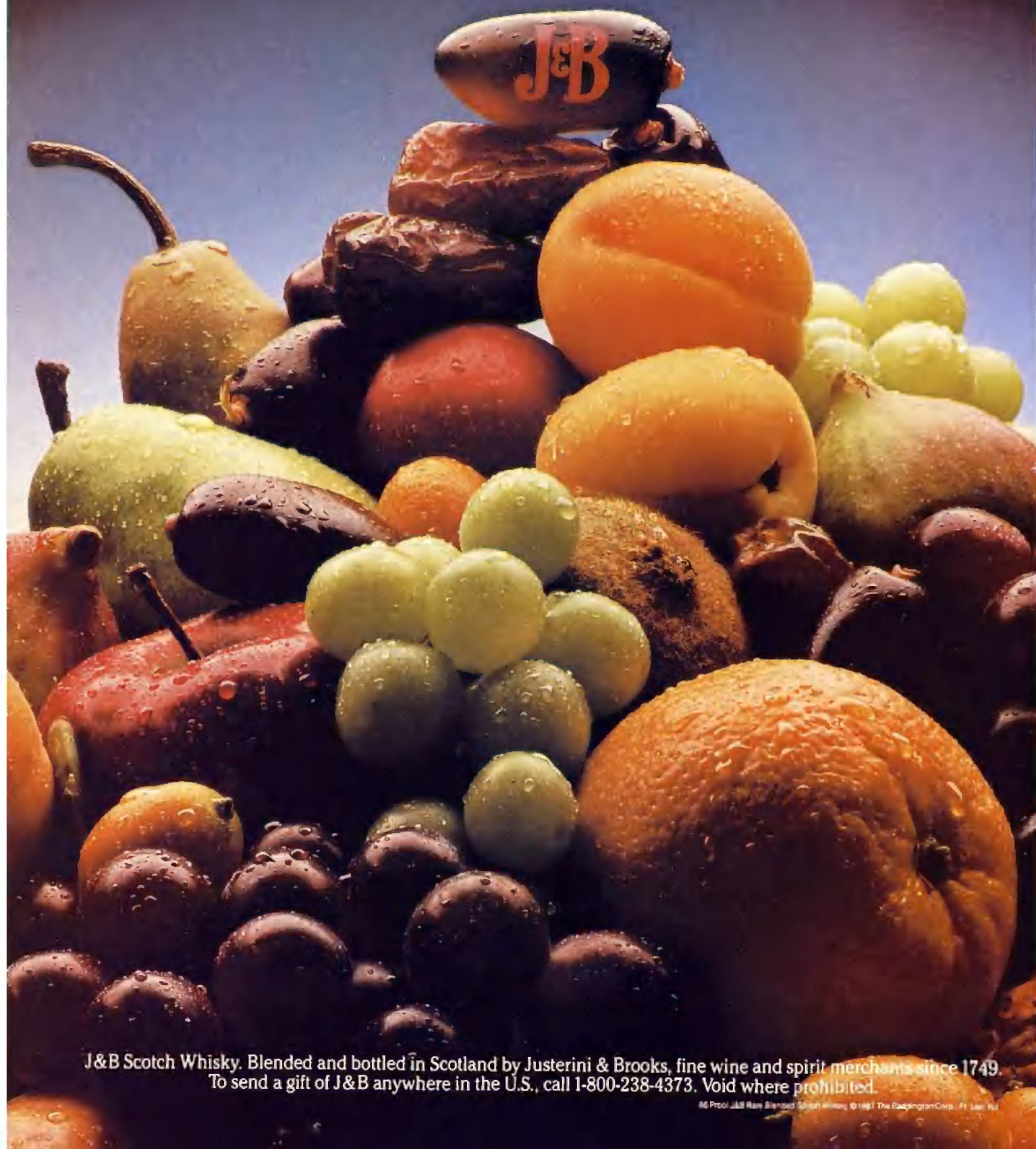
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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# TOM CLANCY

*a candid conversation with the high-tech author of "red october" about ships, nukes, lasers and things that go ping! in the sea*

Ronald Reagan reads his novels, then invites him to the White House. Cap Weinberger reviews his newest book and gives it a rave. The Secretary of the Navy debriefs him. Our top war colleges cede him the lectern. The CIA has him over for lunch for a "chat." From the Pentagon to the Kremlin, men in uniforms hung heavy with brass ask one another, Who is this author who's selling millions of books by popularizing the technosecrets of modern warfare? More than that, they want to know, who is his source? Who's feeding him the latest dope on both sides' subs, satellites, tanks and lasers? Isn't that stuff supposed to be . . . classified?

The subject of all this celebrity and suspicion was, just four years ago, an obscure Maryland insurance broker who had a thing about the U.S. Navy and turned his hand to writing novels. Tom Clancy's "Hunt for Red October," which surfaced from uncharted publishing depths in 1984 to float to the top of the best-seller lists, invented a literary genre: the technomilitary thriller. The story of a Soviet submarine crew racing to defect to the West before being cornered by the pursuing Russian fleet, Clancy's first novel was a huge success. While at first glance, "Hunt" reads like a standard C. S. Forester submarine adventure, it soon becomes clear that it is not the psyche of the battle-stressed com-

mander Clancy is interested in laying bare as much as the inner workings of the submarine's tracking and firing systems. The machine as hero.

Conjuring up a superpower war scenario and describing in real, accessible detail the complexities of the world's most sophisticated combat weaponry, Clancy, at the age of 40, has come upon a winning formula. He has mined the ethos of the Reagan era and struck the commercial mother lode with two other best sellers, "Red Storm Rising" and "Patriot Games." In an era when the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have built so many weapons that it has taken a summit just to discard a few, a popular writer has found a compelling way to explain what all that hardware is about—and manages to show both the glittering menace in a nuclear submarine and its high-tech steel-hulled sexiness.

Not that Tom Clancy takes all of this quite so seriously. It's also fun and games. Inside his cramped book-lined study in southern Maryland, Clancy sits five or six hours a day, tapping at his Macintosh word processor. As he rolls his mouse over the desk pad, another Soviet regiment rumbles over the German border. A tap on the keyboard and the invaders are crushed by a surprise NATO counterthrust. And while Clancy's troops conquer the Soviets, his hardcovers and paper-

backs are mass marched right to the cash register. Not only does he get to play war all day but he's making millions doing so.

For a guy who spent his childhood in Baltimore's Jesuit schools—and then couldn't make it past Loyola College's ROTC because he was so nearsighted—this is quite an advance. A long way to come for a salesman of homeowner policies who dreamed of writing but had published only one article—something technical on a new system for basing the MX missile—and one letter to the editor. It wasn't till just last year, long after Clancy had been catapulted to wealth and notoriety, that he finally stopped "going into the office" of the insurance business he had run with his wife, Wanda.

In 1982, Clancy started writing a novel, loosely based on the real-life attempt of a Soviet frigate crew to defect to Sweden in 1975, using a research paper, some newspaper clippings and technical data gleaned, in part, from a \$15 software strategy game. Six months later, he lunched with an editor at the U.S. Naval Academy's Naval Institute Press. So impressed was the editor with Clancy's manuscript that he offered to buy it, even though his press had never before published any fiction. The agreed-upon advance was a meager \$5000. When the book appeared in 1984, ecstatic reviews soon depleted the



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN WHITMAN

"No one, but no one, has ever given me classified information. I've been told, however, that I've made up material that turned out to be correct and very highly classified. Why can't you just give me credit for being smart?"

"The biggest problem that the Soviets have is not their hardware, it's their software, their people. Nobody re-enlists. On a Russian sub, if a machine breaks, an officer has to fix it, because the kids don't know how."

"There is simply no way to verify the elimination of nuclear weapons. You want to bring a nuclear bomb into the U.S.? Don't bring it on a missile. Just disguise it as cocaine and bring it through the Miami airport."

initial 14,000-copy press run. After climbing the New York Times best-seller list, "Red October" sold 250,000 hardcover copies and more than 4,000,000 paperbacks, becoming that rare item—a book that is a simultaneous soft- and hardcover best seller.

His next book, "Red Storm Rising," appeared in 1986 and sold an astounding 1,000,000 in hardcover and more than 3,000,000 paperbacks, lodging itself on the national best-seller lists for more than 80 weeks. His third, "Patriot Games," with 900,000 copies in print, has inhabited the best-seller list for 24 weeks as we go to press. Apart from the \$3,000,000 guaranteed book deal he has with Putnam, Clancy has further advances from Paramount Pictures for the film rights to "Red October."

This past winter, as Clancy was completing his most recent book, as yet unreleased, "The Cardinal of the Kremlin," Playboy asked free-lancer Marc Cooper to interview the author. Cooper conducted several long sessions with Clancy at his home in Prince Frederick, Maryland. Cooper's report:

"It was only natural that this man who makes his living idealizing the soldier's life should greet me during our first interview wearing a sort of uniform: sharply pressed khaki pants, a dark-blue shirt emblazoned with the insignia of the U.S. Naval War College, an officer's parka over that and a gold-braided cap inscribed with U.S. PHARRIS riding low over extra-dark aviator shades.

"And given his unabashed fascination with all that is gadgetry, it was appropriate enough that the first session began as Clancy drove to pick up a new computer keyboard, answering my questions as he piloted his new Mercedes 420 through a Maryland rainstorm. 'Don't worry about tape-recording me in here,' he boasted. 'This is the world's quietest car. Perfect for an interview.'"

"And while the soundproofing of the car was remarkable, our first couple of hours together were awkward, if not tense. Clancy stared straight ahead at the road and spoke in precise, clipped, dispassionate phrases. I thought he simply distrusted me and Playboy, which he perceived as a military-bashing pacifist rag. And I had a good reason to believe so.

"A few weeks earlier, when I had first phoned Clancy to set up the interview, he told me he was surprised by the request. 'You caught me at a weird time,' he said. 'It wasn't but a couple of days ago that I had come across the "Playboy Interview" with Daniel Ortega [November 1987] and I shook my head and said, "When is Playboy gonna stop giving so much space to all the bad guys and start doing some good guys?" And now you call. It's spooky.'"

"But by our second meeting—this time in his study jammed with reference books, a couple of empty tank shells and framed pictures of carriers, subs and combat jets—I realized I had misjudged the man. Clancy was no stiff. He was simply an enormously unpretentious, humble and shy father of four who had been thrust into a prominence that he enjoyed but did not altogether know how to handle. He

graciously answered every question put to him, spared no time in explaining the most arcane of technical contraptions and kept our discussion percolating with his disarming sense of humor.

"I didn't share his unshakable faith in technology in general and in U.S. military preparedness in particular. But interviewing Tom Clancy was an opportunity to strip away the political mystifications that shroud our national defense apparatus and take a sober—and entertaining—look at the nuts and bolts underneath."

**PLAYBOY:** Through your best-selling novels, you've become a popular authority on what the U.S. and the Soviets really have in their military arsenals and on how war may be fought today. You've described American and Soviet military technology in such realistic detail that experts wonder how you do it. President Reagan is supposedly a big fan of yours. You do have sources at the CIA, don't you?

**CLANCY:** Not true. I've never had any official help from the intelligence community. Nor unofficial help.

**PLAYBOY:** How about help from the manu-

---

*"There is no way  
a Russian could come  
to grips with the  
concept that I'm just  
a small businessman  
who reads a lot."*

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facturers of your favorite characters—submarines?

**CLANCY:** No, I never talked with anybody from General Dynamics. I didn't ever get aboard one of their submarines until after *The Hunt for Red October* was finished.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did you get your technical data?

**CLANCY:** [Laughs] From three books right here on my shelves: *Ships and Air Craft of the U.S. Fleet*, *Guide to the Soviet Navy*, *Combat Fleets of the World*, all from the Naval Institute Press. My current net investment is about \$150. OK? And, you know, the Russians are asking the same questions as you are.

**PLAYBOY:** Pravda slammed you in a review titled "Caution: Poison" and warned that you were a mouthpiece for the Pentagon.

**CLANCY:** Yeah, but mainly, they wanted to know, "Who is that masked man?" They think I was elevated to my current affluence by the military-industrial complex; that General Dynamics needed an official minstrel, so they hired me instead of James Michener or something. There is no way a Russian could come to grips with the concept that I'm just a small businessman who reads a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe, maybe not. Our readers should know that this interview has already been interrupted by a call from a CIA agent.

**CLANCY:** That call? That was a guy whose department sponsored me when I gave a talk over at the CIA, that's all. I repeat: No one, but no one, has ever given me classified information of any kind. I've been told, however, that I made up material that turned out to be correct and very, very highly classified—but I don't know what it is. They tell me it's right but not what it is. Security spooks are very humorless people who have trouble believing that somebody can make a good guess. So do you guys in the media. Why can't you just give me credit for being smart?

**PLAYBOY:** We'll take your word for it, then. All your research is there on your shelf.

**CLANCY:** Yes. And for *The Hunt for Red October*, about nuclear subs, I also relied on a software war game called Harpoon. That's how I got my information on how weapons and ships and military lanes operate: how you maneuver a ship, how the radars work. There's a useful appendix in the manual; so it was easy. If you buy that game—and I guess it now costs \$20 or so—you can spend maybe two hours a day with it for two weeks and you'll know as much about the Navy as some admirals.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a chilling thought.

**CLANCY:** And for sure you'll know more than anybody in Congress.

**PLAYBOY:** Shouldn't we be a little terrified that your fictional stories are being used as texts in our war colleges?

**CLANCY:** Not exactly as texts, but as case studies. What I do is paint in very broad strokes. I call it connect the dots: If you know this fact and that fact and that fact, you can figure out how they're connected. Evidently, I'm pretty good at that, or so a few generals and admirals tell me.

**PLAYBOY:** This has been an important year for summit talks and arms reduction, so let's get your thoughts on the current state of the military in our country and in the Soviet Union. As an avowed naval chauvinist, do you believe that a powerful navy is as crucial to the Soviets as to the U.S.?

**CLANCY:** America is primarily a maritime power. The Navy has always been our first line of defense. The Soviets are a continental power, going right back to the czars. The main threat to the Russians has always been invasion by land. To get to us, on the other hand, you've got to cross the ocean. For this simple reason, the Soviet navy doesn't have the primacy ours does.

**PLAYBOY:** Give us a thumbnail sketch of the size and power of the U.S. submarine fleet.

**CLANCY:** There are about 100 of the fast-attack subs of the Red October kind—they run about a half billion dollars each, but they're the best subs in history.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of weaponry do those attack subs carry?

**CLANCY:** Considering their cost, each could carry a heck of a lot more weapons than it does. Normal weapons load-out is 22 Mark

48 torpedoes and six Harpoon surface-to-surface missiles. Anyway, it's an awfully expensive submarine to carry only 28 weapons.

**PLAYBOY:** The U.S. also has subs that carry long-range nuclear missiles.

**CLANCY:** We've got about three dozen boomers—those are the Trident-type Ohio-class subs equipped with ballistic nuclear missiles. The boomer's mission is hopefully to deter war. Or to just sail around and say, OK, Ivan, if you blow up America, we'll blow up the Soviet Union. If anything gets close to them, they go the other way.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your over-all assessment of Soviet military power?

**CLANCY:** It's less than what it seems. The biggest problem the Soviets have is not their hardware, it's their software, their people. In the navy, they don't have professional sailors, the way we do. Same thing with the Soviet army. A guy goes into the Russian army, he's in for two years and he goes home. In the navy, it's three years and he goes home. Nobody re-enlists.

**PLAYBOY:** Not even the officers?

**CLANCY:** The officers do. The officers are professionals, but there's a big difference between us and them. Look, on a U.S. 688-class submarine, you've got a crew of 120, only about 18 or 20 of them are officers, the rest are enlisted men. Chief petty officers, petty officers, that sort of thing. If a machine breaks, an officer doesn't fix it, some 21-year-old kid fixes it. On a Russian sub, an officer has to fix it, because the kids don't know how. They're not around long enough to learn. And there isn't a chief petty officer to teach him. As a result, the Soviet navy simply is not as proficient in using the equipment it has, because it's afraid to use it. So their philosophy, very often, is to use it once to make sure it works, and then turn it off and save it for a rainy day. Well, the problem is that when it starts raining, if nobody knows how to open the umbrella, you're going to get wet.

**PLAYBOY:** And when you get wet—

**CLANCY:** When you get wet in a sub, mister, you're in big trouble!

**PLAYBOY:** Yet those are the guys whose subs we chase and whose subs chase us around the world in a perpetual war game.

**CLANCY:** No, we're chasing *them*, they're not chasing *us*.

**PLAYBOY:** Why so one-sided?

**CLANCY:** Because they can't find us; we *can* find them. We have better submarines, we have better drivers.

**PLAYBOY:** What makes a good nuclear-submarine driver?

**CLANCY:** They are guys who like adventure, a challenge. . . . I'm sure most subscribe to *Playboy*! [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Thanks. But what's special about the submarine corps?

**CLANCY:** They are very intelligent, very disciplined people. But considering the fact that they like living inside a steel pipe for two months at a time, they also do some crazy things. Mainly, they are out there,

operating against the Soviet navy. I mean, officially, the U.S. Navy says our subs are supposedly out conducting "oceanographic research"—like, they're out counting whales for Greenpeace. Sure. In fact, they're really following Soviet submarines and surface ships, gathering intelligence and generally doing everything they do in war, except pulling the trigger.

**PLAYBOY:** And you believe that submarines are the crucial weapons of modern warfare. How do the subs—or boats, as you've taught us in your books to call them—of each country compare with each other?

**CLANCY:** American boats are quieter. They're mechanically far more reliable.

Part of that comes from the fact that we have an overly conservative design philosophy. The Russians are willing to take a lot more design risks than we are. But because they have poor quality control, their good designs are poorly executed. And, therefore, they're mechanically unsafe, in many cases. There are a lot of nasty jokes in the Soviet navy about their nuclear submariners.

**PLAYBOY:** For example?

**CLANCY:** "How do you tell a sailor from the northern fleet? He glows in the dark." That sort of thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Are American subs so much quieter and harder to detect than Soviet subs?



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**CLANCY:** The amount of noise you make is a function of more than one thing. It's not just the speed or the power output of your reactor. It's also the configuration of the ship, because the ship itself makes noise as it goes through the water. And since the Soviets have more flooding holes in their hulls for the ballast tanks, their hulls are inherently noisier than ours.

**PLAYBOY:** This is what you have described as "hull-popping sounds"?

**CLANCY:** Right. It's more of a groan and a creak—a pop . . . snap, crackle and pop, like Rice Krispies. Ours don't do that as much, because we have fewer compartments. The bad news on our side is that their submarines are more survivable, because they're compartmented more closely and they can probably withstand more flooding than ours can. On the other hand, our design philosophy is that if they can't hear you, they ain't going to hit ya. Our props are quieter—or they *were* until some bastards in Japan and Norway gave the Russians the technology to duplicate them.

**PLAYBOY:** You're talking about the recent Toshiba scandal?

**CLANCY:** It wasn't just Toshiba; they had help. From Kongsberg, a Norwegian outfit that makes various technological devices and quite a few weapons systems.

**PLAYBOY:** And what is it, exactly, that Toshiba sold the Russians?

**CLANCY:** A computer-controlled milling machine that, with proper software, can be programmed to design this particular type of screw; they're very difficult to make. The Soviets had been trying to make them for some time; the ones they had were hand-lathed and not terribly well done. Now they'll be able to make them the same way we do. And I'm really pissed at those bastards!

**PLAYBOY:** Why so personal?

**CLANCY:** Toshiba helped make Russian submarines quieter. As a result of that, the lives of friends of mine who drive submarines for the U.S. Navy and the Royal Navy are very much more at risk now than they were before.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of the response from Congress?

**CLANCY:** What response? Congress is going to wimp out on this like they do on everything else. They see 4000 American jobs at risk if we come down hard on Toshiba. What about the 10,000 people we have out on submarines right now? What's more important, the job or somebody's life?

**PLAYBOY:** In your books, you write that if you can hear a sub, you can torpedo it. Are today's torpedoes like the things we grew up watching in World War Two movies?

**CLANCY:** No, those were straight runners. You send them out on a path and they just go on a straight line until they hit something. Though the Germans had some torpedoes that circled. But modern "fish" have an ultrasonic sonar in the nose that sends out a very high-frequency ping. The ping hits something and gets an echo back, and the sonar simply turns the torpedo in

the direction of the returning ping. It's like a kamikaze with an I.Q. of three.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do if you are in a sub and all of a sudden you hear yourself getting pinged? Put your affairs in order and wait for the end?

**CLANCY:** No. First you might send out a noisemaker, a decoy that makes noise in the frequency that this torpedo is listening to. Or you might have a rubber coating on the submarine called an anechoic coating, which is tuned to absorb that specific sonar frequency; at long range, the torpedo won't hear you and won't even home in. Or you turn your tail on the fish—the torpedo—and just try to outrun it.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that possible? Are modern subs that fast?

**CLANCY:** Well, it's more a function of distance than of speed. If you do the mathematics, if somebody's a mile behind you, going twice as fast as you, he may still run out of range before he gets to you.

**PLAYBOY:** What can the missiles on the boomer subs do?

**CLANCY:** They can, for all practical purposes, end the world. They can kill off most of the citizens in the Soviet Union, and the Soviet subs can kill off most of the citizens of the United States.

**PLAYBOY:** And how does the Soviet sub fleet shape up in that respect?

**CLANCY:** They've got more of everything. At least in submarines, they certainly do. They have 385 submarines, that's boomers and fast-attack combined. That means 78 ballistic-missile submarines, the rest, attack subs—so they have us rather heavily outnumbered.

**PLAYBOY:** But you've said that numbers don't tell the whole story when it comes to new military realities.

**CLANCY:** Not even remotely.

**PLAYBOY:** So you don't see the Soviet navy as an ultimate threat.

**CLANCY:** It represents a considerable threat, but a threat with which we can deal if we have to. Our real problem is at home—in Washington. The Congressional process almost demands that people lie. If you tell Congress, "Yeah, we can deal with the Soviet threat," Congress will say, "OK, you don't need any more ships this year." What that means is that 20 years from now, we're going to need more ships than we can afford to build. So the defense community very often has to say to Congress, "Look, the Russians have us so badly outnumbered, we have to have 12 more ships." Congress will say, "Well, we can't afford 12, we'll give you six." And the Navy will say, "OK, we'll take six," knowing that six is all it needed all along. It's an absurd, stupid, wasteful process, but it's part of this idiot adversarial system we have in Washington. The real problem is that there are a lot of people in Congress who, frankly, would rather trash the military than hug their own kids.

**PLAYBOY:** It's not hard to guess your politics on this subject. Some of us think that Congress is too eager to support the Pentagon.

**CLANCY:** Oh, yeah? The day we went into Grenada, I think it was Jim Shannon, the former Congressman from Massachusetts, who got on the floor of the House, for all the C-Span cameras, and recited, "Potato, potahito, tomato, tomahto, Grenada, Grenahda, let's call the whole thing off." While that arrogant little bastard was saying that, real guns were firing real bullets at a friend of mine. A Navy helicopter pilot I knew was being shot at and he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for saving 11 lives. He risked his life and some little prick of a Congressman was making jokes about it. That's wrong. That is just plain wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** You think Congress basically undermines the military?

**CLANCY:** What I'm saying is that it's Congress' job to help run the military, yet it doesn't keep up with what it's supposed to. When I spoke at the CIA last year, the talk was sponsored by the Office of Strategic Weapons Research. Over lunch, they had a good chuckle from saying that since *Red October* had been published, they'd had between 15 and 20 inquiries from Congress asking CIA how it was that the Soviets developed a submarine caterpillar drive before we did.

**PLAYBOY:** So?

**CLANCY:** So? So the caterpillar drive was totally fictional! I made it up out of whole cloth! Fifteen or 20 people on Capitol Hill could not tell the difference between a novel and an intelligence briefing. Don't you find that disturbing? Quite a few members of Congress lack either the time or the inclination to know what they're voting for. Decisions are made on an ideological rather than a factual basis. There's an old saying that the person who does not know how to ask the right question always hears the wrong answer.

As for my over-all views on this, the percentage of military expenditure as part of the Federal budget is still well below what it was under John F. Kennedy. And Jack Kennedy was not exactly a Nazi, OK?

**PLAYBOY:** The question is, Do we really need more planes and boats?

**CLANCY:** That's the wrong question. The question is one of developing a consensus on defense policy. Do we need a military? If you answer that question yes, ask why. What do we need it for? What is its mission? Once you define the mission, you buy all the hardware you need to fulfill that mission. You don't buy hammers because you like hammers, you buy hammers because you have to drive nails to build a house.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think there is no such consensus in the U.S.?

**CLANCY:** There is a national consensus that we should avoid nuclear war. But beyond that, things get screwed up. And it's not just the political left that screws things up. The political right is just as bad.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of what you say sounds right-wing and hard-line; but some doesn't. What do you call yourself?

**CLANCY:** People call me a hawk. Actually, I



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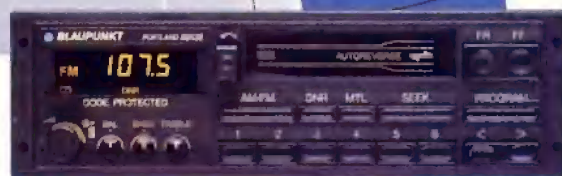
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*the difference is pronounced.*

find myself to be fairly reasonable, pragmatic. The political right consistently overestimates the threat of the Soviet Union to the United States. There is a real threat, it is a threat that we should be very concerned about, but if you distort the threat, if you overestimate the nature of your enemy, if you say he's a lot more formidable than he really is, all you're doing is robbing credibility from the threat that actually exists, and that's just stupid.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you assess the Administration's over-all perception of the Soviets?

**CLANCY:** Better than most, though I never bought the window-of-vulnerability thing. I don't think the Russians, objectively, have the ability to eliminate our land-based weapons with a first strike of their nuclear ballistic weapons. But that doesn't matter. In the political world, reality is what you perceive it to be. But we mirror-image a lot. And that's a mistake, because we are very different societies. Kissinger says the Soviets can be counted on to act in a certain way because it is in their self-interest to do so. But sometimes the Soviets don't because their political system won't allow them to.

**PLAYBOY:** In what sense?

**CLANCY:** Well, we know it would be in their self-interest to feed themselves, but they have designed a system that won't allow them to. Despite *glasnost*, the Soviet system lies to itself in all fields, in all categories.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**CLANCY:** Whether you're a factory manager or a battalion commander or a railroad dispatcher, if you don't meet the norms that are dictated to you by Gosplan, the state planning agency, then somebody's going to come down on you. So, if you fall short, you're going to lie, and nobody will know the difference, because everybody over there lies. So, you know, when Gorbachev gets numbers on how well the Soviet economy is performing, he knows that he can't trust them. And the same thing is true of the Soviet military. Nobody really knows how effective the Soviet military is—including the general officers in command.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that mean the two countries have very different goals for their respective military establishments?

**CLANCY:** In part. Ours is the prevention of war. If our military does its job properly, the other side will not start a war, for fear of losing it. The Soviet military views the world as something that potentially threatens the Soviet Union. Russian history shows that they've been invaded from just about every possible direction, and they've lost a lot of people—millions in World War One, another 20,000,000 in World War Two. Rather sensibly, they think that's enough for one century. And it's kind of hard to disagree with them on that. So Soviet military strategy can best be summarized in two words: damage limitation. They don't want anybody else stomping on their country and killing their citizens, which strikes me as entirely reasonable.

**PLAYBOY:** There you go again, tarnishing

your hawkish image. Are you discounting the notion that Soviet military strategy is fundamentally expansionist?

**CLANCY:** The best simile I've seen for the Soviets in military and political terms comes from Senator Pat Moynihan, who said the Soviets are like a hotel burglar; they'll go down a corridor and rattle knobs, and if the door is unlocked, they'll go in and take their shot. Yeah, the only way they're going to come over here is if we let them. But we're practically going to have to invite them. So I have surprised you, haven't I?

**PLAYBOY:** What about U.S. military preparedness? Critics contend that we have not won a war in 30 years, that all our technology couldn't prevent 37 sailors from being killed on the U.S.S. Stark and that all we have been able to do is overrun a postage-stamp country such as Grenada and shoot up a few Iranian oil platforms.

**CLANCY:** All right. Take a guy who is trying to run the 100-meter dash in the Olympics—then make him wear lead boots. He's not going to win. Then point to him and say, "You lousy runner!" Well,

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*"Numbers are not decisive  
on the battlefield. Brains  
are. The reason I don't  
sweat the Russians is that  
they don't train their  
people to think."*

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whoever put the boots on his feet was responsible for his failure. The military does not choose its missions.

**PLAYBOY:** So, again, you see the problem as political.

**CLANCY:** Yes. Political leadership says, "We have a job for you; here it is, go do it." And the military salutes, says "Yes, sir" and goes off and does its best. In the case of Vietnam, the Army was sent to do something for which it had no clear mission description. President Johnson said, "It is necessary for the United States to go fight in Vietnam." The military said "Yes, sir" and put its plans and recommendations together and went back to President Johnson and he read them over and said, "No, you can't do it that way. You have to do it this way. It's politically necessary." And the military did its best and it failed.

**PLAYBOY:** You've written about how the West would fare in a military confrontation in Europe with the Soviet Union. For starters, aren't NATO forces outnumbered by the Soviet and Warsaw Pact forces? Isn't the outcome of a conflict in Europe a foregone conclusion?

**CLANCY:** As I've said, numbers are not the decisive factor on the battlefield. The decisive factor is who's got the most brains. If

you don't believe me, ask the Israelis. They're always outnumbered and they always kick ass. The side with the brains is going to win. And the reason I don't sweat the Russians as much as some people do—even though they do have us heavily outnumbered—is that they don't train their people to think.

Soviet artillery doctrine is a lot more formalized and a lot less flexible than ours is. We can start putting bullets on target 30 seconds after somebody yells "Fire mission" into the radio. We can engage multiple targets at one time. The Russians don't know how to do that. We have smart munitions, we have laser-guided artillery shells; the Russians don't. We have artillery-deployed mines; the Russians don't. We're bringing stuff into the inventory right now such as SADARM, which is an artillery shell that breaks into four pieces, and each piece goes looking for a tank to kill all by itself. It can tell the difference between a tank and a tree. That's a big equalizer. Essentially, we fight smart and the Russians fight dumb.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's play one of your war scenarios: What could actually trigger an East-West conflict in Europe?

**CLANCY:** A likely one these days? OK. As in *Red Storm Rising*, Moslem dissidents in the Soviet Union—and they have a lot of Moslems—sabotage the major domestic Soviet oil fields. Faced with a crippling energy crunch, and lacking hard-currency reserves to import the oil, the Soviets are forced to seize the Middle Eastern oil fields. To clear the way for such an adventure, they must first take out the Western military alliance, NATO.

**PLAYBOY:** So the Soviets begin a land war in Europe.

**CLANCY:** Precisely. They launch a massive surprise attack against West Germany and try to overwhelm us with sheer force of numbers and armor. Those are their strong points: size and proximity.

**PLAYBOY:** What would the West do in the first days?

**CLANCY:** Throw everything we've got against them to prevent a breakthrough in our lines. Concentrate as many troops as possible on the front. And now comes the tricky part: Resupplying our troops in Europe means sending convoys of freighters across 3000 miles of the Atlantic Ocean.

**PLAYBOY:** The Russians are going to try to sink those ships.

**CLANCY:** That's why they have 300 fast-attack subs! Their ability to choke off our resupply hinges on getting enough submarines away from their coast and into the middle of the Atlantic to attack our convoys.

**PLAYBOY:** So from a planned Soviet attack on the Middle East, fighting first moves to the land in Europe and ultimately to a battle for the Atlantic.

**CLANCY:** Yes, because if we're able to freely resupply our troops in Europe, we can probably win the war. If not, we can lose.

**PLAYBOY:** How does the U.S. keep the

Atlantic free from Soviet attack forces?

**CLANCY:** OK, you have to picture the Soviet fleet concentrated up in the northern corner of Europe. The Soviets have to take their fleet down into the main Atlantic through a relatively narrow corridor. On the northern border of that passage is Greenland. On the southern extreme is England. In the middle of this channel is Iceland.

**PLAYBOY:** And NATO's goal would be to block that passage.

**CLANCY:** Right. That's why we have what is called the Greenland-Iceland-U.K. line, G./I./U.K. It's like a fence across the northern Atlantic.

**PLAYBOY:** And that's why you ascribe such importance to the island nation of Iceland.

**CLANCY:** What most people don't understand is that Iceland is the key to Europe. If we hold Iceland, the Russian job of closing the North Atlantic goes from difficult to damn near impossible. That's why, in *Red Storm Rising*, we let the Soviets neutralize Iceland.

**PLAYBOY:** We let them?

**CLANCY:** Well, I let them. I came up with a very good plan for them, didn't I? Some papers have been written about it at the Naval War College, as a matter of fact.

**PLAYBOY:** How heavily does NATO patrol that fence?

**CLANCY:** We keep a pretty close eye on their subs at all times. In a war, we would essentially set up a toll-booth operation and try to clobber each sub as it tried to squeeze through. It would cost them a lot to get their submarines out.

**PLAYBOY:** There is also a sort of electronic barrier along this fence, isn't there?

**CLANCY:** Yes. The SOSUS line—that's an acronym for Sound Surveillance System. Hydrophones. Underwater listening devices deployed all over the area. There's a line from Greenland to Iceland to the U.K. And probably a number of similar lines up in the Barents Sea, north of the Soviet Union. And I daresay the Norwegian Sea is also wired like a pinball machine.

**PLAYBOY:** Does all of this mean that the Soviet sub fleet is always bottled up in its own northern waters and that the Atlantic is an American lake?

**CLANCY:** No way. As we talk here in Maryland, in peacetime, there may be Russian subs—even some of the boomers with nuclear missiles—just 12 miles off our coast. But not many. What I've been talking about is a surge of 100 or more subs across the line.

**PLAYBOY:** Does the U.S. have enough subs and aircraft to kill the Russian subs if they surged across the line after taking Iceland?

**CLANCY:** Not all, but a lot of them.

**PLAYBOY:** But they need only one sub to nuke us and end the world, right?

**CLANCY:** If they decide to start a nuclear war, there are ways a lot easier to do it than to try to sneak a submarine up on our coast. The Russians know if they deploy a submarine in the North Atlantic, we could make that submarine disappear and they'd

never know why. All they'd know was that it didn't come home. So the Soviet strategy for their missile submarines is not to deploy them forward but to put them in a bastion, in a sanctuary.

**PLAYBOY:** Then U.S. naval strategy is aggressive, while the Soviets' is defensive.

**CLANCY:** Yeah, that's a fair observation. The Soviet navy is more defensive than offensive; the U.S. Navy is—we don't say offensive, we say it's in the business of power projection.

**PLAYBOY:** So in our war scenario, the Soviets surge their attack subs, looking for ships to sink. How vulnerable are U.S. attack carriers?

**CLANCY:** We'd probably lose a few. But the Russians would probably lose *all* of their naval aviation—all of their Backfires.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**CLANCY:** Going after a carrier battle group is like trying to strangle a porcupine—you're going to get hurt when you try. Our fighter planes based on the carriers are going to start engaging you 500 miles out and fight you all the way in.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you don't think the NATO

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*"In peacetime, you get promoted by pushing paper better than anybody else. In wartime, you get promoted for killing people."*

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forces have much to worry about in the air?

**CLANCY:** No. Their aircraft—mostly clumsy Bear bombers—are going to run into our Tomcat F-14 Interceptors, 24 from each carrier. And they all carry missiles and 20-millimeter cannon shells.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you compare the F-14 with the Bear and the Backfire?

**CLANCY:** How do you compare a Ferrari with a Kenworth 18-wheeler?

**PLAYBOY:** That much of a difference?

**CLANCY:** Hey, a bomber is not supposed to be a fighter. A bomber drops bombs, a fighter fights. The Russians can't fly fighters that far. Neither can we. We don't have a fighter that will fly 8000 miles. That's why we put them on carriers.

**PLAYBOY:** Why don't the Russians use their aircraft carriers to carry fighter planes?

**CLANCY:** What aircraft carriers?

**PLAYBOY:** Well, we've heard a lot about the feared Kiev—isn't that a Soviet carrier?

**CLANCY:** Carrier? Hey, man. The Kiev's not a carrier; it's a target! One Navy guy I know calls it a "Navy Cross waiting to happen." I love it! It carries VTOL planes, those dinky little vertical-take-off-and-landing things called Forgers. Real dogs.

**PLAYBOY:** And those planes can't do anything against the U.S. fleet?

**CLANCY:** They're defensive in nature. But, the Kiev wouldn't get far enough. It would die before it got to the coast of Norway.

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't say whether it really was a carrier.

**CLANCY:** It is one of four glorified antisub cruisers the Russians have. I'm telling you, they don't *have* any aircraft carriers.

**PLAYBOY:** Then if the U.S. has 15 carriers and superior air cover, doesn't that mean that America maintains dominance on the high seas?

**CLANCY:** If we play our cards right, we should. Really, the Soviet navy on the open seas is what you might call a "target-rich environment!"

**PLAYBOY:** How could the U.S. play its cards wrong?

**CLANCY:** In a chapter in *Red Storm Rising*, I proposed one way: The Russians do something smart. They use half their attack force to launch decoys, and we go for the decoys while the actual strike force comes in from a different direction. Any army—or navy—can be done in by a stupid commander. As I said earlier, usually, the side with brains is the side that wins.

**PLAYBOY:** But in our scenario, the one you think is most likely today, if the Soviets were to attack in Europe but failed to take Iceland—

**CLANCY:** Then we'd run the ships across the Atlantic and resupply our troops in Europe. And we'd probably win.

**PLAYBOY:** Wait. The U.S. has all those Soviet submarines bottled up in their sanctuaries. Do we just go in and kill their subs?

**CLANCY:** You said it! You think that's unsporting?

**PLAYBOY:** No, just dangerous.

**CLANCY:** Hey, that's their job, to kill everything they find. That's how you get promoted—in peacetime, you get promoted by pushing paper better than anybody else. In wartime, you get promoted for killing people. It's called sanitizing the area.

**PLAYBOY:** There you are, off the Soviet coast, destroying all their nuclear subs. You really don't think the Russians just might consider the nuclear option at that point?

**CLANCY:** No. The Russians are more realistic on nuclear issues than we are. They know that if they have ships out there, some of them are going to get lost.

**PLAYBOY:** OK. We win in that scenario. Since most war scenarios begin with a Soviet land invasion of Europe, just how likely is an invasion to happen in real life?

**CLANCY:** Not very. In *Red Storm Rising*, I was very careful to *force* the decision upon the Soviets. I don't think they have any particular intention to go off and conquer the world—overtly.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't agree with those who say communism is inherently expansionist?

**CLANCY:** Their political beliefs militate against that, not in favor of it. The Soviets believe, and Marxism-Leninism teaches them, that sooner or later, the whole world

is going to go Communist, because communism is the ultimate expression of human society. They really believe that, in the same sense that a born-again Christian believes in the *Epistles* of Saint Paul. Consequently, if everything you believe tells you that you're ultimately going to win—why risk everything on one throw of the dice? It simply is not a logical thing to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a supporter of the treaty Gorbachev and Reagan signed banning intermediate missiles?

**CLANCY:** I thought it was a good agreement for everybody. Good for them, good for us, good for the whole world.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**CLANCY:** Because you're eliminating weapons that in my view simply were not militarily useful. They were more dangerous than useful. And therefore, the world's a safer place without them.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet in *Red Storm*, you have a slick Russian leader who fools the U.S. with arms-reduction proposals, only to mask his intent to invade. Is he supposed to sound like Gorbachev?

**CLANCY:** No, not at all. That scenario was put together before Gorbachev was elevated at the Politburo. The fact that my premier came out of a background of agriculture, as did Gorbachev, is another one of those coincidences.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't hold with the right-wingers who think we're being suckered by the Russians?

**CLANCY:** No. I think the Russians have an interest in reducing the likelihood of nuclear war, just as we do. And sincerity isn't the issue, either. If you look at the way the N.F.L. players negotiate with the N.F.L. owners—is there really such a thing as good-faith negotiation over really important issues? Well, probably not. The question is: Do we have areas of common interests with the Soviets? Of course we do. Should we eliminate nuclear weapons? I can live with that. I think it's a great idea. But I don't think we're going to do it the way we're doing it now.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**CLANCY:** Nuclear weapons are the only legitimacy the Soviet government has to be a world power. The Soviet Union is a third-world country in every real sense—but a third-world country with 10,000 deliverable nuclear warheads. The country cannot feed itself. You cannot drive from one side of the country to the other on a paved road. In America, we have superhighways. Even the crummy little road that you drove down to get here for this interview is better than any rural highway in the Soviet Union. Ivan's not going to give up his missiles unless we give him a good reason to.

**PLAYBOY:** But it's the Soviets who proposed a 50 percent cut in the long-range strategic missiles.

**CLANCY:** That would cut deliverable warheads from about 10,000 down to 5000.

(continued on page 160)



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# THE BITTER TRUTH

DESIRE CAN BE  
A BLESSING;  
KNOWLEDGE OF IT  
CAN PROVE A CURSE

*fiction*

By **ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER**

**T**HIS IS A STORY of two Warsaw youths—Zeinvel and Shmerl, both of them workers in a tailor shop. Shmerl was short, chubby and had a round face and brown eyes that expressed naïveté and goodness. He was always nibbling on candy and cookies. He often smiled and burst out laughing for no reason at all.

Zeinvel was the opposite: tall, thin, with sunken cheeks and narrow shoulders. His disposition was often sour and gloomy. He seasoned every morsel of food with a lot of salt and pepper and washed it down with vodka.

As they say, opposites attract. Shmerl relished Zeinvel's sharp tongue, while Zeinvel found in Shmerl an attentive listener who looked up to him with wonder. Neither one was particularly learned, though Zeinvel knew a bit of the Pentateuch and Rashi and could explain to Shmerl the articles and jokes published in the Yiddish newspaper.

Needless to say, Zeinvel was more temperamental and more eager for the favors of the fair sex than was Shmerl. But in those times, it was difficult for a poor young man to find a woman,

especially one of easy virtue. His only resort was to go every week to a brothel and for a gulden or 20 kopecks satisfy his needs. Shmerl always reproached Zeinvel for this light-minded conduct. First of all, he might catch a disease; and, second, it went against Shmerl's grain to buy love; he would never enter such a loathsome place. Shmerl called himself a bashful schlemiel. Still, Zeinvel tried many times to persuade him to overcome his old-fashioned modesty and accompany him.

Finally, Shmerl gave in. To summon up the courage, he stopped off at a tavern and gulped down a mug of beer. When they arrived at the house and the door was opened, Shmerl recoiled and ran away. He had gotten a glimpse of heavily made-up women dressed in glaring colors: red, green and blue stockings attached to lace garter belts. He inhaled an offensive odor and ran away with such speed that it was a miracle he didn't trip over his own feet. Later, when they met in the soup kitchen for dinner, Zeinvel scolded him.

"Why did you run away? Nobody would have chased you."

"Shameless women like those nauseate me. Don't be angry with me, Zeinvel. I have this sort of foolish nature and I almost vomited."

"Nu, they are lewd, but they don't bite. And we don't marry them. For the time being, let them be of some use. . . . It's better than not sleeping at night."

"You're right, Zeinvel, but I have this silly nature. . . ."

"Nu, I don't bother you anymore."

And that's how it remained. Zeinvel continued to go to the whorehouse every week. Shmerl admitted to Zeinvel that he often envied him, but he would never again try to seek pleasure from those wanton females. He would rather perish.

When the war between Russia and Germany broke out in 1914, the two friends were separated. Zeinvel was mobilized and Shmerl got a blue card of rejection because he failed to pass the physical examination. Zeinvel promised Shmerl to send a letter from the front, but soldiers were given few chances to write or to receive letters. Zeinvel lost all contact with Shmerl. He served in the Russian army until Kerenski's revolution took place, and then he deserted. Only after the Polish-Bolshevik war did Zeinvel return to Warsaw and his tailor shop. Many young men Zeinvel had known in former years had died from typhoid fever. Others had simply vanished—Shmerl among them. Zeinvel tried to go back to the old routine, but he had aged and was exhausted. He had witnessed so much betrayal and depravity that he no longer trusted any woman and had given up all hope of marriage. Yet the need for a woman could not be denied, despite all disappointments. Zeinvel had no choice but to

return to houses of ill repute. He made peace with the idea that this was his fate.

One day, as Zeinvel sat eating lunch in the old soup kitchen, he heard someone speak his name. He turned around and recognized Shmerl, who had become as round as a barrel. He was dressed like a merchant and no longer had the appearance of a tailor's apprentice. The two friends fell on each other, kissed, embraced.

Shmerl cried out, "That I have lived to see this day means there is a God! I have searched for you for years. I thought you had already gone . . ." and he pointed his finger at heaven. "You don't look well," he went on. "You've become thinner than you were."

"And you've become wider than long-er," Zeinvel said.

"Did you marry, by any chance?" Shmerl asked.

"Marry? No, I have remained a bachelor."

"Nu, that's why you look like this. Brother of mine, I have married and I'm happy," Shmerl said. "I don't live in Warsaw anymore; I moved to the town of Reivitz, and I'm not a tailor's apprentice. You may think I'm boasting, but I have found the best girl in all of Poland. There is no other wife like my Ruchele in the entire world. She is good, clever. She helps me in the store. What am I saying? She is the whole business. There are no children yet, but Ruchele is better than ten children. What are you doing, Zeinvel? Are you still going to those rotten whores on Smocza Street?"

"Do I have a choice?" Zeinvel said. "After all the wars and revolutions, there is barely a proper woman left in Warsaw. Nothing but used-up merchandise from King Sobieski's time."

"Really, I pity you; after having tasted a young and beautiful girl like my Ruchele, you just spit on this trash. . . . Oy, this is a miracle! I would never have thought to enter this soup kitchen, but I was passing by and caught a whiff of borscht and fried onions. Something drew me in. The whole meeting was absolutely destined!"

Shmerl did not leave Zeinvel's side until the next morning. He took a room for him in the guesthouse where he was staying, and they talked and prattled late into the night. Shmerl told Zeinvel how he had passed the war years in the provinces and had met Ruchele there, and how it was love at first sight. He had been a worker long enough. From manual labor, one cannot become rich. One toils a lifetime and one is left with nothing. He suggested to Zeinvel that he come to Reivitz, and there, he and his wife could find him a position and possibly a wife. He had told Ruchele everything about him. He had praised him so much that Ruchele had become jealous. "Don't worry,"

Shmerl said. "Everything will be fine. She will be happy to meet you."

Zeinvel complained that his work had come to the point where it was suffocating him. He was sick and tired of the big city, the heavy scissors' and irons' being a slave driver over him, the constant grumbling of the customers. He could not find one single human being with whom he could be close. What could he make of himself here? He was prepared to travel with Shmerl to the end of the world.

Everything happened quickly. Zeinvel packed his few possessions in a valise and was ready for the trip.

They arrived in Reivitz on Friday afternoon. Ruchele was working in the store and a maid was preparing the Sabbath meal. Shmerl's house was clean, neat and permeated with a spirit of rest that one often finds with a loving and happy couple. The maid welcomed Shmerl and his guest with a Sabbath cookie and plum pudding. Shmerl led Zeinvel to the washroom. Zeinvel dressed in his Sabbath clothing; he put on a fresh shirt and a tie, preparing to meet Shmerl's wife. He didn't have to wait long. The door opened and Ruchele came in. Zeinvel took one look at her and became as white as chalk. He knew her—she had been one of the most sought-after harlots in the house he had frequented. She had been known there as Rachele. At the time, she was a young girl and was so much in demand that the men lined up for her favors. The other girls quarreled with her and constantly argued with the madam and the pimps. Rachele was rare in the sense that she took pleasure in her debased profession. She spat fire and brimstone on so-called decent women. She laughed with insolence and with such gusto that her laughter shook the walls. She told stories she had heard in other bordellos and in prison. She was known among the guests as an insatiable whore, obsessed with men. So much so that they had to throw her out of the brothel. Zeinvel had had her quite a number of times. Thank God, she did not recognize him. There was no doubt that this was Rachele. She still had a scar on her cheek from being assaulted by a pimp some years before. She had become a little more plump and had grown more beautiful.

Zeinvel was so shocked that he lost his tongue. He trembled and stuttered. His knees buckled and he saw sparks. He felt like running out the door, but he could not do that to Shmerl. He soon came to himself and greeted the woman as one greets the wife of a dear friend; she responded accordingly. There was not a trace of her former vulgarity. Even her city accent had changed. She carried herself like a woman born and raised in a decent home, friendly and tactful. He heard her say, "Any friend of Shmerl's is a

(concluded on page 138)



*"I said, 'When do you think you'll win the lottery again?'"*



# Vanity

temptation's back! feast your eyes on vanity fair

In our *Sex Stars of 1979*, we predicted big things for Canadian model D. D. Winters. It took a while, but eventually, she proved our point. As alter ego Vanity, she snagged a stint as Prince's paramour and as the sultry siren of Vanity 6, a trio whose self-titled album spawned the smash hit *Nasty Girl*. Then came two solo Motown LPs—*Wild Animal* and *Skin on Skin*—and movies such as *52 Pick-Up* and Berry Gordy's fiery *The Last Dragon*, in which she played a video jock with an eye for singles. "People are always saying to me, 'Don't move around so much, just stand still,'" she says. "But I have a lot of energy."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON



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anity's new movie, *Action Jackson*, is a thriller co-starring Carl Weathers; she plays a coked-up *chanteuse* trying frantically to derail from the fast lane. To prepare for the part, the singer-cum-Method actress dived deep into



the sordid underbelly of L.A., talking to addicts and pimps ("They're drowsy but *real* sharp"). "It's the best role I've ever had—I get to be funny, cool, energetic. And I've got a lot of that crazy personality in me already." The film boasts her rendition of a steamy song, *Undress Me*. It's not a request she usually has to make twice. "I'd like to say, 'Hey, everybody, take your clothes off and relax.' I feel my most comfortable when I'm naked." So we see.









a

fter falling for her at the American Music Awards, Prince dubbed her Vanity. "He's said to me that we *were* each other in a former life, and I really believe that." Until recently, the king of her heart was Mötley Crüe's flamboyant bassist, Nikki Sixx, who seemed for a time to be doubling on wedding bells. "We definitely plan to marry within a year," Vanity told us when we first talked with



her in Rome, where she was hosting the TV variety show *Fantastico*. The next week, the romance was kaput. But nothing is very likely to slow the vivacious Vanity down. And she's nothing if not versatile. "When I go away to act, my singing misses me; when I make an album, my acting misses me. I've just always been on stage. I think I'm a natural-born performer." Although she feels that her two careers complement each other—and although she's proud of a newly expanded vocal register—she doesn't hesitate to play favorites: "I think that at this point in my life, I'm definitely much better at acting." Vanity relaxes by painting "surrealist" canvases, many of them brazenly erotic. She also intends to write her own film this year and, she says, there's another album in the works. What about another movie? "Definitely." You read it here first.







# AIR ATTACK

**FLYING HIGH IN POINTS  
AND PROFITS, MICHAEL  
JORDAN IS THE JAM  
MASTER OF THE N.B.A.**

*personality*  
**By MICHAEL KIEFER**

**W**HICH ONE is Michael Jordan?" the businesswoman asked in a hushed voice. She was shuffling through a tour of the Multiplex, a private sports club that doubles as the practice ground for the Chicago Bulls. Jordan lounged against the wall, wearing a white sweater with black polka dots, listening to coach Doug Collins discuss game strategy. When the tour guide pointed him out, she squealed, "Oh, he looks so small!"

He did, actually; at 6'6" and 198 pounds, Jordan looked almost insubstantial next to bruisers such as Dave Corzine, 6'11", 265 pounds, and Charles Oakley, 6'9", 245 pounds. He glanced nervously toward the tour group, suddenly aware of the attention. Of course, he'd brought that on himself. He's only the second player to score more than 3000 points in a season (Wilt Chamberlain was the first), he led the National Basketball Association during the 1986-1987 season with an average of 37.1 points per game, made the All-Star team in the first four years of his professional career and helped win a gold medal in the 1984 Olympics.

Even non-basketball fans know him as Air Jordan, the man who defies gravity in television commercials, acrobatically jamming a basketball through a hoop. On court, he wears a scowl of





*Shelton*

concentration, mouth open, tongue covering chin; when he gets his hands on the ball, the crowd screams.

If Jordan is a wildly colorful on-court performer, he's almost bland out of uniform: no drugs, no up-from-the-ghetto success story, no confessional books, no paternity suits, no arrogance, no superstar attitude, just a solid, quiet, regular guy inhabiting a superhuman body. That seamlessness of character has made Jordan an American hero and added \$4,000,000 a year to his investment portfolio.

Bulls coach Doug Collins stood court-side at the summertime basketball camp he runs at Concordia College west of Chicago, watching Michael Jordan lecture to his spellbound charges. When asked if his campers really know who he is, he has a ready answer: "Sure they do. I'm Michael Jordan's coach."

At a recent camp session, Collins' most famous player was defending against a 15-year-old in a game of one on one. The kid faked left, went around Jordan and in for the lay-up. The ball circled the rim and dropped to the floor, but that was enough to raise a cheer. The kid was a hero. He almost scored on Michael Jordan.

"You got the other guy's shoes on and everything," Jordan joked, looking askance at the kid's Sauconys.

Next, Jordan shot and the kid jammed him. "Your mom and dad up in the stands?" Jordan asked; the audience roared.

Kids like Jordan; they ring his doorbell and wait for him outside his home in the Chicago suburbs, they steal his license plates, rifle his mailbox. His appearances at shopping malls have caused riots.

There's a commercial in which Jordan drives his Corvette down an inner-city street, spots a couple of teenagers playing basketball at a playground, stops his car, smiles and walks off to join the game. It's a fantasy sequence, and not because Jordan wouldn't do it—in fact, he has a clause written into his Bulls contract that allows him to play pickup games. But if Michael Jordan showed up on a playground, even at midnight in a snowstorm, every kid in town would soon be there, too. Once, while visiting at Collins' home in Phoenix, he went out into the yard to shoot baskets with Collins' nine-year-old daughter and 13-year-old son. "It was about nine o'clock and starting to get dark," Collins recalled in disbelief, "but within 15 minutes, there were 50 kids in my driveway."

Jordan's image is public domain; the man himself is more elusive. At the outset of my attempt to interview him for *Playboy*, ProServ, the Washington, D.C., agency that handles Michael's affairs, hinted that he wouldn't want his mother

to see him in a publication that ran photographs of nude women. To argue my case, I would chase Michael down at the Multiplex or in the Chicago Stadium locker room after a game, and he'd say he had a cold or he needed to concentrate on the next road trip but that he'd do the interviews, provided I set them up through ProServ. Then ProServ would inform me that Michael didn't want to talk; he had his image to consider. Into the equation went a lot of hamburgers and sneakers, the kinds of things that kids buy because their hero buys them. That brand loyalty that even extends to Jordan's weak left knee. Collins offers the following illustration: "Want to go into my camp and see about 100 kids who wear the same knee sleeve that Michael wears?"

But Michael had said he'd do the interviews, and if you can't take Michael Jordan's word, whose can you take? ProServ finally relented; then the problem became Michael's schedule. Friday he'd be in Wilmington, North Carolina, for a basketball clinic; Sunday and Monday, golf at Pinehurst; Tuesday, a clinic in Peoria; Wednesday, a P.G.A. tournament in Hartford; Thursday, an outing with the executives of a Chicago corporation whose products he endorses; Friday, he took off for a University of North Carolina alumni basketball game in Los Angeles. There was no time left on the clock.

After Collins' camp, Jordan planned to drive to another basketball camp in Racine, Wisconsin, an hour or so away, and I was going to ask if I could ride along and do an interview. He flashed me the \$4,000,000 smile as I approached him, put his arm around my shoulder—and gave me the slip.

That evening, I heard that Michael had turned his Corvette into the path of an oncoming car, and after I satisfied myself that he had come out of it all right, my first thought was: What a great story—if only I had been riding with him. My second thought was that it would have been an even better lawsuit—wear a neck brace for a few months, moan in court, and I'd never have to work again. Admittedly, it was a hostile fantasy; but by then, I had begun to feel like the only person in the United States who didn't like Michael Jordan.

Two months later, ProServ's PR people called me at seven o'clock on a Tuesday evening and asked if I could go to Washington the next morning to talk with David Falk, the man most responsible for Michael's commercial success. And the next week, I was to spend a couple of days with Michael at the La Costa resort north of San Diego.

So the day after Labor Day, I woke up in an airy room overlooking the driving range at La Costa. Michael was the first

person I saw as I walked up to the hotel's main lobby, where he stood waiting for his golf partners, and of course he put me off again, until five that evening. At the appointed time, I was waiting for him, but he wasn't waiting for me. After an hour, I called his room, and his fiancée, Juanita Vanoy, told me that Michael was out. At seven, just as I decided to head for the bar, the phone rang. "Hey, Kief," Jordan said, "you can come over now."

Adolph Shiver, a car dealer in Raleigh, North Carolina, and lifelong friend of the basketball hero, answered the door to Jordan's suite. Juanita passed through the room so quickly that I couldn't give a description of her today if a state trooper tried to beat it out of me. And slumped deep in a sofa, his long brown legs sticking out of a blood-red terrycloth robe, watching an old black-and-white cowboy movie with the sound turned down, was Michael Jordan. After seven months, he was mine.

As it turned out, I had caught Jordan in training. Doug Collins told me this about his off-season conditioning program: "He has none. He'll practice for a week and he'll be ready." And the diet of champions? "Michael's the king of the junk-food eaters," said Collins. "The guy is Chicken McNuggets and Coke, Big Mac on the bus to the game."

When I repeated all that for Jordan, he laughed a big silent laugh and slapped the arm of the couch. In college, North Carolina coach Dean Smith had sent him to the weight room (not McDonald's) to bulk up, but Jordan had found the training painful. He quit. "To this day, they believe I lifted weights all the time everybody else was lifting." He grinned to think of it. "I just snuck around it."

Michael Jordan does not work to get in shape, he plays basketball. And in the off season, he plays constantly and obsessively at golf, tennis, darts, pool, ping-pong. At La Costa, I watched him film a syndicated TV show with Roger Staubach, and as soon as the cameraman paused to set up a shot, Jordan and Staubach and Staubach's son chased a football across the resort's manicured lawns and flower beds. The day before, Michael had mercilessly drubbed Shiver for 45 holes of golf and two sets of tennis, placing bets on each shot. "He don't like to lose," said Shiver as we watched Michael dive for the football as though it were a gamesaving catch.

As a kid with Michael in Wilmington, North Carolina, Shiver remembered, "It was football, basketball, baseball, summer baseball, then football again. On Sunday, we'd go out and play basketball at the local park. If they opened the gym

(continued on page 158)



*"There's little we can do, I'm afraid—it seems that farting  
in company is only a venial sin."*



# SUITED — F O R — SPRING

*playboy* tracks  
the hottest  
warm-weather  
trends

*fashion*

By HOLLIS WAYNE  
Part One

**B**usiness

smarts: Power pinstripes on an elegant navy background or subtle plaids on beige—summer suits have it made in the shades. Left: A dress-to-impress wool double-breasted power suit with hand-stitch detailing, \$1200, is teamed with a cotton striped spread-collar shirt, \$110, and a silk tropical-print tie, \$65, all by Ermenegildo Zegna. Right: A navy-wool-crepe pinstripe suit, about \$650, is paired with a linen spread-collar shirt, about \$85, and a silk-and-linen-batik woodcut-print tie, about \$35, all by Bill Robinson.





# C

lassic fabric-

ations: The double-breasted navy-blue blazer (shown at left with mock-tortoise-shell buttons) is constructed of lightweight wool, a soft, easy fabric as enduring in its quality as the jacket is in its styling, \$425, and is worn over a prewashed wrinkled-cotton striped dress shirt with a straight collar and red accent stitching, \$95, and a red-white-and-blue fireworks-print silk tie, \$45, all by Hugo Boss; plum washed-wool trousers with a quadruple-pleated front and slashed pockets, by Lazo, \$200. Flair apparent: Pictured at right are cool cottons and hot patterns that help put the dash back in haberdashery. Clockwise from 12: A seafoam-and-white-cotton broadcloth striped dress shirt with a button-down collar, \$42, by Claiborne; paisley mint-green-and-brown oversized linen tie, by Lazo, \$45; pastel cotton-plaid tie, by Rooster, \$15; seafoam-green-silk tie with diamond design, by Hugo Boss, \$45; decopatterned-silk woven Jacquard tie, by Bill Blass Signature, \$35; multi-color-cotton striped dress shirt, at six o'clock, by Ike Behar, \$80; antique-yellow linen shirt with blue stripes, straight collar and flapped-patch breast pocket, by Lazo, \$120; pale pink-cotton dress shirt with framed navy stripes and spread collar, from 1919 by Enro, \$40.



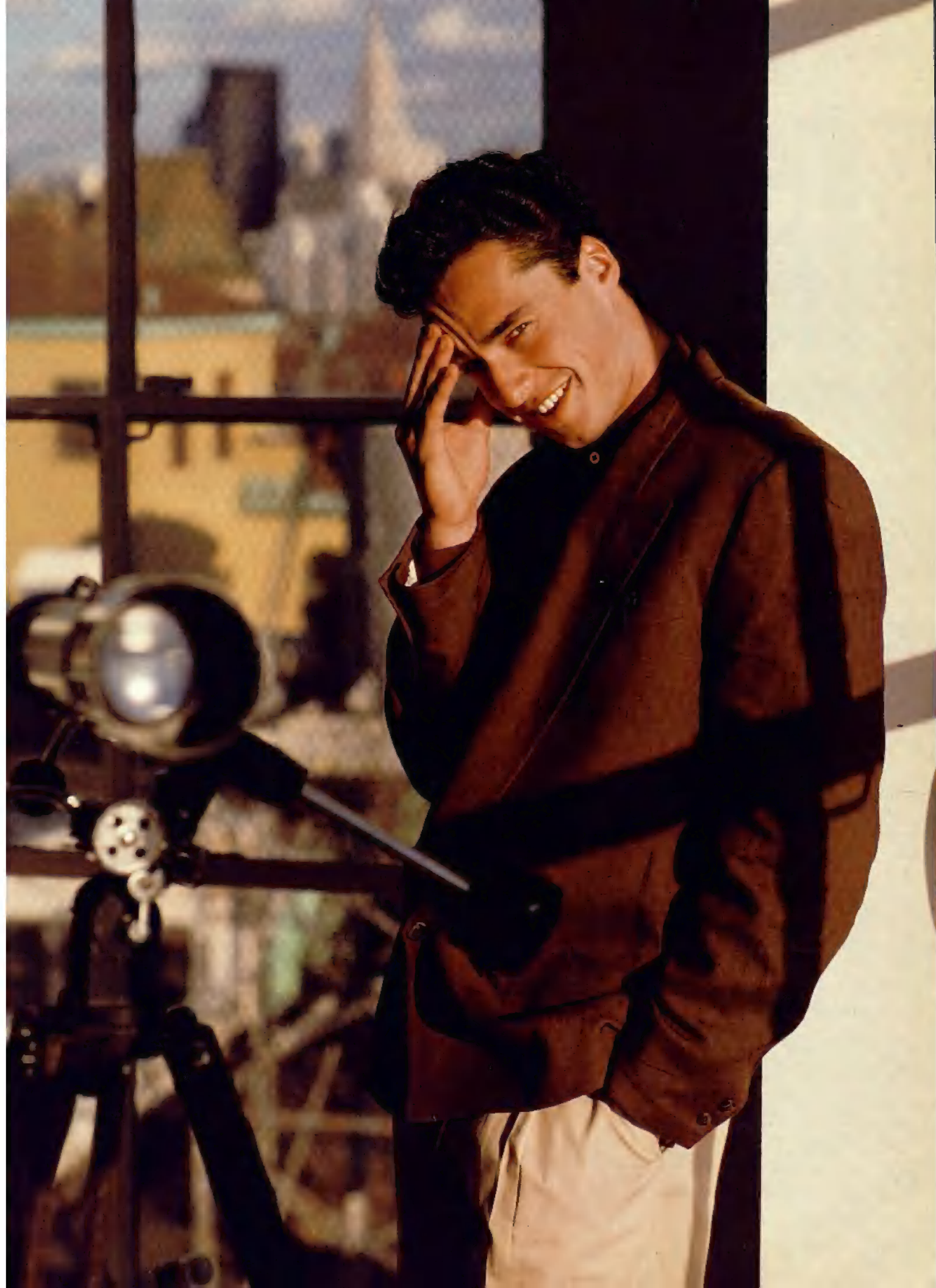
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS KEEVE  
AND JAMES IMBROGNO



# M

atchless

style: Team a sports coat with non-matching but complementary patterned trousers. Left: An unmatched suit is created when a silk-and-linen herringbone jacket, about \$475, is paired with linen gingham-check trousers, about \$175, and with it, a linen shirt, about \$125, a silk foulard tie, about \$50, and a cotton pocket square, about \$25, all by Joseph Abboud. Right: A sleek modern mix. The linen jacket, \$460, is paired with gabardine pants, \$170, and a linen/cotton sport shirt, \$180, all by Ronaldus Shamask.



# TELL IT TO THE KING

By LARRY KING with PETER OCCHIOGROSSO

the monarch of live talk shows  
tells it all, uncensored. his  
guests today: j.f.k., mel brooks,  
laurence olivier, joe dimaggio,  
don shula, lenny bruce,  
muhammad ali, mario cuomo.

news at 11

E

VERY DAY of my life, from Monday to Friday, I get to meet the most interesting people in the world—writers, politicians, film directors, historians, surgeons, lawyers, professional athletes, comedians, singers, psychiatrists—and ask them anything I want. And I get paid for it. On top of that, I get to talk to callers from all over the country and tell them what I think about any issue from the Middle East to the major leagues. Between radio and television, I've probably interviewed more than 30,000 people and *The Guinness Book of*

*World Records* has determined that I've probably logged more hours than any other talk-show host in the history of radio. It's my world and I wouldn't trade it for anything.

I want to welcome you to that world now, to tell you some stories about the great and the not so great, the talented, the brash, the funny and the frankly bizarre people who have passed through my professional, and sometimes my personal, life. They've given me plenty of laughs, some sadness and a lot of surprises.

Of all the guests I've interviewed over my 30 years in the business, if I had to choose my favorites by group, I would pick the comedians. But the problem with certain comics is that they're too safe, they're afraid to offend anyone. Rich Little came onto my CNN show one night just after we finished a segment on the PTL, and I asked him if he did an impression of Jerry Falwell. He started to do a little Falwell, and then he stopped. I said, "Do you do Tammy Faye Bakker?"

"She'd be very easy to do," he said, "but I don't do her."

"Why not?"

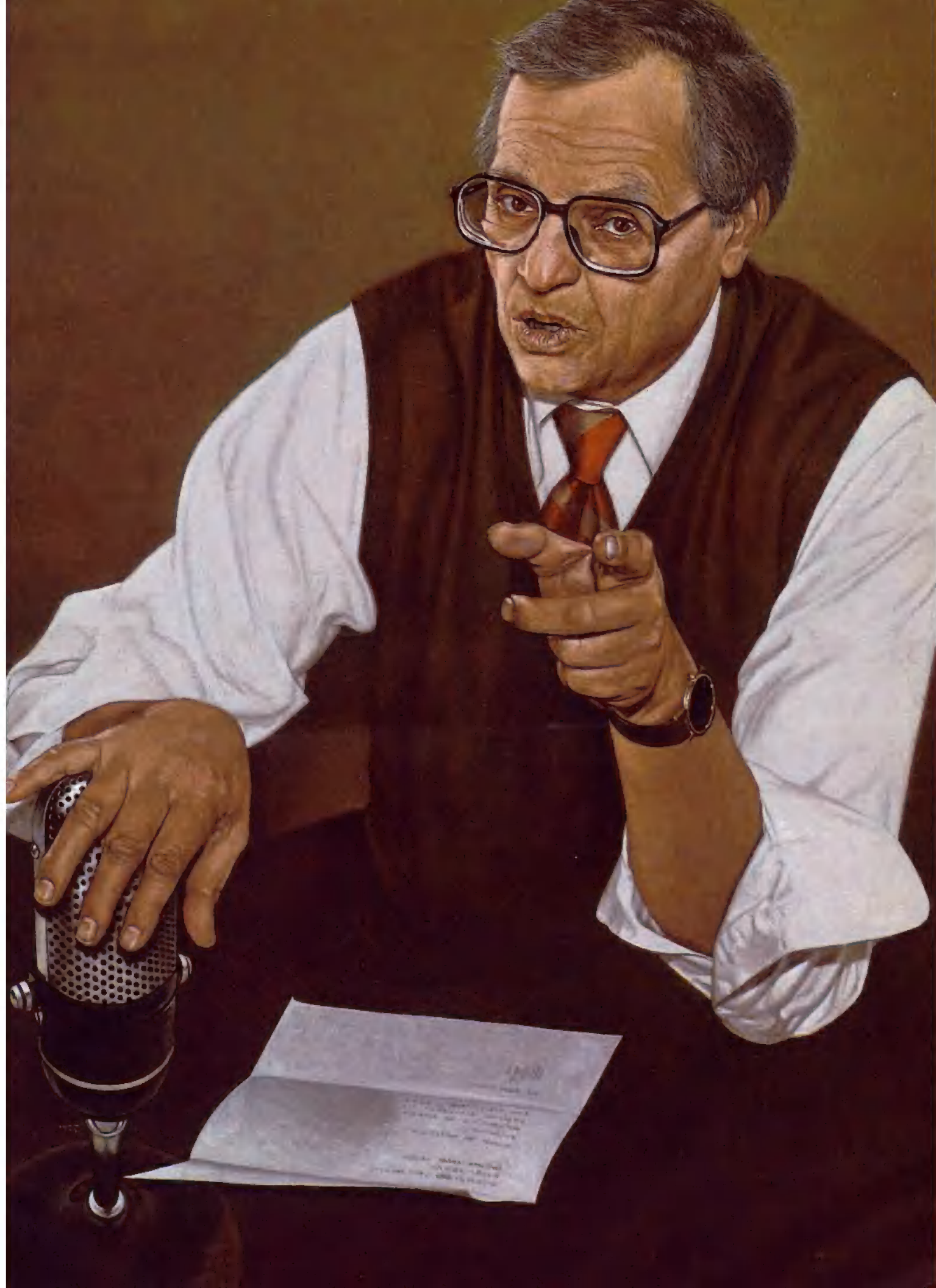
"Well, you know, people are very funny about religion."

"And you don't want to offend?" I asked.

"Right. In my business, you can't offend."

Well, of course you can. That's what puts comics on the cutting edge. This brings me to the subject of Lenny Bruce. When you talk about comics who run risks, obviously, Lenny's name leads the pack.

I met Lenny when I was doing a disc-jockey show in Miami in 1958. He came by one morning about seven o'clock and said, "I really dig ya," and he invited me to go and see his show. When I got my show at Pumpnick's restaurant in Miami Beach, he used to come onto my show all the time. Lenny would wear a prison uniform that a friend of his had sent him from Raiford state prison. But Lenny wouldn't just wear it. He'd ask cops for directions in it, and then he'd come onto my show. We had a big picture window at Pumpnick's and we could see him out in the street, talking with the cops in his prison uniform. Lenny would try to psych the cops by asking them for directions. He had it all figured out: The cop knew he'd look like an idiot if he called in and said that a guy in a prison uniform had come up to him on the street, but if he let him go and the guy really *was* a con, he'd look even worse. Then Lenny would come onto the show and do a monolog based on what was going on in the cop's head. "I'm an idiot either way," the cop would be thinking. "What's (continued on page 150)





# ELOISE

miss april does the texas two-step



THE CHILD BRIDE of 1973 had no idea she would be sitting in a chic Beverly Hills restaurant in 1988. "When I got married, at 15, I still had braces on my teeth," Eloise Broady recalls. The marriage didn't work; the divorce left her peering at an ex-housewife in the mirror. "It wasn't until then that I realized I was pretty," she says. "I thought, Maybe it's



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

time to listen to all those people saying 'You ought to be a model' or 'You ought to be an actress.'" She went to a "cattle call" in Austin, two hours' drive from her native Houston, and won a part in the Kris Kristofferson-Willie Nelson film *Songwriter*. Next came a gig as Kim Basinger's double in *Nadine*. A year ago, Eloise took her ten-year-old son—her older son attends a prep school in Alabama—and went west to Los Angeles. That

"I don't go for one-night stands. When there's love involved, that's when you want to get down on your knees afterward and say, 'God, that was great!'"



GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



was step one. Step two begins now. This yellow-haired rose of Texas wants to make her mark on her adopted home and make the folks back home proud of her. "I have been a wife and a mother," she says, watching Merv Griffin shop in a tony haberdashery adjoining the restaurant where she sips cappuccino. "Now it's time for a little adventure." She steers clear of the fast lane—"No craziness for Eloise"—and keeps her sights set on her dream destination: Oscar night, 1993. "I know it's a

"My sex life has been great since I turned 30. It's really true what they say about women—once we hit 30, we start going a little wild."









lot to hope that a Texas girl could pack up and go west and one day win an Oscar," she says, "but you've got to have a dream, don't you?" This dream exacts a price. "I was flying over L.A. the other day," she says, a Lone Star lilt in her voice, "and it was beautiful—it seemed to go on forever. But I had an overwhelming sense of missing Texas—all the land, the wide sky, even the cows. Once a Texan, always a Texan, I guess." Eloise's Texas two-step continues—in Hollywood.

"Being in *Playboy* is the biggest rush. I'm completely excited. But when people ask about it, I say, 'You'll just have to wait for it to unfold—literally.'"



*Elvira Doozy*

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Elaine Broady  
 BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 33  
 HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 5-13-57 BIRTHPLACE: Houston, Texas

AMBITIONS: To put down roots in L.A., get a nice home for my children & win a 1993 Oscar.

TURN-ONS: Love, movies, friends, my children, working with talented actors.

TURN-OFFS: Heavy make-up, sanctimonious people, desperate men, sushi

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Philadelphia Story, On the Waterfront, Arthur and Hope and Glory

FAVORITE WRITERS: M. Scott Peck, Shel Silverstein, Rod Serling and Robert Shaw

SPECIAL SKILLS: Shopping, baking, water-skiing and dialects.

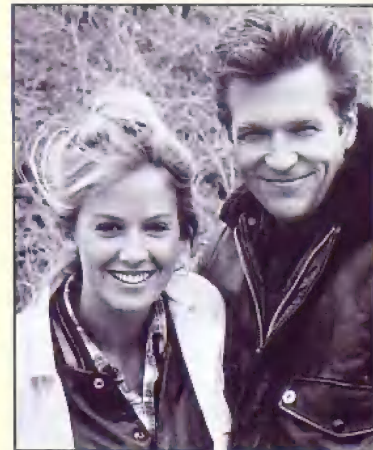
ROMANTIC RENDEZVOUS: My lover and I get in a helicopter, fly to a desolate mountaintop and make love under blue skies.



With my wonderful boys Justin & Michael



When Blackie was just a pup!



"Standing in" with Jeff Bridges in "Nadine"



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Ten of the meanest cons in the state pen met in the corner of the yard to shoot some craps. The stakes were enormous, the tension palpable.

When his turn came to shoot, Dutsky nervously plunked down his entire wad, shook the dice and rolled. A smile crossed his face as a seven showed up, but it quickly changed to horror as a third die slipped out of his sleeve and fell to the ground with the two others. No one said a word. Finally, Killer Lucci picked up the third die, put it in his pocket and handed the others to Dutsky.

"Roll 'em," Lucci said. "Your point is thirteen."



The departing division general manager met a last time with his young successor and gave him three envelopes. "My predecessor did this for me, and I'll pass the tradition along to you," he said. "At the first sign of trouble, open the first envelope. Any further difficulties, open the second envelope. Then, if problems continue, open the third envelope. Good luck." The new manager returned to his office and tossed the envelopes into a drawer.

Six months later, costs soared and earnings plummeted. Shaken, the young man opened the first envelope, which said, "Blame it on your predecessor."

The next day, he held a press conference and did just that. The crisis passed.

Six months later, sales dropped precipitously. The beleaguered manager opened the second envelope. It said, "Reorganize."

He held another press conference, announcing that the division would be restructured. The crisis passed.

Six months later, everything went wrong at once and the manager was blamed for all of it. The harried executive closed his office door, sank into his chair and opened the third envelope.

"Prepare three envelopes . . ." it said.

What's more dangerous than a pit bull with AIDS? The guy who gave it to him.

"I'll tell ya, Jeb," Wilbur said to his friend, "the tractor business ain't doin' too well. I ain't sold one all week."

"You think you've got problems?" Jeb replied. "The other day, I went out to milk Daisy, when she swatted me in the face with her tail. So I took some twine and tied it to the rafters. When I sat down again, she kicked me. So I tied her leg to the side of the stall. When I sat down again, she kicked me with her other hind leg. So I tied that leg to the other side of the stall. And I'll tell you what," he said with a sigh, "if you can convince my wife I was gonna milk that cow, I'll buy a tractor from you."

Shortly after returning to Moscow from his summit meeting with President Reagan, Mikhail Gorbachev was late for an important Central Committee meeting and asked his driver to speed up. The driver refused, explaining that he didn't want to exceed the speed limit. Furious, Gorbachev threw him into the back seat and got behind the wheel himself.

Several kilometers later, a police car spotted the speeding limo and pulled it over. "Go see which of our beloved bureaucrats has broken the law," one officer said to the other, "and give him a ticket."

Within seconds, the policeman returned to the squad car. "I can't ticket him; he's too important."

"Who is he?" his partner asked.

"I don't know, comrade," the policeman replied, his eyes widening, "but Gorbachev is his chauffeur!"

Israeli prime minister Shamir invited the Pope to play golf. Since the Pope had no idea of how to play, he convened the college of cardinals to ask their advice. "Call Arnold Palmer," they suggested, "make him a cardinal and let him play in your place. Tell Shamir you're sick."

Honored by His Holiness' request, Palmer agreed to represent him. When he returned from the match, the Pope asked him how he had done. "I came in second," Palmer replied.

"You mean to tell me Shamir beat you?"

"No, Your Holiness. Rabbi Nicklaus did."

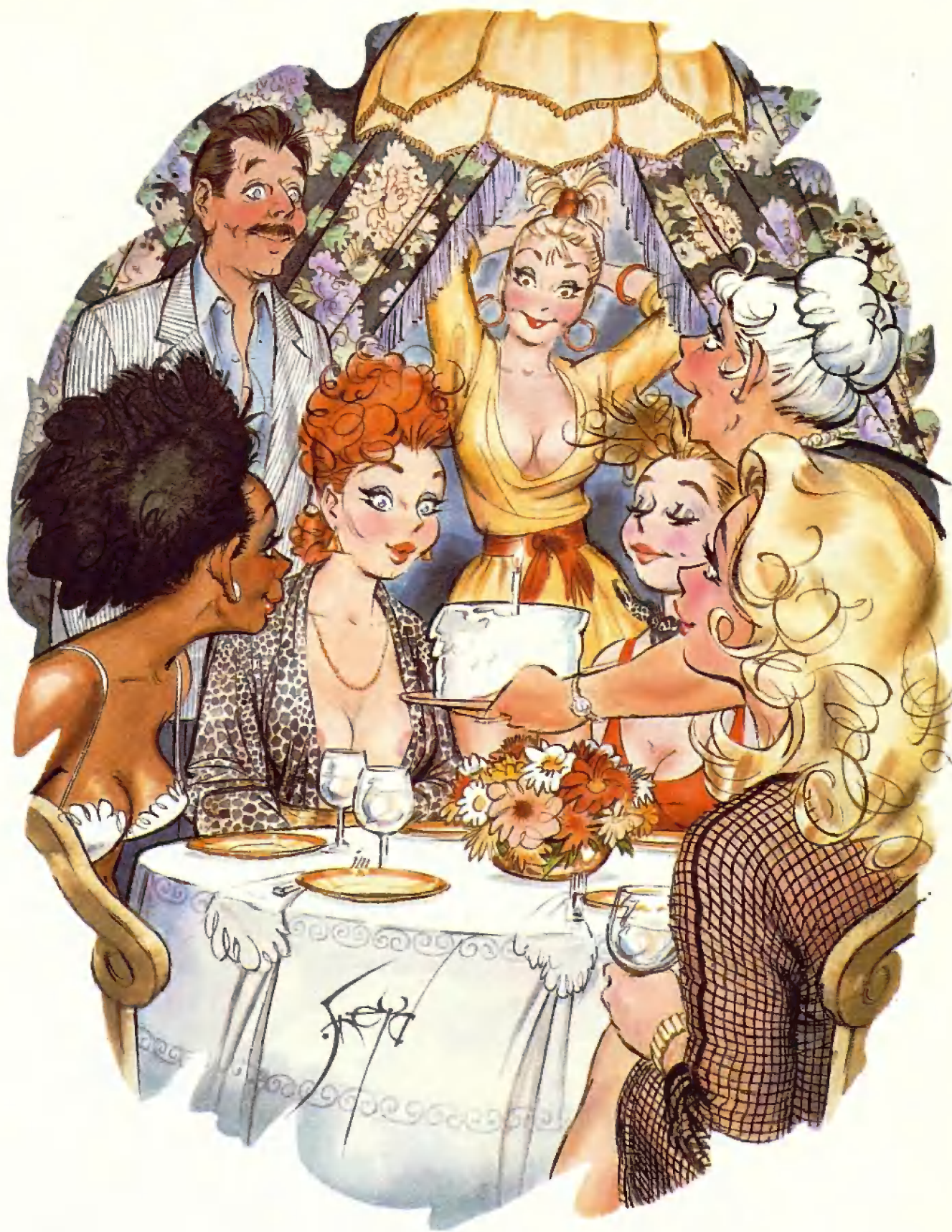


With the end of the football season, a star player for the college team celebrated the relaxation of team curfew by attending a late-night campus party. Soon after arriving, he became captivated by a beautiful coed and eased into a conversation with her by asking if she met many dates at parties.

"Oh, I have a three point eight, so I'm much more attracted to the strong academic types than to the dumb party animals," she said. "What's your G.P.A.?"

Grinning from ear to ear, the jock boasted, "I get about twenty-five in the city and forty on the highway."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



*"We're having a small celebration for Cynthia. She's just had her first Presidential candidate."*

drag racing can be a fearsome business, unless you like working with your butt strapped to a bomb

**T**HE FLESH REMEMBERS. Long after the mind has put the fear away, some small, visceral trigger—like cinching a seat belt across your lap—can bring it all back: the murderous roaring, the smell of burning rubber, the nasty taste of the fireproof hood where it's bunched up into your mouth under your helmet, the sweat in your eyes and, most vivid of all, the awful worry just under your harness buckle that in a few seconds, when all galloping hell cuts loose, you are going to forget some crucial little piece of business and be dead.

The mind puts these things away for a reason.

The seat belt I was doing up when I suffered that rush of remembering was on an airplane headed for The Drag Racing School in Gainesville, Florida. The airline belt felt like shoestring compared with the ones I'd worn *(continued on page 145)*

article By **CRAIG VETTER**



ILLUSTRATION BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG



**A**t *L*udicrous **S**peed



## HARRISON FORD

Once asked whether or not people said he reminded them of Gary Cooper, Harrison Ford replied with a grin, "Nope." He is a laconic guy with a legend all his own, a Chicago-born former carpenter who has starred in five of the ten top-grossing films in history. He is Han Solo, galactic Galahad. He is Indiana Jones, bullwhip enthusiast. Besides the radiations of the "Star Wars" and "Raiders of the Lost Ark" oeu-vres, his films include "Blade Runner," "Witness," "The Mosquito Coast" and his current movie, "Frantic," a Roman Polanski homage to the Hitchcockian thriller, played breathlessly against a Parisian backdrop.

Ford lives much of the year on a ranch in a Western state whose name he prefers we not disclose, though we suppose he won't mind if we say that it is big, with mountains and rivers and lots of sky. His second wife, Melissa Mathison (who wrote "E.T."), and his one-year-old son, Malcolm, keep him company. Contributing Editor Bill Zehme hied out onto the range to pelt him with questions. Zehme reports: "We met mid-morning in the nearest town, at the nicest hotel, in a roomy suite, where Harrison sprawled on a sofa, devoured a B.L.T., spoke slowly and carefully and frequently apologized for not being funnier. I won't soon forget his first question is, my answer is, 'No matter what the first question is, my answer is, 'Nineteen to go.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: How are we going to keep you down on the farm, now that you've worked in Paris?

FORD: It's going to be a whole lot easier. I don't enjoy cities as much as I do being out here in the country. I don't speak

French, though that was not a real difficulty. The way life is conducted there doesn't much interest me. I find the whole routine completely unattractive: eating late, staying up, smoky bistros and all of that. It doesn't have the charm for me that it might once have had. On top of which, I worked every day. I failed to recognize when I first read the script that I was in

every scene. So I was very busy. What time was left over was taken up with dealing with the baby. We pretty much stayed home and managed to live the kind of life we live anywhere else.

2.

PLAYBOY: You're a new father again—after two decades. What are you learning about yourself this time around? What's your position on disposable diapers?

FORD: Oh, I've got a lot more patience at this age. I'm a lot more settled and content in my own life, and it's much easier to deal with all of the frustrations and anxieties of parenting. Malcolm is just beginning to sleep through the night, though I wasn't the one to wake up with him. I don't have the required biological mechanism to soothe him.

Disposable diapers? Oh, I'm all for 'em. There were problems with the first disposables years ago, so I was ready to go back to real diapers. I thought 100 percent cotton couldn't be beat. But this new generation of disposables has come a long way. They wick away moisture from the baby's skin. A cloth diaper could never do it. Yeah, it's a miracle.

3.

PLAYBOY: When you look in a mirror, do you see the top-grossing film actor of all time? FORD: No, I see the idiot twin. I see the stubble or the stuff on my tooth or the red in my eye that I looked in the mirror to see. I don't go looking in the mirror to see who the person I'm living with is. Nobody sees in the mirror what other people see—at all. None of us has any idea how other people see us.

4.

PLAYBOY: Still, we're curious: What does the top-grossing star of all time consider a lot of money to have in his pocket? How much do you have on you now?

FORD: Oh, a lot of money, a lot of money. [Stands up and extracts crumpled bills and change from hip pockets] Here we go. I've got about 22 bucks. Not even. Eighteen dollars and 38 cents exactly. See, money is really only important if you don't have any. I just don't have much to do with it. Most of what I want is not a money issue. I mean, when you're in a situation similar to mine, it can buy you privacy—and time. You have to pay for them.

5.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to this: Is being an enigma a tough cross to bear?

FORD: [Startled] Am I an enigma? I don't know; I've answered questions about money and my home life without any visible discomfort. I've somehow gotten a reputation among journalists, most of whom I haven't met, for being difficult. But, you know, I just have a sense of how far I want to go in defining myself. This has nothing to do with a calculated effort to be mysterious or anything else. More than anything, it's a natural reserve that I inherited from my upbringing, though even my parents are a little bit more voluble than I am.

The confusion here is that people's idea of me is made up out of those experiences they have with me on film. And I will argue that I am more revealing on the screen than I am in ordinary life. Maybe it's more interesting to call me an enigma than to see me as the relatively common guy I am. As I've often said, the most interesting thing about me is the work that I do. The rest of it is pretty ordinary. Almost anything else would make a better story, but you're stuck with this one.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've always been portrayed as being extremely judgmental about yourself. What would you most like to change?

FORD: [Sheepishly] I guess I am judgmental, in some ways. I know when I'm full of shit. I know when I'm wrong. I know when I'm bad. And I know that I could be better in certain things. I'd love to be more fit. I'd love to have more talents in other areas. I'd love to have taken advantage of the education I sort of slept through. I'd love to be more clearheaded. I'd love to be able to play a musical instrument for my own pleasure. I like the sounds of a guitar, a tenor sax, a piano. My fantasy would be tinkling the ivories by myself on late wintry nights, just mumbling the blues.

7.

PLAYBOY: In *The Mosquito Coast*, you die on screen for the first time. The movie did disappointing business. Is there a correlation? Did it occur to you that moviegoers might prefer you as an invulnerable hero?

FORD: Heroes die, too, you know. I think people enjoy seeing a tear come out of a rock. It's a miracle, you know? I'm not content simply to do what people expect of me. I mean, I think they just want to see good movies. That particular character is just a (continued on page 142)

hollywood's  
favorite star  
warrior and  
whipcracker  
snaps back at  
screen heroes,  
sensuous  
hardware and  
playing doctor

# HAUTE PIZZA



food  
By EMANUEL GREENBERG

## say goodbye to the humble pie

**D**O YOU STILL think pizza is a simple ethnic snack dispensed at neon-lit storefront eateries? Have we got a delicious surprise for you. The fact is, some very classy chefs have been bending their vaunted creative talents to the cause of pizza—devising audacious new toppings for the plebeian tomato-and-cheese pie. In the process, they've altered the nature of this lusty peasant nosh and given it *haute* dimensions. For instance, at his esteemed Quilted Giraffe restaurant in Manhattan, chef-owner Barry Wine serves a savory wasabi pizza topped with tuna *sashimi*. Alice Waters, who may have initiated the New Wave pizza school, dishes up a pizza topped with caramelized onions, gorgonzola and chopped rosemary at her legendary Chez Panisse in Berkeley, California. Yet another noted chef-entrepreneur, Wolfgang Puck of Spago fame in Los Angeles, lays it on with smoked salmon, golden caviar and *crème fraîche*.

The current infatuation with fancy pizza is not mere frivolity: It's part of the contemporary trend to lighten up, have fun with food and challenge starchy traditions. Celebrated chefs approach the unadorned pizza crust as an artist might approach a blank canvas; only these Picassos of pizza daub the yeasty dough with daring combinations of flavors, textures and ingredients instead of colors.

Pizza, of course, is an Italian creation. According to legend, the classic mozzarella-tomato pizza was fashioned to honor Queen Margherita on her visit to Naples in 1889. To this day, the basic pie is called a Margherita or a Neapolitan pizza. Regional tastes in pizza, however, are surprisingly varied. The aforementioned Neapolitan is a solid choice in New York, while New Haven is the home of the fresh-clam white pizza; California pizzas demonstrate a *nouvelle* flair—with broccoli, eggplant and sun-dried-tomato fillings; the fire of *jalapeño* and *ancho* chilies warms up pizzas of the Southwest; and pizza in Chicago means only one thing—deep-dish pizza. This generous deep-dish creation—introduced by two Chicagoans, Ike Sewell and Ric Riccardo, at their Pizzeria Uno in 1943—has a high rim, something like a piecrust, and takes a lot more topping than the standard pizza.

Pizza mania shows no signs of abating. In fact, pizza seems to be taking over the world and has become commonplace in such far-flung cities as Tokyo, Hong Kong, London, Paris and Auckland. Even Moscow has a red-roofed Pizza Hut.

But all this does not help the domestic chef who aspires to make serious pizza in his or her own kitchen. Is it possible? The answer is definitely affirmative—with a caveat. If you're talking about the standard pies like (continued on page 139)



# PLAYBOY MUSIC 1988

## OUR ANNUAL REPORT ON ALL THE SOUNDS—HOT AND COOL

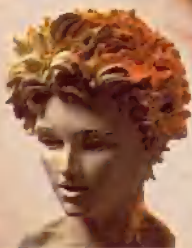
**L**ast year, someone somewhere decided it was time to re-examine rock 'n' roll. How else to explain brisk record sales not only for the Grateful Dead but for such rebounders as George Harrison, Robbie Robertson and Smokey Robinson? Add to that the high drama of CD releases by the Beatles and Jimi Hendrix and the best rock movie of the year—*Chuck Berry Hail! Hail! Rock 'N' Roll*, with sound track produced by his fan Keith Richards. Remakes of old hits made the rounds on our turntables: the Supremes' *You Keep Me Hangin' On*, now sung by Kim Wilde, plus two Tommy James & the Shondells hits from the Sixties, *Mony Mony*, now by Billy Idol, and *I Think We're Alone Now*, covered by Tiffany, the 16-year-old who polished her act performing at Southern California shopping malls.

Tiffany marks yet another trend—the Invasion of the Madonna-Wanna-Be's, such as Stacy Q, Debbie Gibson, Elisa Fiorillo (the vocal on Jellybear's *Who Found Who*), Jody Watley and Pepsi & Shirlie. Judging from Madonna's phenomenal success on record, on tour and now in our Hall of Fame, frankly, can you blame them? Meanwhile, the real Madonna was busy continuing the new tradition of rocking for charity by helping raise millions for AIDS research with benefit

concerts in New York, London and Paris. And Huey Lewis donated \$225,000 to train doctors in treating AIDS patients, while Cyndi Lauper, Elton John and numerous others worked in various capacities to raise AIDS money. Good going, gang. For more about the year in music and the results of the Playboy Music Poll, read on.



At the crest of two waves rides California teen idol Tiffany (above). She clicked as both Madonna-Wanna-Be and Sixties revivalist. What year is this, anyway?



## HALL OF FAME

**MADONNA**

playboy readers' choice for 1988

The pint-sized material girl wins after scoring three multiplatinum LPs and an arena-sized sellout world tour.

# TOPPER



## saluting 1988's playboy music poll winners

**N**o question whom the readers voted big winner this year—Whitney Houston, Whitney Houston and Whitney Houston. This pop diva wins top honors in three categories. Meanwhile, Bono and Phil Collins tally heavy pop/rock numbers and Sting's en-

semble snags the jazz-group prize. Alas, dear readers, Sting says he's not very interested in jazz. This is what he gets for hiring such high-grade jazzmen as Branford Marsalis and Omar Hakim. Congratulations to Sting and all of our winners, in pop, R&B, country and jazz, too.

# FORMERS



Top:

Instrumentalist—Pop/Rock and R&B: Phil Collins  
 Group—Country: Alabama  
 Female Vocalist—Country: the Judds  
 Male Vocalist—Country: Randy Travis  
 Group—R&B: Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam  
 Female Vocalist—Pop/Rock, R&B and Jazz: Whitney Houston

Bottom:

Group—Jazz: Sting  
 Male Vocalist—R&B: Prince  
 Instrumentalist—Jazz: Herbie Hancock  
 Male Vocalist and Group—Pop/Rock: Bono and U2  
 Instrumentalist—Country: Chet Atkins  
 Male Vocalist—Jazz: Al Jarreau

**the greatest  
achievements  
on record—  
and off**

**O**n this, the write-in part of the Music Poll, the choices are subjective and the field of candidates seems endless. But, eventually, the wisdom of the majority emerges. This year's wise choices are listed below. Thanks for your votes.



△  
**Best Dancer**  
Janet Jackson

**Best Personality**  
Phil Collins

# THE YEAR

**Best Rock LP**  
*The Joshua Tree/U2*

**Best R&B LP**  
*Strong Persuader/Robert Cray*

**Best Country LP**  
*Storms of Life/Randy Travis*

**Best Make-Out Song**  
*I Want Your Sex/George Michael*

**Best New Age LP**  
*Down to the Moon/Andreas Vollenweider*

**Best Jazz LP**  
*Duotones/Kenny G.*



△  
**Best Rock Song**  
*Dead or Alive/Bon Jovi*

**Best Movie Sound Track**  
*Beverly Hills Cop II*

## CRITICAL TIPS

our five reviewers scope out what's next

### DAVE MARSH

**ELECTION '88:** Senator Albert Gore is better known for his wife Tipper's efforts to put PG-type labels on rock than for anything he has done himself. Senator Paul Simon's wife once supported Tipper's censorship lobby, and Jesse Jackson has preached against pop in the past. Jackson will be supported by such black stars as Aretha Franklin, but will other pop stars try to fit into the increasingly conservative Democratic picture or decide to sit this one out?

Among Republicans, watch Belinda Carlisle—her husband is Morgan Mason, an erstwhile Reagan aide.

### ROBERT CHRISTGAU

**WORLD POP:** Although I hate to come on ple-eyed, and I do see a shitload of corn in my crystal ball, Internationalism has got to be the wave of the future. At its worst, this will mean the world-pop equivalent of the mush that regularly wins the Eu-

rovision Song Contest. But at its best, it'll mean musicians who transcend boundaries and destroy barriers without losing hold of their own cultural specifics. Paul Simon's *Graceland* was a worthy stab in this direction, and the spate of indigenous South African music released in its wake is a hopeful sign. Watch the U.K.-based Earthworks label, which has just picked up U.S. distribution on Virgin. *Avant!*

### CHARLES M. YOUNG

**EXTRAVAGANZAS:** Look for big tours—George Michael, Michael Jackson and Bruce Springsteen. But the biggest of all may be the next series of Amnesty International benefits, slated to include Peter Gabriel, Sting and Youssou N'dour.

Expect Johnny Marr of the defunct Smiths to work with Bryan Ferry, the Pretenders and Herbie Hancock, who did the sound track for the latest Sean Penn movie, *Colors*. The biggest film is likely to be the U2 concert

movie. The next biggest could be Malcolm Leo's John Lennon project.

### VIC GARBARINI

**KENNEDY ROSE:** Nashville's Maryann Kennedy and Pam Rose (Kennedy Rose) may be the best American singer-songwriter team of the Eighties. With soaring harmonies, gorgeous melodies and a Mellencamp-like electric and acoustic blend, the duo's debut should be a 1988 highlight.

### NELSON GEORGE

**MUSICALS OF THE NINETIES:** I still have faith that a union of pop and video could spawn some healthy kids. When I watch Prince's *Sign 'O' the Times* or *Little Shop of Horrors* or even Michael Jackson's *Beat It* video, I can envision a new film musical of the Nineties, a type that will be to contemporary music what *Singin' in the Rain* was to classic Hollywood. As George Michael says, "You gotta have faith."

# R'S BEST



△  
**Best Dressed**  
Whitney Houston

## THE MINORITY REPORT

The write-in ballot, a cherished linchpin of democracy and of our Music Poll, draws vast numbers of responses from among our readers—including the comedians. Just for the fun of it, here are the Music Poll's Greatest Hits:

### THE BEST:

Country LP..... *Graceland*  
Movie Sound Track ..... *Nightmare on Elm Street*  
New Age LP..... *Johnny Cash*  
Live Recording ..... *Aren't They All?*  
Rock Song ..... *Rock of Ages*  
Comeback Artist ..... *Ritchie Valens*  
Music Video ..... *Jane Fonda's Low Impact Aerobic Workout*  
Hair and Make-Up..... *Tammy Faye Bakker*  
Musician in a TV Commercial ..... *Spuds MacKenzie*  
Personality ..... *Sean Penn*  
Dancer..... *The Church Lady*  
HALL OF FAME ... *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*

**Best Live Recording**  
*Live/1975-85/Bruce Springsteen*

**Best R&B Song**  
*Smoking Gun/Robert Cray*

**Best Country Song**  
*Forever and Ever, Amen/Randy Travis*

**Best Compact Disc**  
*Sgt. Pepper/the Beatles*

**Best Hair and Make-Up**  
Whitney Houston

**Best Comeback Artist**  
Grateful Dead

**Best Music Video**  
*Girls, Girls, Girls/Mötley Crüe*

**Best Jazz Composition**  
*Songbird/Kenny G.*



△  
**Best Album Cover**  
*Tango in the Night/Fleetwood Mac*

**Best New Artist**  
Crowded House

**Best Musician in TV Commercial**  
Phil Collins/Michelob

**Best Live Act**  
U2

**Best Driving Song**  
*Here I Go Again/Whitesnake*

**Best Undressed**  
Samantha Fox  
▽



## ROCKMETER

### HITS

Each month, our critics rate five LPs on the Rockmeter. To name the top ten, we've totaled scores for each LP since last April. Here are the high scorers.

1. Otis Redding/*The Otis Redding Story*
2. Elvis Presley/*The Complete Sun Sessions*
3. Bruce Springsteen/*Tunnel of Love*
3. Warren Zevon/*Sentimental Hygiene*
5. Prince/*Sign 'O' the Times*
6. John Cougar Mellencamp/*The Lonesome Jubilee*
7. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers/*"Let Me Up (I've Had Enough)"*
7. U2/*The Joshua Tree*
7. *Less Than Zero* (sound track)
7. LL Cool J/*Bigger and Deffer*

Jay Leno,  
the comedian who  
owns a dozen mean  
motorcycles and  
a huge '55 roadmaster,  
checks out—what  
else?—little cars  

---

with PETER FREY

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# RUNTS OF THE LITER

DARWIN WAS ONLY half right. Certainly, living things evolve, but so do machines.

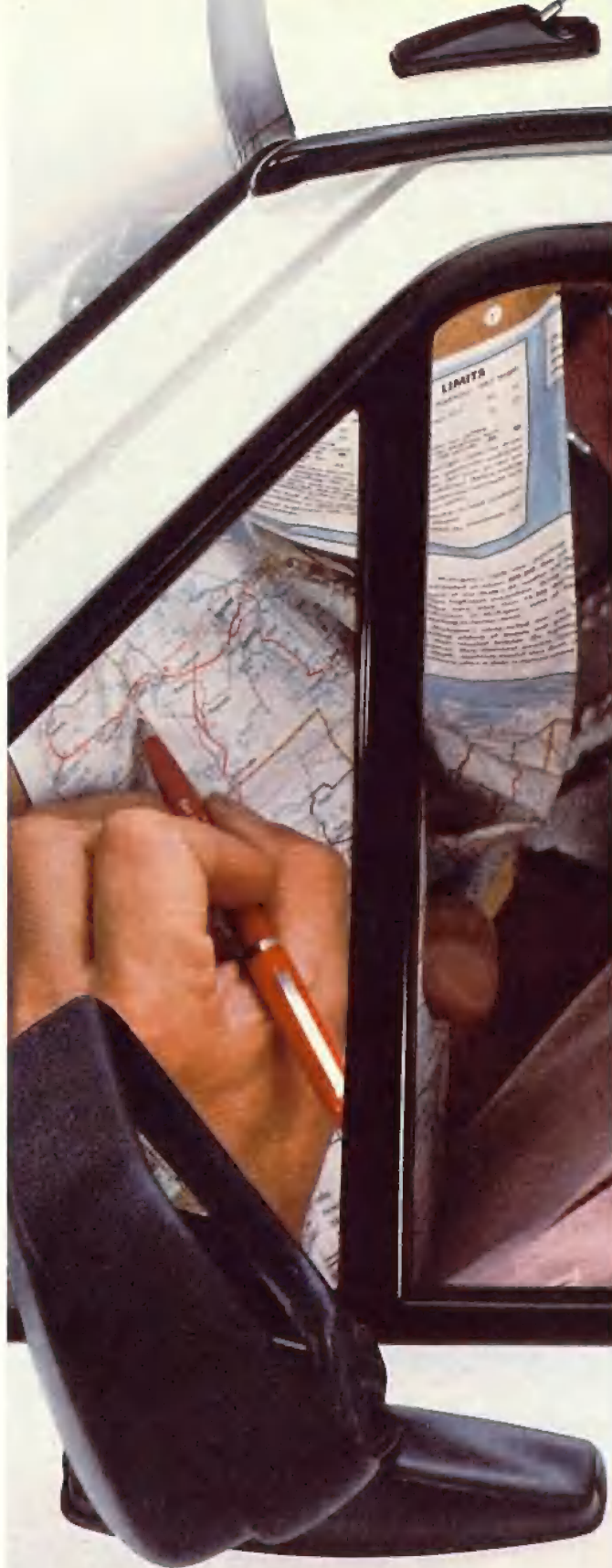
Consider the automobile. Eighty years ago, it was only a buggy with a gasoline engine instead of horses. Today, it is the most sophisticated machine ever put into mass production. Now, if only Darwin were still around to tell us why, as people are growing larger, cars are getting smaller.

Clearly, they are. Compact and subcompact cars, the standard throughout most of the world, have become a major force in the U.S. market over the past 15 years. And the signs all point to even more downsizing. These so-called liter cars are now available, tiny little cars with three-cylinder, 1.0-liter engines (Chevy Turbo Sprint, Daihatsu Charade, Subaru Justy), and there's more to come. In Japan, for the first time in 20 years, the subcompact Toyota Corolla has been displaced from its top sales spot by the Suzuki Alto, a microscopic car powered (if that isn't stretching the term too far) by a 550-c.c. engine. In this vision of the future, the automobile is *small*.

Enter Jay Leno, star of stage, screen and the hot seat on *The Tonight Show* and an honest-to-monkey-wrench hands-on car guy.

"Ah, I see the hors d'oeuvres have arrived. Will the main course be here soon?" he asks, unfolding himself from behind the wheel of his vintage Lamborghini Espada and strolling like some spit-and-polish battalion commander down the line of 16 very shiny, very small cars assembled by *Playboy* for his inspection.

"They look so cute all lined up like that, like a series of Time-Life books on cars. The only





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

problem is that if you want to send one back after the ten-day free trial is over, you'll have to mortgage your house for the postage."

It is no accident that finds Leno doing vehicular stand-up in the parking lot of the Playboy Building on Sunset Boulevard. Cars, particularly big cars, have been a recurring theme throughout his life. "I was a grease monkey at a Rolls/Bentley dealership in Boston," Leno told us. "And it was there that I was exposed to the cars that gave me such a case of the car crazies that I had to go into show business to support my habit." After hitting the road to comedy and winding up in Los Angeles, he spent more than one long, lonely night in the back seat of a '55 Roadmaster he still owns and calls, respectfully, Mr. Buick. "I keep it around in case I ever need someplace to have a formal dinner for seven."

Leno's current stable, most of which he restored and works on himself, includes a dozen motorcycles of various vintages, the aforementioned Roadmaster and Lamborghini Espada, a recently acquired vintage Lamborghini Muira, a Morgan three-wheeler and a beautifully crafted replica of a legendary Sixties sports car called a Cobra. With such credentials, he seemed the perfect judge to test the current crop of pocket rockets.

Not that every car we chose to test, and he chose to drive, was the most high-performance model, nor even, in some cases, the smallest. Some were two-seat sports cars, some were four-door sedans, and we threw in a couple of four-wheel-drives, a utility vehicle and a station wagon, just for variety's sake. What we wound up with was a cross section of what the downsizing trend in automotive evolution has delivered into new-car showrooms of America.

After a day of joking and driving, a couple of close calls and some tire-screaming hand-brake turns into the parking lot that left the attendant wondering if his ticket shack was going to be turned into a toothpick concession, the cars seemed to fall into four categories that we'll call New Age Slot Cars, Turbo Beefcake, Lawn Tractors for the Masses and Maytag-Mobiles.

New Age Slot Cars: Leno defined this group with the comment "Looking at these cars, you just know that they were designed by somebody who owns a complete collection of Buck Rogers comic books."

Styling was the principal criterion for this category, which included the Honda CRX Si, Daihatsu Charade, Ford Festiva, Chevrolet Turbo Sprint, Pontiac LeMans, Mitsubishi Mirage Turbo and the Nissan Pulsar NX. Principal among these is the Honda CRX Si, the most overt bad-boy street racer in the group. It proved to be Leno's favorite and, coincidentally, was the only car in the group with an extra little window in the rear end, just like Leno's Espada. "This is definitely a driver's car, and I even like the way it looks . . . kind of like a one-tenth-scale model of Devo's tour bus," he said.

The CRX series has been redesigned for 1988, with changes that include slick new styling that not only provokes envious looks from other drivers but also lowers the already low 0.32 drag coefficient to 0.30.

Also on tap are race-car-derived double-wishbone suspension and a more powerful fuel-injected power plant. The base CRX engine is a 1.5-liter four-cylinder that produces 92 horsepower, while the higher-performing Si motor is a 1.6-liter with 105 hp, enough to let you indulge your most Mittyesque race-driver fantasies. It might be a good idea to prepare your witty retorts in advance, because, as Leno noted, "Get stopped for speeding in this thing and the cop's first question is going to be, 'OK, Krypto, where's the meltdown?'"

Next on Leno's must-drive list was the Mitsubishi Mirage Turbo. With the introduction of a turbocharged model in 1984, the Mirage, also sold under the name Colt at Dodge dealers, made a giant evolutionary leap from econobox to a three-fourths-scale muscle car disguised as a three-door hatchback.

A four-door sedan is also available, but only with a 68-hp, 1.5-liter, four-cylinder engine, while the Turbo model is powered by a 1.6-liter that puts out 105 hp. Both are available with a standard five-speed manual or optional three-speed automatic transmission, though, as Leno said, "Ordering a Turbo with an automatic is like putting army boots on a race horse."

The Turbo hatchback is distinguished not only by the motor but also by a sport-tuned suspension (stiffer springs, shocks and sway bars), turbo-boost gauge and an add-on aero body kit consisting of front air dam, rear spoiler and side sills. The exterior is devoid of the large turbo graphics with which many manufacturers festoon their vehicles, but the interior makes up for it with "turbo-accented" upholstery fabric and a large Turbo logo in the middle of the steering wheel.

"My automotive sensibilities were formed in an era when if you had a Nardi wood-rimmed steering wheel on your car, you were hot stuff," said Leno. "To my eye, the steering wheels on all these new cars look like something off a video game, and the dashboards look like a GoBot about to change into a laser-powered whirlpool."

Moving down the line, Leno slid behind the wheel of the white-on-white Chevrolet Turbo Sprint (that and red-on-red are the only two colors in which it's

available). Built for Chevrolet by Suzuki, the Sprint is the smallest car ever to sit in a Chevrolet dealer's showroom. It's made in only a two-door hatchback style.

The 1.0-liter turbocharged and intercooled three-cylinder engine pumps out a healthy 70 hp. Leno felt that the engine "sounds like Popeye humming *Pagliacci*, but it moves the car down the road like Mighty Mouse on steroids." Loosely translated, it means that the Turbo Sprint can accelerate from a standstill to 60 miles per hour in ten and a half seconds.

In addition to the turbocharger and the intercooler, the Turbo Sprint's capabilities are enhanced by wider tires and upgraded suspension, an add-on aero kit and dual tail pipes. "This is a car you can drive as fast as you want all the time and never get a ticket," said Leno. "Paint a red cross on the side, put flashing lights on top, and everyone will assume you're rushing to the robot hospital for a battery transplant."

Walking around the Nissan Pulsar NX prior to taking it for a blast down Sunset Boulevard, Leno observed that "this car has



such a California look about it, you just know that the guy who designed it still has his surfboard up in the rafters of his garage. And he might even take it down and use it once in a while."

In fact, the Pulsar is built in Japan, but it was created at the Nissan Design International center in San Diego, which accounts for the surf-modular styling. And it is the first mass-produced modular automobile, made so by virtue of the interchangeable bodywork in the rear. It can be converted from a coupe to a convertible to a station wagon, all with simple hand tools and all without ever losing its sporty character. Power is supplied by a new, larger, 1.8-liter, 16-valve, four-cylinder engine that puts out an enthusiastic 125 hp.

"What a clever idea," Leno noted. "A station wagon/sports car so you can get to the country club by tee-off time. Too bad I left my transistorized golf clubs in my other suit." The SportBak station-wagon module is a \$925 option that led Leno to speculate about future offerings. "Perhaps a drop-in whirlpool bath so you can unwind on the way home from the office, or a portable transporter so you could have Scotty beam you up when you get stuck in traffic."

And traffic tends to magnify the virtues of a nimble little car, such as the new Daihatsu Charade. Daihatsu is the ninth, smallest and last of the Japanese auto manufacturers to enter the U.S. market. The vehicle it chose for the task is the Charade, one of the new breed of liter cars. Powered by a 993-c.c., 53-hp, three-cylinder engine, the Charade went on sale December first at 122 dealers in eight Southwestern states.

The Charade has been sold in 70 countries for the past ten years, so although it's new to these shores, Daihatsu (of which Toyota owns about 15 percent) has plenty of experience building small cars. And it has identified a new target market for the car: upscale young professionals looking for a graceful way to unshoulder the burden of Mercedes payments. Or, as Leno put it, "I expect you'll be seeing a lot of these on Wall Street in the near future. Do they make a stretch version so the chauffeur has someplace to sit?"

Company officials claim the marketing plan is working, and the Charade has some typically Germanic virtues, including a two-door body style that is at once contemporary and conservative. It feels bigger inside than outside, and it feels solid, even at speed. Although the current model does not pretend to be a sports car, the multivalve, turbocharged GT Ti model, already available in Japan (and doubtless soon to be available here), is a sports car that does not need to pretend.

No pretense was involved in the "world car" concept that

Ford was espousing a decade ago. Its dream was of one single vehicle that met every country's regulations and could be sold all over the world. What reality served up was a car built all over the world, the Festiva. Conceived by Ford of Japan, developed in cooperation with Mazda (of which Ford owns 25 percent), the Festiva is assembled by Kia Motors, one of South Korea's leading vehicle makers.

Just 140.5 inches from bumper to bumper, the Festiva has 98.4

cubic feet of interior room, which is a measurement you'd expect from a car two feet longer. "I hear AT&T is going to put out a special edition," said Leno. "It's the Clark Kent model, with dark-tinted windows for people who change their clothes in public."

The engine is a frugal 1.3-liter four-cylinder that puts out 58 hp and, combined with the optional five-speed manual transmission (a four-speed manual is standard), gives the Festiva the lowest EPA estimated annual fuel cost in the Ford line—just \$366 per year.

Three trim levels are available, of course, but they all ride down the road on rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, MacPherson struts in front and torsion beam in the rear. Pretty much standard fare these days, but the Festiva has a smooth, willing personality that comes through when you motor briskly. As long as you don't fling it into the turns thinking sports-car thoughts, you can think fun-car thoughts all the way from A to B.

Nor is Ford the only auto maker with a world car sitting on the showroom floor. Pontiac is in the game, too, with its latest deluxe transpo module, the LeMans. Tales of the car's convoluted lineage threw Leno into game-show overdrive: "And now, for the matched set of nymphets and an all-expense-paid weekend to Plato's Retreat, give us the complete history of this car in 25 words or less."

Well, it was named after a famous European race track, engineered by Adam Opel Ag. in Germany, built by Daewoo in a Korean town called Pupyong. Count 'em, pal. Now, where are those nymphets?

The LeMans is available in a two-door Aerocoupe and a four-door sedan, both powered by a

1.6-liter four-cylinder that puts out 74 hp. We're talking zero-to-60-mph acceleration in the 13-to-15-second range and fuel economy of 31/40 (city/highway) miles per gallon with the standard five-speed manual transmission, or 27/32 with the optional three-speed automatic.

TV commercials for the LeMans are positioning it as an econo/sports car for the enthusiast driver, and it is appropriately nimble on the road. But the particular virtue that sticks in the mind is that it handles and rides like (continued on page 164)

## **BABY BOOMERS JAY LENO'S SWEET 16**

### **MAYTAG-MOBILES**

**Toyota Tercel**

**Volkswagen Fox**

**Hyundai Excel**

**Plymouth Horizon America**

### **NEW AGE SLOT CARS**

**Honda CRX Si**

**Mitsubishi Mirage Turbo**

**Chevrolet Turbo Sprint**

**Nissan Pulsar NX**

**Daihatsu Charade**

**Ford Festiva**

**Pontiac LeMans**

### **TURBO BEEFCAKE**

**Mazda 323 GT**

**Isuzu I-Mark Turbo**

### **LAWN TRACTORS FOR THE MASSES**

**Suzuki Samurai**

**Subaru Justy**

**Yugo GV**

# china dolls



By PAUL THEROUX

**O**NCE, IN A back street in Calcutta, a wheezing Bengali snatched my arm and said, "You want Chinese girl?"

I had been hurrying to get a train ticket at Howrah. I had promised to meet someone after that. It was midday, and the humid heat of the Hooghly River penetrated the crowded city

and made it stink. I had wanted to get everything done—my ticket, my shopping, my appointments—and then head out of there. The Bengali had caught me just as I had set off on what I expected to be a busy day, in which I had no time to spare.

And yet, without the slightest hesitation, I abandoned all my

WHY THEY ARE  
THE GIRLS

OF SO  
MANY DREAMS









plans and followed this pimp deeper into the city in search of the Chinese girl. I imagined her reclining on a couch in a large bedroom of a rotting hotel. She would be young and pale, the color of a wood shaving and just as thin, and wrapped in flimsy silk, with the blue fumes of a joss stick perfuming her. I saw brilliant red Chinese characters on the wall, and perhaps a tapestry, and the Chinese girl smiling in the semidarkness as I entered. She would lift her hand from her breast and murmur and beckon

to me with the two-inch crimson nail on her forefinger.

The stories in those parts were well established. These girls were ferocious in the street, but in bed, they were slaves. They began by giving you a soapy bath, and then they dried you and massaged you or else walked up and down your spine naked. They made love to you by taking the active part, treating you as some exotic being and producing rapturous sensations in every part of your body. When you were exhausted, they pillowed









your head; and when you woke up, they brought tea and a cold towel and pleaded with you to return.

But this Indian I was following seemed a little baffled by these alleys and these crowds. He said he was lost. And then, after we had found the place, he slapped his forehead and said that the Chinese girl was out for the day, but what about this other one? She was Tibetan. She sulked in a narrow room on a burst-open mattress. She looked lumpy and unwashed. I made

my excuses to the Indian and hurriedly left.

Anyone who wonders why I was tempted needs his head examined, and it was simply bad luck or Indian hyperbole that deflated my hopes. Every man's fantasies are uniquely and strangely his own, but if there is a common denominator, it has something to do with the exoticism of the East—the beds in the East are soft, and the women are smoother, nakeder, sweeter and more willing. It is perhaps a dream of naked pleasure



inspired by the dusky and bare-titted imagery of countless South Seas specials of *National Geographic*. But more likely, it is the conventional wisdom that they do things differently in the Orient. Nothing is more tempting than the forbidden, and the Oriental woman seems like a mythical beast or a superior species of human designed to give pleasure.

All such fantasies are, I suppose, a confidence trick you play on yourself—the worst sort of self-delusion. But so what? In the realm of the senses, nothing is what it appears. It is no good saying that such women may be shrewish, materialistic and talkative—the aura, the whispers and associations are what matters. What the Chinese woman does perhaps better than any other woman is inspire a man—she sets his imagination on fire by representing his fantasies. And the great thing about fantasies is that they are triggered by suggestion and they happen in your head. Isn't most sex single-minded and private?

The West has many forms of feminine beauty: the cheerleader, the hourglass, the nurse, the nympho, the pneumatic mother figure, the surfer girl, the game-for-anything groupie, and more—each one a distinct physical type. It is easy to imagine what jobs they hold and how they dress. I knew a man who was wildly aroused by the expression bored housewife—he pictured a pretty woman at an upper window hunger-

ing to be stuffed. It is probably an effect of our multicultural upbringing, this non-Oriental notion that beauty comes in all shapes and sizes.

Beauty in the East is one particular woman. She is smooth and vaguely snake-like. Her hair is always black and straight, her fingernails long, her feet very small—foot fetishism has always been popular in China and it did not end when foot binding stopped. She is always slim, even thin. Her hooded eyes are always black, her eyebrows narrow and her lips slightly fuller than you would expect. She is nearly always small, but because she sets off her erotic feet with luxurious shoes, she may appear taller. Looking at a Chinese woman, you understand why the Chinese euphemism for a snake is "little dragon." There is something reptilian and not quite human in her beauty.

I know there are one billion people in China and that about half of them are women. It is obvious that I am generalizing. But with a culture that is so old and well established, so integrated and so like-minded, it is possible to make certain generalizations with confidence. If you asked a Chinese man what physical traits he valued in a Chinese woman, he would describe them by repeating the classical attributes—black hair, small breasts and feet, dark eyes, slim, submissive. There are no Valkyries or cheerleaders in Chinese society, and even Hong Kong and Singapore

and Macao, which have been exposed to Western influences for well over 100 years, have not evolved a different ideal. And yet the mere fact that this Chinese woman is predictable does not make her less desirable.

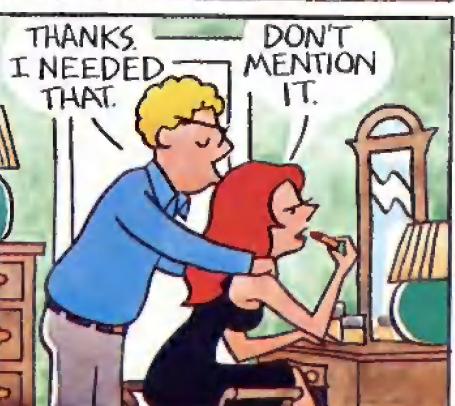
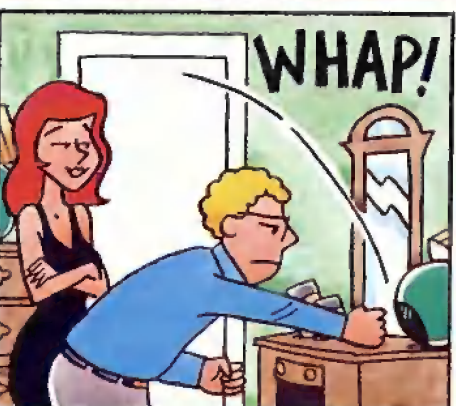
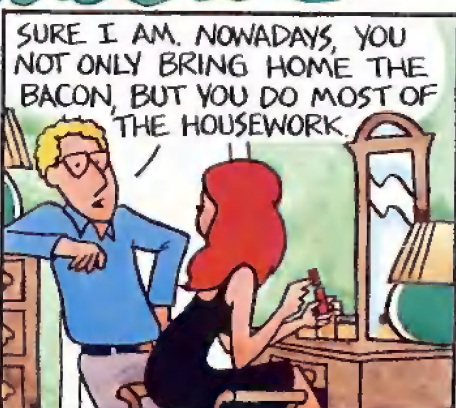
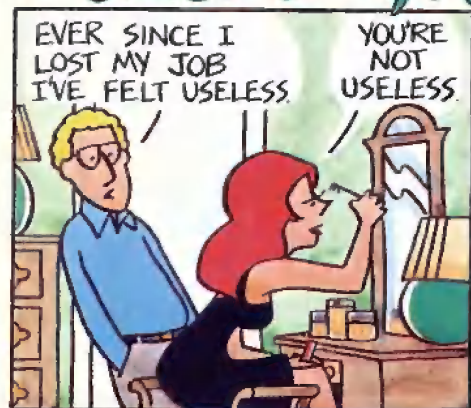
The Chinese woman is never a mother figure, and although she is sometimes thought of as a slave or a courtesan, such roles do not do her justice. She is altogether subtler, even innocent-seeming. The Chinese man usually draws his sexual stereotypes from classical literature, mythology and the imagery that is inscribed on old bridal beds, all about penetrating the lotus and discovering the jade. But this classical creature—the dragon lady with claws and a cunt like a flower blossom—is different from the Chinese woman a Westerner sees.

For one thing, she is seldom a woman. Even a middle-aged Chinese woman looks girlish, so what she represents is youth and vitality. She is obedient, she is lovely, she is small and perfectly formed. I suspect that for most men she is a daughter figure, an incest fantasy, and that she illustrates in the desire she arouses the breaking of our oldest taboo. She is the opposite of the big, raunchy bimbo of frat-house fantasies, yanking her great flopping boobs out of her blouse and saying, "Wanna play telephone?" She never raises her voice. That alone is erotic.

The Chinese woman symbolizes silence. That is her daughterly and submissive quality. The only sound that you associate

## Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON



with her is a whisper of invitation. Her youth is also a kind of agelessness—as a matter of fact, most Chinese women have exquisite skin, like yellow velvet, and thick tassellike hair. Her sensuality and obedience allow us to imagine ourselves as dominating and protective at the same time. But this is also part of the fantasy, because this woman is in total control, even though it does not seem so. That is why it is like sex with mirrors: The eroticism is calculated, but it is never obvious.

Perhaps with all this ancient wisdom of the arts of lovemaking and the studious working out of the physical ideal there may be a loss of spontaneity. The sexual ritual might make some Chinese women cynical. Certainly, in all senses, they are the mistresses of manipulation. But these are the dramas of the sexual life. It is never simple, and the Chinese woman knows how to give it tension. And it is frequently more than just fantasy—sex is magic; sex is also power. How could a woman who has this effect on a man not realize it? The Chinese woman, I think, knows that she is in possession of a tremendous secret. Her confidence and self-possession are also part of her sensuality. She knows why she is attractive; she may even emphasize her Chineseness by making herself thinner, paler, blacker-haired, silkier, more slant-eyed; make-up is important to the Chinese, and the natural look is for tractor drivers. The very look of a Chinese woman is an aphrodisiac.

That look is described in the greatest Chinese pornographic novel, the classic *Golden Lotus* (*Chin P'ing Mei*). This book has been banned in China since the Ming dynasty (1368–1644). *Golden Lotus* is a woman who becomes the mistress of a horny young man called Hsi-mên. This is his first glimpse of her: "Her hair was as black as a raven's plumage; her eyebrows mobile as the kingfisher and as curved as the new moon. Her almond eyes were clear and cool, and her cherry lips most inviting. . . . Her face had the delicate roundness of a silver bowl.

"As for her body, it was as light as a flower, and her fingers as slender as the tender shoots of a young onion. Her waist was as narrow as the willow, and her white belly yielding and plump. Her feet were small and tapering; her breasts soft and luscious.

"One other thing there was, black-fringed, grasping, dainty and fresh, but the name of that I may not tell. . . . It had all the fragrance and tenderness of fresh-made pastry, the softness and appearance of a new-made pie."

That is the Chinese ideal, the ultimate edible woman.



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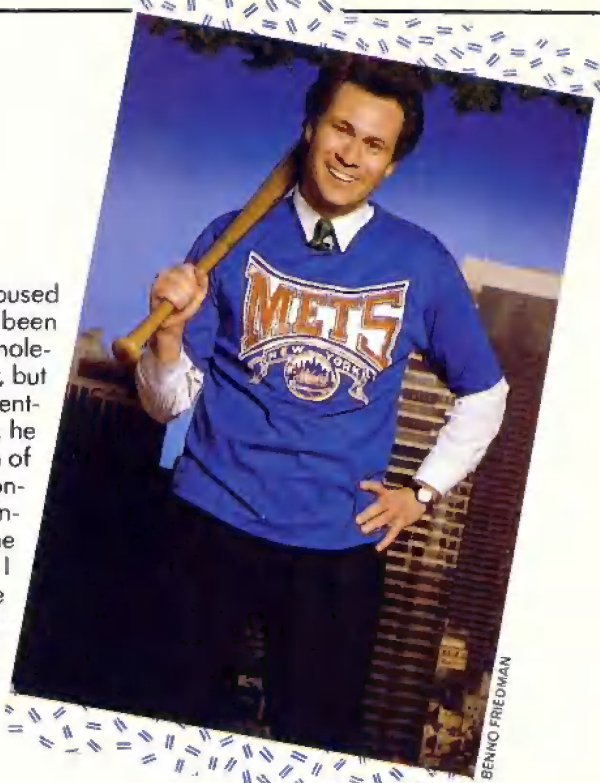
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# FAST FORWARD

## FIGHTING PHILISM

get tired of seeing stories on TV about how women are being abused and discriminated against—or how they're evolving. Men have been evolving, too," insists **Bob Berkowitz**, 37, the *Today* show's mole-issues correspondent. "We've been opening up, giving up power, but that never seems to get discussed." Berkowitz, however, discusses it relentlessly. "On TV, you still see a lot of mole bashing." The prime basher, he says, is Phil Donahue. "Phil puts down men in a way you'd never dream of putting down women or blacks," says Berkowitz, who once called Donahue "the Benedict Arnold of our gender" to his face and dismisses gender traitors as "Uncle Phils." "We're not touchy-feely animals, men," he says. "We rarely stop and say, 'What's great about being a man?' I think we need to." At home, Berkowitz cooks for his wife, combs the country for man-interest stories, fights Philism wherever it rears its hoary head and still finds time to watch his beloved New York Mets. "I still dream of playing in the major leagues," he says. Mets insiders rote Berkowitz a long shot but say Donahue swings like a girl.

—KEVIN COOK



BENNO FRIEDMAN

BENNO FRIEDMAN

WHAT  
INQUIRING  
MINDS  
WANT TO  
KNOW



"When I need something to help me unwind/I find a six-foot baby with a one-track mind/Smart guys are nowhere, they make demands/Give me a moron with talented hands." "Women really love that song," says comedienne turned singer-songwriter **Julie Brown**, 28. Titled, appropriately enough, *I Like 'em Big and Stupid*, the song is one of the ten trenchantly funny tunes on Brown's much-talked-about album, *Trapped in the Body*.

of a White Girl. Another offbeat song, *Earth Girls Are Easy*, began as a parody of a *National Enquirer* item but has taken on a life of its own and now threatens to become a movie starring Jeff Goldblum and, of course, Brown herself. Off stage, Brown leads a normal "June Cleaver" type of life. "The weirdest thing I do is read," she says, admitting that *Hollywood Wives* is one of her favorites. "If you put this stuff in your brain, a lot of times, it will cough itself up at some point."

—VICTORIA SHEFF



PAUL GREMMER

## DOO-WOP GOES HIGH TECH

In this age of highly synthesized sound, nobody relies on just the human voice, and that's one of the things that make the **Nylons**, and their ever-increasing success, unusual. They're an a cappella group, but one with a hint of controversy, as tenor Claude Morrison readily admits. "We're not so much a cappella as rockappella," he says. "Some purists might argue that it's no longer a cappella, because we use drums. But where do you draw the line between finger snapping and percussion? There are no tonal instruments, no piano, no bass; there's just us." "Us" is Morrison, Paul Cooper, Arnold Robinson and Marc Connors. Their sound would amaze old doo-wop acts such as the Chords with its technical sophistication. "We're using technology that wasn't available back in the Fifties," explains Morrison. "Now we can use echoes and twist our voices. But the human voice hasn't changed and never will. People can relate to our music, because it's human."

—MERRILL SHINDLER

## LOUIE, LOUIE

Life was not always good for comedian **Louie Anderson**, 35. Once, the deft, deadpan and decidedly portly comic played a room full of Hell's Angels. "I thought I was in big trouble, but I did really well," he recalls with a touch of whimsy. Of course, he admits to having made some minor alterations in his act. "I did leave out all my kill-the-bikers stuff," he says with a smile. Since then, his career has taken off, with numerous *Tonight Show* appearances, a Showtime special and a co-starring role in *The Wrong Guys*, a movie centering on a cub-scouts reunion. "We get in trouble with a murderer, and at the end, our moms all save us," he explains. Anderson was the tenth of 11 children of an alcoholic father. "I would say that 90 percent of my family is crazy and the other ten percent is missing." He does, however, see a bright side to his past. "If I'd had a normal childhood, maybe now I'd be asking, 'Did you want fries with that, sir?'"

—TOM NOLAN

JAMES SCHNEPP



## BITTER TRUTH (continued from page 66)

*"The wildest thoughts assailed him: Should he wake up Shmerl and tell him the truth?"*

friend of mine."

That Friday night, they all three ate the Sabbath meal. Although Zeinvel was careful not to ask any questions, she told him that she was an orphan on both sides and had worked a few years in a chocolate factory in Warsaw. It was clear to Zeinvel that she had chosen to put an end to her vile life. But how had this come about? Did some rabbi make her repent her sins? Did she suffer some terrible sickness that shattered her? Was it her love for Shmerl? Did she experience some startling event similar to what he was going through tonight? There was no point in racking his brains over an enigma that only God or perhaps death could solve. She was receiving Zeinvel with a dignity that had apparently become her second nature.

The two old friends talked half the night. The rest of the night, Zeinvel tossed and turned in his bed. The wildest thoughts assailed him: Should he wake up Shmerl and tell him the truth? Should he leave stealthily and run away in the direction of Warsaw? Should he tell Rachelle that he recognized her? He hoped that Shmerl was

not the victim of treachery, like so many men he knew. Shmerl, the husband of the most salacious strumpet he had ever known! At this thought, Zeinvel's body became alternately hot and cold and he heard his teeth chattering. Some perverse power made him play with the idea of taking advantage of Rachelle's problem for his own enjoyment. "No, I would rather die than commit an abomination like that," he murmured to himself. Dawn was breaking by the time he fell asleep.

Both man and wife greeted him in the morning: she with a glass of tea and he with a Sabbath cookie, which one is allowed to take before the morning prayer.

"What is the matter with you? You look tired and pale," Shmerl said to him. "Did you have bad dreams?"

"Did my gefilte fish upset your stomach?" Rachelle asked playfully.

And he answered her, "I haven't eaten such delightful fish since I escaped from the Bolshevik paradise."

On the way to the synagogue, Zeinvel said, "Shmerl, I want to ask you something."

"What do you want to ask?"

"What is dearer to you? The truth or your comfort?"

"I don't know what you mean. Speak simple Yiddish," Shmerl said.

"Imagine that you were given a choice to know the truth and suffer or to remain deceived and be happy; which would you choose?"

"You are speaking strangely. What do you mean?" Shmerl said.

"Answer me."

"What's the point of truth if people suffer from it? Why are you asking me all this?"

"There was an article about it in the Warsaw newspapers and they asked the readers to express their opinions," Zeinvel said.

"The newspapers print all kinds of nonsense. Someone may tell me that tomorrow, God forbid, I will break a leg. What would I gain from knowing this beforehand?" Shmerl said. "I would rather eat my Sabbath meal in peace and let God worry about tomorrow."

"Suppose someone came and told you that you were not your father's son but a bastard, and your true father was a dog-catcher. Would you be glad to learn the truth or would this enrage you?" Zeinvel asked.

"Why would I be glad? People would rather not know such an outrageous thing."

"*Nu*, so that's how it is," Zeinvel said to himself.

"But why do you waste time with such balderdash? Old bachelors and old maids have nothing better to do with their time and they dream up impossible events," Shmerl said. "Once you are happily married and you find the right business, you won't pay attention to newspapers and their silly garble."

Zeinvel did not answer. He stayed with Shmerl until Monday. Monday morning, he announced that he must return to Warsaw. All of Shmerl's protests and pleadings were to no avail. Even more than Shmerl, Rachelle seemed to insist on his remaining in Reivitz. She promised to find a fitting match for him and a lucrative business. She went so far as to offer him a partnership in their haberdashery, since they were in need of an experienced tailor and especially an honest one. Zeinvel could hardly believe his own ears. She spoke to him with the ardor and devotion of a loving sister. She besieged him to tell her the truth: Why was he so eager to return to Warsaw? Was it because of a woman? Was he keeping a secret from his best friend? But Zeinvel knew that he could not bear to witness the deception into which Shmerl had fallen. He was also afraid that he would be unable to keep his secret forever and might eventually cause the couple's ruin. All the powers of heaven and earth seemed to conspire that he go back to Warsaw and return to his tedious job, neglected room and bought love, and to the loneliness of one who is forced to face the bitter truth.

—Translated by Deborah Menashe



*"I knew when we met we were just right for each other!"*

*"Barry Wine does a very nice mashed-potato, foie gras and crisp-bacon pizza at home."*

those dispensed at neighborhood pizza parlors, frankly, they are hardly worth the bother. But if you crave something special, a bona fide gourmet experience, go for the homemade, by all means. Think of your pizza as an open-faced sandwich and cover the crust with your favorite tidbits—marinated baby squid, hot chili peppers, prosciutto, whatever you like. Barry Wine does a very nice mashed-potato, foie gras and crisp-bacon pizza at home.

If you fear the crust, not to worry. The step-by-step recipe that follows makes rolling your own a breeze.

Now that you're hot for a gourmet-pizza fix, review the pointers on pizza preparation in the accompanying sidebar, *Hot Pizza Tips*, then proceed with the recipes.

*Buon gusto!*

## BASIC PIZZA CRUST

*(Makes one or two 12-in. crusts or three to four smaller crusts, depending on thickness)*

- 1 envelope active dry yeast
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 1 cup warm water (110° Fahrenheit)
- 3–3½ cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons olive oil

Dissolve yeast and sugar in ¼ cup warm water. Let stand until foamy, about 10 minutes. Combine 3 cups flour and salt in large bowl. Stir in remaining water and olive oil. Add yeast mixture and mix well. Transfer dough to well-floured surface and knead for 10 to 15 minutes, until it's smooth and elastic. If dough seems sticky during kneading, add a little more flour. Put dough in large, lightly oiled bowl and turn to coat all surfaces. Cover bowl with towel and let stand in warm place until dough doubles in bulk, 1½ to 2 hours. Punch dough down, cover bowl and let dough rise for another 30 minutes. Shape dough into ball, place on lightly floured surface and flatten with your hand. Roll or stretch

dough into circle of desired size, ⅞ to 1 in. thick. Pinch around edge of circle to form rim. (This helps keep ingredients from sliding off.) Top and bake pizza crust as indicated in the recipes that follow.

## SPAGO SMOKED-SALMON-AND-CAVIAR PIZZA (Four small pizzas)

- 1 recipe pizza dough
- 3 teaspoons minced chives
- 4 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
- 6 tablespoons *crème fraîche* or sour cream
- 3–4 ozs. smoked salmon, sliced paper thin
- 4 heaping tablespoons golden caviar
- 1 heaping teaspoon black caviar

Place pizza stone in oven; preheat to 500° Fahrenheit for 30 minutes. Knead 2 teaspoons minced chives into pizza dough. Roll or stretch dough into 4 8-in. circles. Place pizzas on lightly floured peel (see *Hot Pizza Tips*) and brush with olive oil to within 1 in. of edge. Slide pizza crusts onto stone and bake 8 to 10 minutes. When golden brown, transfer them from oven to serving plate. (You may have to do this in 2 batches.) Spread each with *crème fraîche* or sour cream. Arrange slices of salmon over cream. Place spoonful of golden caviar in center of each pizza, then spoon a little black caviar in center of golden caviar. Sprinkle salmon with remaining chives.

*(concluded overleaf)*

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QUILTED GIRAFFE WASABI  
PIZZA WITH TUNA SASHIMI  
(Four small pizzas)

The Japanese ingredients in this recipe are available at Oriental markets or gourmet food shops. Wasabi is Japanese horseradish powder. To use, mix to a paste with water and let stand about 30 minutes.

- Wasabi mixture (see below)
- 4 unbaked pizza crusts, each 6 to 7 ins. in diameter
- Corn meal
- 2 teaspoons toasted sesame seeds (approximate)
- 1 cup finely shredded carrot
- 1/3 cup finely shredded daikon (Japanese white radish)
- 1 tablespoon *shin mirin* (Japanese sweet sake, used for cooking)
- 1 tablespoon rice vinegar
- 1/2 tablespoon soy sauce
- 3/4 lb. very fresh yellow-fin tuna, sliced 1/8 in. thick and cut in 2 1/2" x 2" rectangles

Place heavy metal baking sheet in oven; preheat to 450° Fahrenheit. Prepare wasabi mixture, below. Assemble pizzas on peel lightly sprinkled with corn meal. Prick all over with fork. Spread each pizza with thin coat of wasabi mixture. Sprinkle lightly with sesame seeds. Transfer to preheated baking sheet; bake 6 to 7 minutes, until medium brown. Spread about 1/4 cup wasabi mixture on each baked pizza. Overlap 4 tuna slices on one side of each

pizza. At last minute, toss carrot and daikon shreds in mixture of *shin mirin*, vinegar and soy sauce and mound about 1/2 cup mixture opposite tuna and sprinkle with sesame seeds.

**Wasabi mixture:** Beat together 6 ozs. cream cheese, 5 ozs. ricotta cheese, 2 1/2 tablespoons *shin mirin*, 1 1/2 tablespoons each wasabi paste, rice vinegar, white wine, 1/2 tablespoon fresh lime juice, 1 teaspoon salt.

CHEZ PANISSE AROMATIC  
GORGONZOLA-AND-ROSEMARY  
PIZZA  
(12-to-14-in. pizza)

- 1-2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1-2 tablespoons butter
- 4 onions, thinly sliced
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- 12-to-14-inch unbaked pizza crust
- 1/4 lb. gorgonzola cheese, at room temperature
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh rosemary (or 1 teaspoon dried)

Place pizza stone in oven; preheat to 450° to 500° Fahrenheit. Heat 1 tablespoon each olive oil and butter in large skillet. Add onions, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook over very low heat for about 1 hour, until brown and caramelized; add more oil and butter during cooking if necessary. Place pizza crust on well-floured peel. Spread with onions, dot with crumbled gorgonzola and sprinkle with rosemary. Transfer to pizza stone; bake 12 to 15 minutes, until browned and crisp. Remove

from oven and sprinkle with freshly ground pepper.

DAVID'S FRENCH-BREAD  
SHITAKE-MUSHROOM PIZZA  
(Two pizzas)

A terrific new kind of pizza from cookie tycoon David Liederman of David's Cookies, ice cream and now French-bread pizza. The dish is a favorite at Liederman's Chez Louis restaurant in New York.

- 1 crusty French-bread baguette, about 12 ins. long
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 1 tablespoon red-wine vinegar
- 2 garlic cloves, very finely chopped
- 12 fresh *shitake*-mushroom caps, medium size
- 1/2 cup fresh tomato sauce or pizza sauce
- Salt and freshly ground pepper, to taste
- Grated parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 450° Fahrenheit. Cut bread in half lengthwise; brush each cut side lightly with olive oil. In bowl, combine remaining olive oil with melted butter, vinegar and garlic. Add mushroom caps and stir to coat. Arrange mushroom caps in single layer in shallow baking pan and bake for 5 minutes; remove from oven. Place bread on baking sheet. Spread each with 1/4 cup tomato sauce and top with row of 6 mushroom caps. Sprinkle each with salt, pepper and parmesan cheese. Bake 10 minutes.

GREAT PERFORMANCES  
PISSALADIÈRE  
(Two pizzas)

*Pissaladière* is the French version of pizza. Great Performances is a premiere Manhattan caterer.

- 1 sheet frozen puff pastry (8" x 10"), thawed (see note)
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon water
- 2-3 ripe tomatoes, thinly sliced
- 8 anchovy fillets, slivered
- 1/2 cup pitted black olives, chopped
- Freshly ground pepper

Preheat oven to 350° Fahrenheit. Cut puff pastry sheet in half lengthwise. Trim 3/4-in. strip off edges of each half. Lay strips on edges to make border of durable thickness. Prick all over with fork. Place pastry sheets on lightly oiled baking sheet. Beat egg with water, and brush all over pastry, including borders. Place tomato slices in row inside borders, slightly overlapping one another. Arrange anchovy slivers on top of tomatoes. Sprinkle with chopped olives and pepper. Bake 20 to 30 minutes, until borders are puffed and brown. Cut into pieces, serve immediately.

**Note:** Frozen puff pastry is available in supermarkets.

Pizza loves a party! Get some good beer, good wine, good people and mix well. Add a couple of pizzas cut in finger-sized wedges and watch your party take off.



"Andy Warhol said everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes. Maybe I'll get laid then."

## HOT PIZZA TIPS

For a chewy, yeasty, slightly bready crust, you want it on the thick side,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. or so. Thick crusts bake a little longer at a lower temperature and accommodate a greater load of topping.

Thin crusts are crisper, almost crunchy. Roll or stretch them out to about  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. They bake a shorter time at a higher temperature. Don't overbake, or you'll have a brittle, dried-out pizza.

Don't worry about symmetry of crust. A free-form pizza can be attractive.

Moist topping ingredients should be drained well before going on crust. Otherwise, the shell may pick up moisture from the topping.

All toppings should be able to cook completely in 12 to 15 minutes. If they cannot, precook them before placing on crust (bacon, eggplant, fresh pork, etc.).

Don't overload the pizza with so many toppings that the crust can't bake through. (Go light with heavy ingredients.)

For a quick-fix tomato sauce, use a ready-made pizza sauce or a thickish spaghetti sauce, such as the Paul Newman brand.

Check bottom of pizza before removing from oven to see that your crust is brown and crisp.

When topping a pizza crust, leave a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. border around the edge.

If you're using a prepackaged pizza crust or mix, check the directions for baking temperature and time, since they may be different from those given in our basic pizza-crust recipe.

A *pizza stone* is a round, flat, heavy stoneware baking surface. When preheated in a very hot oven ( $450^{\circ}$  to  $500^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit), it provides the jolt of intense heat that gives the pizza crust proper crispness. A preheated heavy metal baking sheet or cast-iron griddle can substitute for the pizza stone.

A *peel* is a long-handled paddle on which to assemble the pizza so that it can be slid onto the preheated pan in the oven. You can also build the pizza on the back of a baking sheet. Give the peel or sheet a few shakes to make sure the pizza is not stuck before sliding it onto the baking pan.

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WACKY!  
WONDERFUL!

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

*"Stalking the fair sex, Indy is artless. Remember where he lassoes Kate Capshaw with his bullwhip?"*

tough worm to swallow. People were confused as to whether they were supposed to admire him or hate him, and they couldn't quite live with the fact that they were supposed to do both.

I've never really understood the concept of heroes. I don't have heroes. I guess there was about six months when I thought Hank Sauer of the Cubs was a pretty important person. And then I read about Abraham Lincoln, and he was my hero for a while. But I don't remember having any heroes from the movies. I don't know what that's all about.

8.

PLAYBOY: What will we never see you do in a film?

FORD: I don't have any rules. I just try not

to be in films with a point of view with which I'm not sympathetic. I'm not interested in films that have nothing to say. I can't say I wouldn't, for instance, play a Nazi war criminal. I would do anything if it made a good point, had significance. I haven't ruled out musicals, either. Maybe I could be a musical Nazi war criminal. ... It's a thought.

9.

PLAYBOY: How do those toy action figures in your likeness compare with the real thing? Which has more movable parts?

FORD: [Laughs] I haven't really tried to bend one of those little suckers. I don't know; they probably lack a certain anatomical detail. To tell you the truth, I don't think I've ever actually had my

hands on one of those dolls. I've seen them. They used to send me big boxes of *Star Wars* toys as they were manufactured, but I usually just gave the samples away, unopened. I know that it's supposed to be my likeness, but I don't take it personally. I just don't connect with it. I mean, those were George's [Lucas] dolls, George's movies. I just worked there.

10.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the secret life of Indiana Jones. What does he do between adventures? Explain his way with women.

FORD: I have no fantasies in that direction. You'll be appalled at the lack of drama in my theories. Indiana Jones, as I see him, is currently reading the latest journals of archaeology, grading papers, trying to catch the eye of the librarian and calling his mom on Mother's Day—nothing very intriguing. But if I were to imagine an off-screen life comparable to his on-screen life, I wouldn't be able to play him with a straight face. So I have to think of him as a real person with a real life.

As for stalking the fair sex, his approach is artless. Remember the scene at the end of *Temple of Doom*, where he lassoes Kate Capshaw with his bullwhip? I guess he's not a subtle guy. In fact, the only difficulty I ever have with George and Steven [Spielberg] about these stories is that the women have no real weight. The love interest is always engaged in this bitchy kind of repartee with Indy and then falls in a dead swoon for him. I never could understand exactly why.

11.

PLAYBOY: Just how proficient are you with a bullwhip?

FORD: [Slyly] I do all my own whipping. But it's not a skill I keep up between films. I'm starting to retrain myself for the next one. It's a bit like riding a bike. Once you've learned the basics, you remember them, so that you're not lashing yourself about the head and shoulders as you do when you're beginning. I have bullwhips in various lengths and practice with them on posts and trees. Now it all comes naturally—wrist action, you know. I must say, though, that it was hard to find somebody to teach me. Amazingly, there aren't that many expert hands with a bullwhip.

12.

PLAYBOY: As a notorious list maker, what's on your current list of things to do?

FORD: At this moment? I have to get the storm-window adjusters out of the local hardware company. I have to draw up the details for the sauna I'm building. I have to find my passport. I'm supposed to pick up something here in town for Melissa, but I've forgotten what it was, so I have to call her and find out. Which is why I make lists to begin with. It derives from a bad memory, a scattered brain. I love lists. Well, what I *really* like is crossing stuff off lists.



*"What'll it be, original or new crispy?"*

13.

PLAYBOY: How would you explain to the uninitiated the sensuous joys and wonders of a hardware store?

FORD: Well, they're not what they used to be. They're all bubble pack nowadays. I used to enjoy the places that had boxes of nails and screws and various farm implements and machinery. I used to be able to go in and discuss with the guy behind the counter the concepts and methods of doing things: what item might best suit a project. They used to know something about that.

These days, anything out of the ordinary has to be tracked down and ordered. They no longer sell good tools in hardware stores. Most people have no use for good tools anymore. They'll mistreat and lose a screwdriver before they worry about how much temper there is in the blade. I suppose that says more about a culture than it does about a hardware store. We're living in a disposable, replaceable, jerry-built world.

There was a wonderful place near downtown Los Angeles, Andrew's Hardware. It had five floors of hardware. It was heaven. You'd walk in and smell that red or green sweeping compound on the well-worn wood floor. Gave it that woody smell. Now it's been replaced by a neighborhood Ace store with those plastic packages of ten little screws.

14.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk carpentry for a moment. What have you built that you're especially proud of?

FORD: Well, the piece of property I bought here in the country had no buildings on it. I put in a road, the electricity and water, a workshop, a couple of other buildings and, finally, the house. I really enjoyed doing that. I'm proud of most of the work that I've done for other people, of the houses that I've built. I was lucky enough to always work for people in Hollywood who could afford to have quality work done. I'm sure there will be some who'll feel terrible about being inadvertently left out here, but I did work for Sergio Mendes, Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, Sally Kellerman, director Richard Fleischer, Talia Shire. Steven [Spielberg] makes me go over to the house he's constructing and tell him how long it's *really* going to be before he can move in. That's the one area of expertise that he really values me for.

15.

PLAYBOY: Many have tried and failed. Can you describe the sound of a nail being yanked out of oak?

FORD: Green oak or dried oak? Green oak, by virtue of being new and moist, would be less audible. With dried oak, though, it's the classic screech. I don't do nail

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imitations, but I do remember it's a halting kind of screech.

16.

PLAYBOY: One of your summer jobs during college was working as a cook on a yacht in Chicago. What were your specialties?

FORD: Well, really, I knew nothing about cooking at the time. My mom gave me an old copy of *Joy of Cooking*, and I also relied on the *Chicago Tribune's* reader service, which was still in existence. I'd call them up and ask them whatever I needed to know. I'd say, "This is Harrison again. I know you told me yesterday, but how long do you have to bake a potato? What temperature?" The people I worked for were heirs to the Swift meat-packing family, and all they ever wanted was dead cow, anyway. They were very easy to fool. Unfortunately, we were out on the water frequently and Lake Michigan can get *very* choppy. I was deeply seasick most of the time. In retrospect, managing to cook under those circumstances was probably the most heroic thing I've ever done.

17.

PLAYBOY: The world may not be ready to hear this, but can we have the sordid de-

tails of your appearance on *Love, American Style*?

FORD: The producers called me on a Friday and said they wanted me to play a hippie. But there was no time to get me to a costumer. I was to report for work first thing Monday. My character was a hippie who comes to pick up the daughter of a normal middle-class couple. They were to be appalled by my appearance and presence, but I was to furnish them with some sort of helpful hippie philosophy that would mend their troubled marriage.

Monday morning, I went into make-up. I had long hair and a beard, but the first thing they did was ask me to cut my hair and shave. I tried to explain that I was playing a hippie, but they mumbled something about "America inviting me into its living room" and how we wouldn't want to "offend." And I thought, Oh, shit, I'm in trouble here.

But I carried on and went into wardrobe. They asked me to step out of the blue-chambray work shirt and jeans I was wearing and put on a navy-blue shirt with this high collar with contrasting white stitching on it and a pair of burgundy jeans made out of some plastic material with a wide white belt. They even had a scarf with a little ring to put around my neck. And I

thought, Somebody has *clearly* made a mistake here.

So, rather than argue with the wardrobe people, I just put on these clothes and went looking for the producer to point out that I'd been miscostumed. I walked onto the set and somebody directed me to a man standing with his back to me. I tapped him on the shoulder and, when he turned around, I saw he was wearing the same thing I was. He was a hippie producer, I guess. A Hollywood hippie. At least the check went through when I got paid.

18.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that, early on, you considered changing your name to Kurt Affair?

FORD: I'd gone out to Hollywood from the Midwest and was hired as a contract player with Columbia, one of the last of that breed. The studio guys thought my name was too pretentious for a young man. They had an idea about remolding people into what they thought the audience wanted to see. I was sure that the most important thing for an actor was to hold on to what was individual about himself. I just wanted them to stop asking me about changing my name, so, as an alternative, I suggested the dumbest name I could think of—Kurt Affair. They were understandably chagrined. Feel free to use it, by the way. Motel registers, anything. Then again, it may not be exactly right for motel registers.

19.

PLAYBOY: In *Frantic*, your character is a heart surgeon. Is this the first time you've played doctor and been paid for it? Learn any useful medical techniques?

FORD: [Chuckles] Yeah, this is my first doctor. But this is a doctor who does practically no doctoring on screen. I already knew basic C.P.R., and there's a moment when I do that. Still, I wanted to know what the guy actually did at work. It seemed important in order to better understand the character—even if it didn't show up in the film. I met with a couple of heart surgeons and I spoke with other surgeons about heart surgeons. I learned there's a certain degree of authority they have in their world that they seem to want to take into the outside world. Heart surgeons, especially, I found, are among the elite of the doctor world. I also found a certain elegance or vanity of gesture that was common to these guys. Lots of hand movements. I already gesture enough with my hands, so that wasn't a challenge. [Grins] I'm not a doctor, but I play one on TV.

20.

PLAYBOY: Have you driven a Ford lately?

FORD: [Pained] Oh, God. I've got a Ford tractor and a Ford truck. A serious answer to an unserious question. You keep giving me the opportunity to be witty and I keep blowing it. My wit is spotty, you know? [Chuckles] No fault of the messenger to Garcia.



*Inlandi*

"You and your 'first-date lectures' on sex.  
She blew him in the driveway!"

*"It felt like I'd been bound and gagged and sealed in a plastic pod to die," I said."*

two years before, when I'd tried to drive one of the loud, slobbering monsters these people call Funny Cars. There's enough irony in that name to shred your ear drums from 100 yards away, and it's for sure that whoever coined it had never popped the clutch and stood on the gas in one of those things, because that's the kind of experience that can blow the word funny out of your vocabulary for a year.

Pig, I thought, as the jet took off down the runway and pressed me gently back in my seat.

Not that I needed to be getting cocky about it. I hadn't done all that well in my first attempts to drive a Funny Car. In fact, I worked on it for five days and didn't even get a full quarter-mile run for my efforts. It didn't help that I went into mortal dread of the machine every time the pit crew started it. Top-end dragsters like the ones we were using can run a quarter of a mile in approximately six seconds. In order to do that, they have to go from a dead standstill to 100 miles per hour in just over one second, which is less time than it takes to say 100 miles an hour. That's a felony violation of the law of inertia and it doesn't take advanced physics to figure out that the weapon you're going to be driving to accomplish this little crime against nature isn't really an automobile. It's an explosion dressed up to look like an automobile. So, unless you're used to working with your butt strapped to a bomb, there's some fear to it.

I got the big fright on me early the first morning in the garage while I dressed. The car hadn't even been started. It was sitting there, as quiet as a museum piece, with its white fiberglass body cracked into the open position, showing off the monstrously beautiful geometry of its huge engine.

"Around 2000 horsepower, 500 cubic inches," one of the crew said, as he helped me on with my fire suit.

"That's big," I said, which is about as deep into motor-talk conversations as I can go. But if the numbers didn't mean much to me, at that moment, I didn't need them to be convinced that I was warming up to do something serious. I was pulling on fireproof long johns with a hood that covered everything but my eyes and nose, heavy quilted pants and jacket, high silvered boots, long silvered gloves and a Darth Vader-style helmet that immediately cut my air supply in half and scented it with the sharp stink of whatever it is that makes this gear impervious to blowtorch heat.

People don't dress like this unless they're

going off to flirt with something truly awful, I thought as I waddled to the car. If there are beekeepers in hell, they dress like this. I crawled up under the body and lowered myself into the tight aluminum bucket seat. My heart went into a hyper trot as two of the crew adjusted the accelerator, the brake and the little butterfly steering wheel to my reach. They fastened the wide shoulder and lap belts and pulled until I was as small as they could make me, until it hurt. Then they dropped the body and locked it down, and suddenly all the air was gone. For a few seconds, I thought I might pass out. When I didn't, I forced my-

self to breathe slowly, evenly, and I looked around. The massive drive shaft sat between my legs. The huge rear tires sat six inches from my ears. The big chrome supercharger blocked my view out the windshield. When the crew opened the body, I hit the harness release with my fist, climbed out faster than I should have and then confessed that I'd almost panicked.

"It felt like I'd been bound and gagged and sealed in a plastic pod to die," I said.

"Wait till we turn it on," said one of the crew.

"The only thing we guarantee is that it's going to be harder than you think to drive these cars properly," Frank Hawley, founder of The Drag Racing School, told us in the opening classroom session before our first exercises in the car. I had absolutely no illusions that the experience was going to be easy for me, so I figured he was talking to my classmates. Both of them—an



*"I now pronounce you man and wife. Before you kiss the bride, Donald, I think I should remind you that the laws of this state specifically forbid the use of the tongue."*

airline pilot from Chicago and a businessman from New Jersey—were dedicated amateur drag racers. They loved the sport and, although neither of them had ever driven anything near the size or power of the Funny Car, you could see in their eyes and hear in their voices that they were gung-ho for the chance to test themselves in the six-second machines. And because Hawley knows that the two greatest illusions among American males are, first, that they are good in bed and, second, that they can drive anything, he spends the first hour or so with his students trying to talk the hot blood up out of their extremities and into their brains, where it belongs.

"Driving a dragster is more a mental exercise than a physical one," he said. "It's not your reflexes that are most important here, it's decision time. How fast can you think? How aware are you? What kind of judgment do you have? Your previous experience isn't going to mean much. These cars are not like anything you've ever driven, and if you don't believe me, that's all right, because humility is self-taught around here. If you are like most people, when the engine starts, you will go brain dead. The first time you try to drive this car, it could go off at a 30-degree angle—and you wouldn't know it."

On that note, he cued a 20-minute video montage that is to drag racing what military sex-education films are to sex. We watched as the *1812 Overture* played over clip after clip of dragsters veering out of their lanes into each other, going airborne, slamming the walls, then turning into fiery smears, the middle of which—you knew as you watched—was occupied by a human being who was all of a sudden just another chunk of smoking shrapnel arching up out of the blast.

Somehow, the cameras get to these guys almost as soon as the safety crews. Incredibly, nobody in this grisly video was killed or seriously injured, which meant that about the time these poor stunned bastards staggered free of the smolderings and got their helmets off, somebody was putting a microphone in their faces, asking them what had gone wrong.

"I don't know . . . got a little crooked, but I thought I could get it back. Throttle mighta stuck, I'm not sure . . . got some tire hop, I think. Yeah, I'm all right. Hurt my feelings more than anything else."

Hawley wasn't buying their explanations. The truth about every disaster in this film, he said, was that the driver could have saved himself and his car by simply taking his foot off the accelerator at the first sign of trouble. He used the slow-motion and stop-action buttons to show us what he meant.

"Right here," he said, as the car on the screen pulled just a hair left in the first microsecond off the line. "You see that little puff of tire smoke on the left side? He felt that, and he should have known he was in trouble *right there*. He thought he could get back in shape, but watch what happens

when he corrects. *Now* look at the angle he's on, and he still hasn't let up. Now he's sideways." We watched as the slow-motion camera stretched two seconds to ten, as a time-lapse fireball obliterated all sight of man and machine. "And these cars don't drive sideways too well," said Hawley, and the way he said it told you that he had been *in* this particular movie.

In fact, Hawley claims that his own early career was a model of recklessness. "I was Rambo out there," he says, "knife in my teeth, bandanna, blood all over the place. I hadn't figured out how to execute the quarter mile yet, so I just attacked it."

Frank Hawley started driving on his fourth birthday, when his parents gave him a go-cart, which he raced around the family farm in Ontario. Almost as soon as he had a license to drive on the street, he had a license to drive a top-fuel dragster. At 18, he and a friend took a car out onto the circuit, and for six years, they hoboed from track to track. They lived on beans eaten from cans they'd opened with tin snips and heated over welding torches. They fished through the trash for castoff parts that still had some life in them. And when they won a little money, they spent it on what they'd broken. Listening to Hawley talk about those brave and foolish days, you can tell these are fine memories, full of so much laughter and single-mindedness that you could probably guess where the stories were going, even if you didn't recognize the large ring with all the little diamonds that he occasionally wears. It's less garish than most of the Super Bowl and world-series rings you see, but it symbolizes the same thing. In 1982, driving a car called the Chi-Town Hustler, Hawley won the National Hot Rod Association Funny Car World Championship. And he did it again in 1983.

"Remember this," he told us just before we stepped into the 106-degree heat of the Florida morning for our first dry run. "Make sure your right foot is attached to your brain at all times."

It's hard to say what your brain is attached to as you sit behind the wheel, waiting for the pit crew to start the engine for the first time. There's a check list to run through and hand signals to remember, and the controls are arranged in a way that makes perfect sense if you know what you're doing and no sense at all if you don't: Hand brake on the right and you have to push on it, but whatever you do, don't pull the trigger that's spliced to it, because that sets off the fire bottles in front of the engine, which cost \$250 to refill and you'll have to pay for it . . . unless there's a fire, of course; fuel shutoff lever on the left; reverser handle between your legs; parachute lever on the roof over your head; gearshift buttons on the steering wheel, which doesn't look or feel at all like the wheel on your mother's Buick but is, at least, where it ought to be, as are the clutch and the accelerator.

Hawley stands out front and to the left of the car, which is on blocks for the first exer-

cise. One of the crew hooks the heavy starter to the front of the engine, while a second gets ready to squirt alcohol into the fuel injector from a plastic bottle. Then all three of them look at your eyes as if they were gauges, as if their lives depended upon their seeing the right mix of fear and focus in there. You nod, they pull the trigger, Hawley plugs his ears and watches as the angriest roar you've ever heard shakes your bones and bowels, as his prediction comes perfectly true under your helmet—brain death.

The exercise was simple. On signal, we were to release the clutch and give it just enough gas to roll the tires forward, use the brake to stop them, put it in reverse, roll the tires backward, then put it forward again, then gun it three times, so that we could feel the short, delicate temper of the accelerator. Simple. Except that nothing is simple while your brain is awash in adrenaline, while your body is reading every sensation as a death threat. I never did find out how many decibels there are in the roar of a 2000-horsepower engine, but decibels would be too clinical a measurement, anyway. This noise hurts, promises mayhem and draws the coward up out of you in ways that need an earthier description than will ever come out of a laboratory. If you can imagine yourself surrounded by all the Hell's Angels who ever lived, gunning their Harleys, looking at your girlfriend, you'll have some idea of the way a Funny Car sounds and what it does to your heart.

By the time Hawley drew his fingers across his throat in the signal that means "Shut it off," I was a mess. I was breathing as though I'd run a mile, I'd sweated through my underwear from hood to ankle elastic, and along with my fumbling and hesitation, I'd made a serious mistake by using my right hand on the reverser, which meant I had to take it off the brake. My classmates hadn't done much better and Hawley used the quiet, military style that lurks just below his articulate good humor to dress us down.

"I have to ask myself," he said, "if this guy can't follow a few simple procedures, why would I send him down the track at 200 miles an hour?"

The car was taken off its blocks and the body was attached for the next exercise, which was exactly like the first, except that now we were actually driving the car—a few feet forward, a few feet back—which meant we were working with the equivalent of live ammunition. I'd expected it to be a little less terrifying the second time in the seat, but I'd been dreaming. When the body was locked down, there was the claustrophobia to deal with, along with the lonely sense that if anything went haywire—stuck throttle, my hand off the brake at the wrong moment—it was all going to end badly somewhere in the piny woods that flanked the track down past the finish line. I actually rolled through the whole thing fairly smoothly. Still, my favorite moment in the whole business was when I

# ЛЕНИН БЫ ДЕДИНИ

*Lenin by Dedini*



*Lenin's poor old mother.*



*Lenin, in the quiet of his bath, anticipates the rise of Soviet Yuppies.*



*Lenin, during an imaginary walk with Lincoln, has a frank and substantive talk.*

*"I'm wired by the K.G.B."*



pushed the fuel shutoff forward, the rpms rose and then died, filling the air with sweet silence.

The last business of the afternoon was a gentle drive-around, from the starting line down the track to a turnoff at the first of the escape roads, then back to the garage. I gingered the machine up to about 60 miles per hour. It handled well and I probably would have felt even better than I did about it if I'd had the throttle open more than about one eighth.

When I arrived at the track the next morning, the first thing I saw was the crew forcing the spring-loaded twin parachutes into their packages on the rear of the car. In the classroom, the first thing Hawley said was, "Doing a proper burnout is probably the hardest thing you'll learn at this school."

Burnouts are a crucial piece of drag-racing theater in which the driver pulls through a puddle of water to the starting line, hits the throttle and spins a driven plume of white smoke off the rear tires, as the car moves 50 or 100 feet down the track in a kind of slow-motion power skid. The purpose of the maneuver is to heat the tires and the track; to lay strips of rubber on the pavement, so that when you back up exactly onto them, the car will have the perfect adhesive traction of rubber on rubber and can make a catlike start without any tire spin at all.

It was going to take finesse on the accelerator, Hawley told us, and a lot of steering—small quick corrections, no big jerky moves—to stay straight. "It's like driving on ice with full power at 100 miles an hour," he said, as he talked us through the technique. Too much throttle can blow the engine. Too little can cause the tires to catch and sling you right or left into the concrete retaining wall.

I tried to take notes as I watched my classmates try their first burnouts. I ducked away from the roar, watched the tires skinny up as they began to spin; I ate the bitter white smoke, saw them let up almost immediately as they felt the force of what was happening, then stop and back up hesitantly. But I didn't get any of that into the notebook. All I wrote was the word FEAR on a page all its own.

Hawley had told us that it takes half your brain to be afraid, and as I pulled my helmet on, I thought, Yeah, and the other half is entirely taken up with trying to find an excuse for not doing this thing: stomachache, temporary blindness, loss of motor control, chest pains. Finally, though, the only feeling worse than suffering the fear is giving in to it, and maybe it's a good thing, or else no one would ever have eaten the first potato, much less let himself be strapped into a machine like this.

The crew rolled me through the water, started the engine, and I gave them thumbs up. Hawley motioned me forward a bit, then gave me the "whenever you're ready" signal and moved back. I sat for a long moment with my hands on the wheel. Then I

hit it, and a storm of sensation blew away all thought as the car rose, filled with smoke and moved slowly out, though it didn't sound slow or feel that way. Almost instantly, some electric survival signal pulled my foot up, the tires caught, the car hooked violently left, then coasted 100 yards down the track to a gentle stop. I sat with my hand on the brake, wondering if I'd done everything I was supposed to do, trying to remember what came next. I put it in reverse and backed slowly, using the center line to guide on. A hundred feet from the starting line, Hawley appeared in front of the car and pointed his finger right and left until I rolled onto the stubby little tracks I'd left.

A while later, we stood over our crooked tracks while Hawley read them like an Indian. All three of us had let up too soon, and none of us had done any steering as the cars squirreled off the line. In fact, I'd spent my two seconds of panic with only one hand on the wheel, though I had no memory of that. As soon as I'd punched it, my right hand had evidently decided it had business on the brake and went over there by itself.

On my second and third attempts, I did a little better at getting my various body parts to do what my brain was asking of them during the burnout: still short, still crooked, but less timid. On the fourth try, however, Hawley upped the ante by telling us that when we backed into our tracks this time, he wanted us to make our first start. Take it about 50 feet out, he said.

I let up too quickly on the burnout, again, but this time it wasn't reflexive. I just overfinessed it. I backed into my tracks, pulled forward exactly to the starting line and made my final cockpit checks. Then I watched the light tree: Yellow, green—"Punch it," I told myself, but the message took a long, confused second to get to my foot, and when I did step into it, mind and body were out of sync, which meant that when the almost instantaneous three-g force hit me, I pretty much took it for the end of the world. The next thing I knew, I was rolling to a stop. And I remember saying to myself, out loud, "Mother of God."

"How far do you think your run was?" Hawley asked me as I pulled my shaking body out of the machine.

"About 50 feet?"

"Five feet," he said.

Terror will do that, of course; make five feet seem like 50. But even fear wears itself out by its own heat, and sooner than you'd expect, even the most threatening experiences are returned to the cooler hemispheres of the brain, where five feet is five feet again, where the violence and the noise are just the weather in this particular part of the forest.

The next morning, when I got into the car, I was still afraid and I still made mistakes, but I knew what they were before Hawley told me, and as my fear dwindled, I began to feel the subtleties that lay just

below the fury of the machine. The natural tendency to stomp on the accelerator and wrestle with the wheel gave way to smaller, smoother moves and the car responded as if it had been holding out for me to stop yelling and ask quietly. The time contained in a second seemed to double and then double again.

Hawley lengthened my leash run by run: from 100 to 400 to 800 feet. And by my last afternoon, I was jacked, ready for a full-power, subseven-second, two-parachute ride, and I think I might have had it if one of drag racing's nasty little mechanical spooks hadn't overtaken me.

My burnout was long and smooth and straight, and as I pulled back and sat on the rubber it left, I felt like the monster in the monster. At the green light, I stepped into it and the car blew off the line so hard that it cracked my helmet into the back of the roll cage and I lost sight of track for an instant, but I didn't let up, and three seconds later, I had speed I couldn't believe . . . then, without warning, the car shook so violently that I was sure it was in the first seconds of an explosion. Everything went white, my foot came off the pedal and a moment later, I was rolling smoothly again, coasting. I crossed the finish line at about 96 mph, with a time around ten seconds, having done at least a quarter of the run without power.

"Tire shake," said Hawley when I asked him about it. "Happens sometimes. The tires actually come out of round. Sometimes you can drive through it, sometimes you can't. You did the right thing by getting off it."

It wasn't so much a sense of failure that kept me from writing the story when I got back. Real failure always makes a good tale. But what I'd made was a nice try, and no matter how I worked trying to put that into words, I couldn't keep it from violating the wisdom of the theater that says if you hang a gun over the fireplace in act one, it had better go off in act three. Even if it takes two years.

"Sure," said Hawley when I asked him if I could come back to Gainesville and take the course again. "We'll get you a fast ride this time."

The school had prospered while I was away. Nearly 300 students had left their rubber signatures on the starting line since I'd left mine. And there was new equipment: Along with the Funny Car, there were two gasoline-powered racers and an alcohol dragster, the long needle-nosed car sometimes called a rail.

"We're successful, but we're not getting rich," Hawley said with an understated sort of pride that seems to sign the book contract and the movie deal with one hand while it knocks on wood with the other. In three years, no one's ever been hurt at The Drag Racing School.

There were four other students in the

class with me this time, all experienced amateurs, and they came into the first lecture with a collective excitement that would have burned like methanol if you could have distilled it.

"If I had a wish, this was it," one of them told me.

After the fireball video, Hawley talked about the difference between fast and quick. "Speed by itself doesn't mean much," he said. "You came down here on an airplane at 400 miles an hour, eating dinner. Quick is something else, and it doesn't necessarily have anything to do with speed. Houseflies are slow—four miles an hour top speed—but if you've ever tried to catch one, you know they're quick. And it's the quickness you'll notice in these cars. Takes a Camaro IROC-Z almost 20 seconds to go from zero to 100 miles an hour. A Lamborghini Countach, around ten and a half seconds. A dragster using nitro for fuel will do it in right around one second, and the driver will take a force of six gs off the line. We use methanol in these cars, so you're only going to pull about three gs in there. But you *will* notice it."

"It'll drive the goddamn blood out of your eyeballs," I wanted to add, but I didn't. I expected to be rusty at best, and since I was going to be driving the rail this time, I figured that I might even have to go back through most of the fumbling and at least some of the fear.

From my first moment in the rail, I liked it better than the Funny Car. Its longer wheelbase gave the ride a more stable, arrowlike personality, and there was something reassuring about having the engine behind me instead of in my face. Sitting there in the open air with a clean sight down the low, pointy nose of the machine gave me a feeling that I was aimed at the finish line in a way you just don't get at the wheel of the Funny Car.

Then, too, I've always thought of the rail as the no-frills pure-breed dragster. This is the car Big Daddy Don Garlits and Shirley Muldowney drive. The car that Joe Amato highballed to a world record 282 miles an hour in 5.2 seconds at the U.S. Nationals in 1987. And Amato had done more that day than travel faster than any drag racer before him. He'd also come up with the best description I'd ever heard of what this sport has always been reaching for.

"We got this out of the movie *Spaceballs*," he told a reporter the day he broke the record. "When one of the funny-looking guys said to the other guy, 'We're gonna put it on warp drive,' he said, 'No. I don't want warp drive, I want ludicrous speed.' So every time we talked about going fast over in our pit, we said we're gonna go at ludicrous speed."

The class pretty much moved along the same emotional curve as it had two years before. Let-me-at-it exhilaration gave way to serious depression as the burnouts came up short and went crooked, as Hawley flogged us for the mistakes that we kept making. And since we reviewed all of our exercises on video tape this time, no de-

nials or excuses were possible.

By the fourth and last day, things had begun to gel for everybody, and the camaraderie that always springs up among people who do dangerous things together led into a conversation that I'd overheard my first time through the course and that has probably come up in every class Hawley has taught.

"This is better than sex, no contest," said one of my classmates.

"At least as good," said another.

I couldn't quite make the connection for myself, but it seemed like an inevitable and harmless enough comparison. As long as you don't start telling your troubles to a dragster, as long as you don't finish with your lover in six seconds.

The crows were in the pines discussing things that last morning, and the track was a blechy yellow in the hazy sun. A little before my last try at a full run, I walked the quarter mile, from the starting lights to the finish line, and it took me almost three minutes at an easy clip, the pace at which human beings were designed to cover 440 yards. One of my classmates made his last run in the Funny Car, and it was a good one. I was about ten feet from him when he blazed through the trap and his air bubble literally blew me back a foot. Even so, the small birds on the wires above the track didn't even fly, just swayed as he went by.

The things we adjust to, I thought as I sat with one hand on the wheel, the other on the brake, staged, waiting for the lights, eager, happy, just exactly frightened enough. I got off the line beautifully. I saw everything—the wall next to me, the end of the track, the blur of trees. I hit the shift button 100 feet out, and from there on, all I did was hold it straight and ride what felt

like some huge, magnetic suck tide. Three quarters of the way there, I took one hand off the wheel and got it onto the parachute lever behind my right ear. I was going so fast that only an act of faith kept my foot down, and maybe the most unbelievable thing about the whole shot was that when I crossed the finish line going something like 100 yards a second, *the car was still accelerating*, still wanting more, and in that moment, I swear it felt as if we were nearing some great rip in the universe the other side of which the laws of physics don't apply. I popped my foot up, jerked the parachute free, and when it caught the air a second later, it felt as if the hand of God had grabbed me by the collar. These cars slow down as quickly as they take off. Which was just fine with me. I got on the brake, and 200 yards later, I rolled to a stop, shut the engine down and then just sat there in the perfect stillness. Breathing. Toes buzzing. Thinking nothing.

Hawley pulled up in his truck about 30 seconds later. He had a big smile on his face, and when I was on the seat next to him, he said, "I can't wait to see how you describe *that* feeling."

"I'm not sure there are any words to bring back from that zone," I told him.

Later, when he passed out our diplomas, he said, "It's always irritating when these media types come down here and turn in the best times of the week." The little card he handed me said I'd done the quarter in 7.264 seconds, at 185.95 miles an hour.

Since then, of course, I've had time to put my run in some perspective. I mean, Joe Amato could have given me a two-second head start and blown past me on the finish as if I were the sound from the event and he were the light. Still, ludicrous is ludicrous.



*"For Pete's sake! Relax and stop worrying about how much heat we're losing up the chimney."*

TELL IT TO THE KING *(continued from page 90)*

*"We were talking about marriage. Lenny Bruce said, 'Honey is the best blow job. That'll keep you home.'"*

the way out of this? Gotta do it the American way. 'Uh, fella? See that cop down there on the next corner? Go ask *him*.'"

Sometimes Don Rickles would be on the show with Lenny and would try to talk sense into him, usually a losing proposition. "Lenny," he'd say, "are you crazy? Is this gonna help your life, Lenny? Is this a major thing in your life with the Raiford uniform? Maybe it'll get you beat up, and then you can walk around the streets and beg. Is this gonna be a bit? Lenny, wear a suit. Dress up, stand on stage. Make a little money, take care of your mother."

Lenny was not known as a conventional joke teller. One time, when I had him on, I decided to confront him about it. "Lenny," I said, "one of the complaints about you is that you never tell a joke. Everything with you is a weaving of stories and insights, but do you ever just tell jokes?"

Lenny said, "OK. Joke. One of the great arguments of all time is between those who think that human nature is shaped by genetics (the way you're born is the way you'll be) and those who think it's shaped by environment (the way you're *raised* is the way

you'll be). This is a story that maybe doesn't give you the answer but shows you the complexity of the questions.

"A family goes to Yellowstone National Park on vacation—mother, father and three children. On the way back to Los Angeles, the parents look in the back of the car and—Holy Jesus! They forgot the one-month-old kid. Hey, it happens. You gotta clean up, gotta worry about Smokey the Bear, so they left the kid.

"They're halfway home, and now here's the dilemma. If they turn back to get the kid, the father blows his sales meeting in the morning, the monthly sales meeting for the May sweep at the car dealership. He'll never get that day back, but he can always have another kid. They go on to L.A. and they leave the kid in the park, and the kid is raised by wild dogs for 18 years. One day, one of the dogs, in a fit of logic, realizes they've done wrong and that the kid doesn't belong with them, so they leave him out on a highway and split. Now this kid, who's spent one month as a human child and 17 years and 11 months as a dog, is picked up by passing motorists. The kid enrolls in the

University of Chicago, graduates Phi Beta Kappa. Valedictorian. He's called the most promising student in Chicago in ten years and is hailed by the president of the university as a young man with an unquestioned future. And—*bam!*—one day, he's killed chasing a car."

Pure Lenny.

Another thing I liked about Lenny was that he was the first guy I knew who would just say anything. Once, we were out to dinner at Joe's Stone Crab in Miami Beach—I was with my first wife, Alene, three other couples and Lenny and Honey. We were all talking about the merits of marriage and the subject came around to what we liked best about our mates. The rest of us were coming up with things like "He has a great sense of humor," or "I like the way she thinks." Lenny sat there and said, "Honey is the best blow job in America." This was 1960. "That'll keep you home," he said. "Any time I think of straying, I think, She'll go down on me anywhere. Please pass the cole slaw."

Then there's Mel Brooks. As a comedian, Mel Brooks is in a class by himself; he has that special kind of genius that allows him to get into a character and improvise. On any given night, Mel might come onto my show and be, for instance, the 2000-year-old man. He would find a way to fit the character to the circumstances. Mel was my guest the night the United States put a man on the moon. I said to him,

## STYLES VARY.



"We're on the moon. What a historic night. You're 2000 years old. How do you feel about this?"

"Ah, I love the moon," he said. "The moon is my favorite thing in the whole universe."

"Why?"

"For 311 years, I thought I had a cataract. One night, a guy named Irving said, 'Isn't the moon beautiful tonight?' I said, 'The wha?'" He said, "The moon." I said, "The moon? It's not a cataract?"

Then I asked him if he'd known Moses.

"I helped him," he said. "Helped him get out of Egypt."

"How?"

"Moses had a speech impediment. He stuttered. When he was standing in front of the Pharaoh, it was embarrassing. There was 'Luh, l-luh, l-luh, l-luh.' So I hit him in the back: 'Let my p-puh-people go.' He died a hunchback."

"He died a hunchback? From what?"

"From carrying the tablets. 'Thou shalt not' alone was 83 pounds."

What I love about Mel is that you can ask him a question that's impossible to answer and he stays right in character. I asked him if he'd been there the night Christ died.

"Yeah, I was there," he said. "I was on the hill at the Crucifixion."

"How'd you feel?"

"Terrible. I went home—couldn't eat my rice pudding. I couldn't eat it, couldn't

touch it, couldn't go near it."

Out of character, Mel can be even funnier. I once showed him a picture of my daughter, Chaia, and he said to me, "This is a curse."

I said, "What do you mean, a curse?"

"The worst curse in the world is a pretty daughter," he said. "This girl is gonna break your heart. With an ugly daughter, they're always there: 'Pa, whaddaya need?' Saturday night they're home. 'Whaddaya need? I'll make you dinner, Pa.'"

"I'll tell you another thing," Mel said. "You got an ugly daughter, you don't need a clicker to change the television channels—they get up and do it for you. They'll sit there and they'll turn it all day long. This one," he said, looking at the picture, "this one, you'll be in a nursing home when you're 55 years old. She's gonna visit you. She's gonna come visit you in the nursing home, in a Porsche, with a guy named Lance. Lance is gonna look out the window the whole time he's there, with sunglasses on, impatient. She's gonna lean over and say, 'Don't dribble your food down your chin, Pa—Lance doesn't like that.'"

All that out of one photograph.

If there's one person I'd give anything to interview, it's Laurence Olivier. I've done so many interviews about him, I've had so many actors discuss him, that I don't think I'd ever run out of questions. Tony Randall said he'd swim the Atlantic to work with

him for free. Charlton Heston's biggest thrill in show business was not the Academy Award he won; it was completing a scene with Olivier in the movie *Khartoum* and having him say, "Great work, Chuck."

Olivier is not a Method actor. He works off a higher intelligence, according to Anthony Quinn, who told me a funny story about him. They were doing *Becket*, and Quinn was really thrilled, because he was working with Olivier and because his name and Olivier's were both above the title on the marquee—which any actor would kill for.

"When you're an actor," Quinn told me, "you naturally assume that other actors work the way you do. Rehearsals are going very well, and I assume that Olivier is going back to his dressing room and *becoming* Becket. Because I'm certainly becoming the king, which is my role. So I'm tough to live with the last two weeks, because I've become the king. I start to think about what the king was like when he was a child, what the king would have done the morning of this scene, and so forth. I assume that Olivier's doing the same thing, because we're really cooking in rehearsals."

"And now it's opening night. And I am as much the king as I can be—I'm 98 percent the king. I'm sitting on the throne. There's electricity in the house. Olivier is standing next to me, and the archbishop is stage center, making a speech, and I'm listening to him. Olivier is also listening and

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he will respond in about a minute.

"Suddenly, he starts tugging at my robe. This isn't in the scene. I don't know what to do. Has he forgotten something? He keeps tugging. I lean forward and he leans over to me and says, 'Tony, where the fuck do you get good English beer in New York?' The next minute, he's talking to the archbishop, perfectly in character. I couldn't believe it."

I'll tell you an Olivier story that most people probably don't know. Olivier was originally supposed to play the title role in *The Godfather*. He was all set to go, and then he got sick, and they gave it to Marlon Brando. Robert Duvall, who had seen Olivier test for the Godfather, said Olivier was *incredible*. He didn't put anything in his cheeks, but he had a perfect Italian accent. Duvall said, "He had a sneer on his mouth, with happiness in his eye."

Duvall also told me what it was like working with Brando. I asked him, "When you're working in a scene with him, is he the character or is he Brando?"

"That's a good question," Duvall said. "We're actors and we react off one another, but we're sane human beings, too. We know there are lights and a crew, and I

know that's Marlon and he knows I'm Robert. So when he was acting in those scenes, we all knew it was Marlon Brando. Except sometimes."

I asked him what he meant.

"Sometimes he was so great," Duvall said, "that he was Don Corleone, and he scared us. There was this scene where he turned around and said, 'No!' We had suggested something, and he was *supposed* to say no; but we all stopped cold—me, James Caan, Al Pacino. We were frightened to death: Corleone was mad at us. It was because of moments like that one that we all came to watch Brando when we weren't in the scene with him."

Brando is a little out of it now, though. Tommy Thompson told me a revealing story about him. Thompson was a wonderful writer who wrote *Blood and Money* and later died of cancer. Brando was his good friend. *Apocalypse Now* had just come out, and it was playing to wildly mixed reviews: They loved it, they hated it. Meanwhile, Brando was in Tahiti. Thompson flew to Tahiti, Brando met him at the airport and drove him to his place in a pickup truck.

"I wanted to say something nice to him," Tommy told me. "So I said, 'Mar-

lon, I saw you in *Apocalypse Now*. You were terrific.' And Brando said, 'Is that the one where I was bald?'"

I would have to say that one of my favorite politicians was Hubert Humphrey. Over the years, I got to know Hubert well and came to love him for his humanity as much as for his political convictions. The last time I interviewed him was five weeks before he died. We were discussing loneliness and greatness and how the public's impression of fame or greatness can be so different from the private realization—as we learned that Lincoln suffered from depression or that Churchill, too, had moments of great despondency. Humphrey told me he had checked into Sloan-Kettering just before the holiday season—they had diagnosed cancer and were going to begin treatment—and he called his wife, Muriel, and said, "Go visit the kids. I'm going to start this treatment tomorrow morning; I want to be alone and get a good night's sleep. No sense your staying here."

"So I'm in this private room in Sloan-Kettering," he told me, "and I pick up the phone and call the switchboard. I say, 'This is Vice-President Humphrey. I'd like not to be disturbed.' Then I read a little, and I've just turned off the light to go to sleep when the phone rings. I say to myself, Damn. I pick up the phone and it's Richard Nixon. He's in San Clemente, recovering from phlebitis, and he's all alone. He's all packed to go spend time with the kids. And we talk for two hours. We talk about old times, we talk about cancer, we talk about Watergate. We were just two old warriors."

I was almost crying when Humphrey told me that story. Here were two men who'd run against each other for the Presidency in one of the closest elections in American history, and who couldn't be more different from each other. Now it's nine years later; one of them is dying of cancer, the other is out of office, in disgrace. And they're both alone, commiserating with each other.

I was with Barry Goldwater at the Republican Convention that nominated Nixon to run against Humphrey. The Republicans gave Nixon a party the night before the nomination that turned out to be a pretty wild night. We all had a lot to drink and started talking about women, as men do when they have too much to drink. Goldwater started telling stories about a German girl he'd slept with five or six years before.

Shortly after Kennedy had been in Germany giving his famous "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" speech, Goldwater went over on a fact-finding tour. He said, "There was this German girl, a secretary from our embassy, who was unbelievably gorgeous." He described a cross between Ursula Andress and Romy Schneider. "I was over there alone for seven days and on the sixth day—Barry did it." That's the way he



"Aw, c'mon, now—do you really want a gay, hemophiliac intravenous-drug user to bleed all over you?"

spoke about himself—in the third person.

"Now I'm back," he said, "and as the opposition-party leader, the perfunctory courtesy is to call on the President to discuss my visit to Germany. And then we're supposed to hold a mini press conference in the Rose Garden for ten minutes. I walk into the White House, and Dave Powers meets me in the Oval Office. Kennedy comes out of the shower—Jack showered four times a day. He had a thing about it, showered and changed clothes four times a day. Jack's brushing his hair and he looks right at me and says, 'You made her, huh? You son of a bitch, you made her.'"

"What are you talking about?" I say.

"Ursula."

"Ursula?"

"Yeah, Ursula. The embassy secretary. I tried for five goddamn days. I had Jackie go shopping. I sent her notes. Nothing. And you, older than me, with your white hair, you made her."

"So I say, 'How do you know?'"

"I'm the President; how the hell do you think I know?"

When Robert McNamara, Kennedy's Secretary of Defense, did my show, I said to him off the air, "You all knew about the women, didn't you?"

He said, "Yeah, but it was a different era."

"How wrapped up in women was he?" I asked.

McNamara then told me this story about Kennedy that took place at the height of the Cuban Missile Crisis. "Khrushchev had sent us two conflicting cables, the second containing a proposal we could not accept. It was Robert Kennedy who came up with the brilliant idea of sending a cable back as if we hadn't received the second. Kennedy's cable put forward *our* proposal and was delivered with a grim warning that we needed a positive reply within 24 hours."

So now, according to McNamara, they were waiting to hear from Khrushchev. And it was coming down to the hour, literally, when Khrushchev had threatened to start World War Three. People were running back and forth between the briefing room and the Oval Office, and there in the office were McNamara, Rusk, the Kennedys and the chiefs of staff. In the middle of all this, a good-looking lady walked in with a bunch of files and dropped them on McNamara's desk. John Kennedy looked up, looked down, looked up again. Then he said to McNamara, "Who's that?"

"She's filling in today," McNamara said. "You know, we're really swamped, so they sent her over from Commerce."

Kennedy leaned over to McNamara. "Bob, I want her name and her number," he said. "We may avoid war here tonight."

Ted Koppel once told me a good story about Henry Kissinger. It seems Kissinger was flying to a major conference in Europe,

and during the last hour of the flight, one of his aides was feverishly trying to get his attention. Kissinger kept shooing him away, telling him to be quiet and leave him alone. The aide looked more and more perplexed and finally wrote out a note, which he handed to Kissinger as he was about to walk down the stairs off the plane. Henry took the note and Ted watched him stop at the top of the stairs, look down and see that his fly was open. He zipped it up quickly, and when they arrived at the conference, Kissinger said to Koppel, "That boy is going far, that aide. Those are the things you look for, Ted. The rest is bullshit."

I first met Mario Cuomo when he was lieutenant governor of New York. He came onto the show and told me he'd listened to my radio show for years. Our friendship grew from there.

I love the stories Mario tells about growing up the son of poor immigrants—which are no exaggeration, by the way. During his campaign for governor, he told me, he got a call from his mother: "Mario, are you against capital punishment?"

"Yeah, Ma."

"Mario, the whole neighborhood's for it. Everywhere I go, they're for it."

"Well, I'm against it. What do you want me to do, Ma?"

"Say you're for it," she advised, "and then don't pull the switch."

We were up at the governor's mansion one night—Mario, Herb Cohen and me—and the butler came in about one a.m. and said, "Would you gentlemen care for an aperitif before retiring?"

We ordered an after-dinner drink, the butler left the room and Mario turned to us. "Did you ever in your life think that anyone would come over to you and say, 'Would you care for an aperitif before retiring?' Franchot Tone had that said to him—not an Italian from Queens and two Jewish guys from Brooklyn. That ain't the corner."

Mario has never told me he wants to be President. We all guessed for him. One night at dinner, there was a lull in the conversation, and out of the blue, I said to him, "Mario, cut the bull. Are you gonna run for President?"

"Nobody ever asked it like that," he said. Then he added, "Larry, I don't know how to tell this to you: Governor of New York ain't bad. A couple of years ago, I was working in the back of my father's grocery store. I'm the governor of New York. It's all right, Larry. If I never do anything else, this is OK."

"Besides," he added, "do you realize that if I'm elected President, the summer White House is in Rockaway?"

William Casey liked Cuomo quite a bit, which shocked me. "I met Mario at a St. John's alumni dinner, where I sat next to him," Casey said. "I had a great conversation with him. Mario's my kind of guy. Maybe I don't agree with him on

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right on his foot. He got there first and I was out, but I could have stepped anywhere on the bag. I aimed for his foot and spiked him. Blood came spurting out. I walked off and said to him, 'Take that, nigger.' All Jackie said was, 'I'll remember that.' He was in tremendous pain, but he held it in, and I didn't think anything of it at the time.

"Two years later, in Ebbets Field, I hit a single off the right-field wall and tried to stretch it into a double. Robinson was playing second then. I went sliding in, and he took the throw from the right fielder. He made no attempt to tag me on the leg for the put-out, which he could have done easily. Instead, he whirled around and smacked me in the mouth with the ball in his glove. Six teeth went flying, there was blood all over me and I later had to have gum surgery. As he walked away, Jackie said, 'I told you I'd remember.'"

Jimmy Piersall was a great baseball player, but he is probably going to be remembered more for his bouts with mental illness, as memorialized in the book and the movie *Fear Strikes Out*. Piersall had a funny line once. I was in the booth with Jimmy and Harry Caray, when they were the White Sox announcers, and the Sox were playing the Orioles. So we were doing the game together for a while, and a player bunted. Piersall said, "I never would have bunted in that situation."

"Jimmy," said Harry, "you're crazy."  
"Hold it," Piersall said. "I'm the only man in this ball park with a certificate of sanity. I was released from an institution and I've got the papers to prove it."

Then there's Joe DiMaggio, one of the last living legends. I had an amazing discussion with him a couple of years ago. I had had Art Garfunkel on my radio show, and DiMaggio had heard it. He said, "Nice show last night, Larry."

I thanked him.  
"You know," he said. "I like those guys, Diamond and Garfunkel. But I still don't know what they meant in the song." He was talking about the now-famous lines in Simon and Garfunkel's hit song *Mrs. Robinson*: "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you" and "Joltin' Joe has left and gone away." Joe leaned toward me and said, "I'm still here."

I opened my mouth to say something, but he held up a hand. "I know you're going to tell me it's about how heroes are gone, myths are gone. I know, I ain't dumb," he said. "I was gonna sue. But my lawyer told me that this was the highest of compliments. I don't understand it, though. If I were dead, that would be one thing. But I'm still around."

If baseball is my favorite sport, then my favorite sports announcer of all time has to

be the voice of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Red Barber. Announcers couldn't do remote broadcasts in the Forties because of wartime travel restrictions, so Barber would announce games off the ticker, the way Ronald Reagan did. Reagan always tells the same old story of how he would say the batter was fouling off pitch after pitch, because the ticker had broken down and he had to fake it. We all laugh at that story, but what Reagan is telling us is that he lied. Red wouldn't lie. Red would say, "The machine is jammed."

When I finally got to interview him a few years ago, I asked him, "Why didn't you have the guy foul off a few pitches?"

"Why would I," he said, "report to you something that wasn't happening? I'm a reporter. All I know is that the machine jammed. I don't know what's happening in the game."

Red told me he thought Pee Wee Reese was one of the bravest men he ever met, because of how Reese reacted to a situation with Jackie Robinson. Red was in the locker room in Chicago when they were informed of a death threat against number 42, which was Jackie. The FBI took the death threat very seriously. They said they were going to comb the stands and suggested that Robinson not play that day. Robinson said, "How can I not play?"

And Reese said, "I've got an idea. We'll all wear number 42. They won't know who

## HAWAII VS THE PHOTOTRON

My name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses, orchids and tobacco.

In pursuit of this master's thesis, I set out to generate the world's most extensive, nonacademic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university, under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON, and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically."

The Phototron is not presented to the public as a piece of pamphletaria intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances.

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system, before the Phototron, has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate in a confined area, such as Hawaii's. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

In fact you will grow the plant six (6) to nine (9) months with an average six (6) inch internodal length (the distance be-



# PHOTOTRON

## LIGHT-YEARS AHEAD IN HORTICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY

tween fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop.

Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine (9) months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree growing in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron measures only 34 inches tall by 18 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.

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bottom. Mine is the only system in the world which will allow you to reflower and retreat the same plants every forty-five (45) days. You will remove from the system everyday. Beginning on DAY 20 after seed germination an average of six (6) to eight (8) ounces of plant material, such as tobacco can be harvested every forty-five days.

Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple, the system comes to you complete. All you must do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly, ask your question, and get your answer.

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to shoot at."

Reese didn't realize what a great moment that was in race relations, in life, in honor, in tolerance. He was just a man of average intelligence, but a team leader.

Switching to football, Don Shula is a great man, in my estimation. He used to be a great curser, too, but he mellowed. He had to, after some of the things that happened when he was in his first year with the Dolphins. I had been doing the color on the Dolphin broadcasts for the previous two years, when George Wilson was the coach. Wilson was a very nice guy and had almost no rules as far as the press was concerned. My job consisted of doing pregame and half-time commentary and locker-room interviews. The first game of the season, Larry Csonka got hurt and was down in the medical room being wrapped. After the game, I went down with my microphone to interview him. I didn't know that the medical room was off limits to the press under Shula's setup, because it hadn't been that way under Wilson.

I was interviewing Csonka, on the air, live, when Shula came in the other side of the room and started yelling in my general direction, "Get the *fuck* out of the *fucking* medical room!" And we had just won, too. It was a live mike and he was screaming at the top of his lungs, so I knew it went out over the air.

Csonka said to me, on the air, "Who do you think he's talking to?"

"Probably me," I said. "We'll be right back, folks."

I went outside the medical room and Csonka, who was a hell of a guy, came outside with me and finished the interview in the hallway. I folded up my gear and as I was leaving, walking back across the field toward the elevator, I saw Shula come up alongside me. He asked me kind of sheepishly, "Was what I said on the air?"

I nodded. He asked, "I said it twice, didn't I? What did you say about it?"

"I didn't say anything, but Csonka said, 'Who do you think he's talking to?'"

He smiled and said, "OK, I gotta watch that." Then he suddenly grimaced. "How the *fuck* could you not know the *fucking* medical room is off *fucking* limits?"

I said, "Well, I didn't, but I know now."

After that, we became good friends, and I watched him mellow.

I've met a lot of smart athletes in my time; but of all the intelligent sports figures in the world, without a doubt, the smartest one I've ever known is Muhammad Ali. Ali also may be the best public-relations man who has ever lived, bar none. He was certainly the best ticket seller of this century. He is also one of my favorite people on earth. He has a kind heart and deep convictions. His quote on the Vietnam war was the best one-line summation of that conflict I ever heard: "White men sending black men to kill yellow men."

For a while during the Sixties, Ali

wasn't fighting, because the Government had taken his title away. He requested conscientious-objector status, saying he had nothing against the North Vietnamese, and as a result, was denied the right to fight professionally. (George Carlin put it all in perspective: "The Government said, 'If you won't kill people, we won't let you beat 'em up.'") During that period when he wasn't fighting, he came onto my show and talked about his PR skills. He told me how he had hit upon the idea of forecasting fight results and being pompous about it, which he said happened quite by accident.

Ali, still known as Cassius Clay, was about to go into his first fight, in Louisville on a Friday, and that week he appeared on a local sports talk show to promote the fight. Gorgeous George was scheduled to wrestle in the same arena that Saturday, and they appeared on the show together. Ali said, "I went on that show and I said, 'It's my first fight, I'm the Olympic champion and I'm sure looking forward to it. I know that I've got a tough opponent, but I'm going to do my best, and I hope to embark on a professional career.'"

"And then the announcer said to Gorgeous George, 'And you're wrestling the Samurai Brothers on Saturday.' George said, 'I'm gonna kill 'em! I'm gonna take their heads and pound 'em into the ring! I'm gonna bring venom and menace and horror to Louisville Saturday night!'"

"I won my fight on Friday," Ali said. "George wrestled Saturday, and I don't know who won. But I looked at the attendance: I drew 4000 and he drew 13,000. I said to myself, There's something to this."

I knew Rocky Marciano pretty well, too, and I liked him a lot. Rocky was a great guest, but he was also the world's cheapest man. He never picked up a check. He didn't trust banks.

Rocky was so gentle and sensitive I could never figure how he could be such a killer in the ring. He hated training and he didn't much care for boxing. He wanted to be a baseball player more than anything else in the world. I asked him, "Did anybody ever scare you?"

"Oh, yeah. George," he said. "George was the neighborhood bully when we were kids. I used to be afraid to walk home from school, because if George got me, he'd beat the hell out of me."

"So you were really afraid of this kid George?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah. George was a tough guy. I'll tell you the truth. Twenty years later, I'm the heavyweight champ, and there's a dinner for me in Brockton; George is at the cocktail party—he's an automobile dealer now. And he comes up behind me and taps me on the shoulder. I turn around and he says, 'Rock, you know—'"

"I ducked so fast I spilled my drink."

During the Sixties, I got to know and to interview most of the major black political

leaders, including Martin Luther King, Jr., Stokely Carmichael, Malcolm X, H. Rap Brown and Huey Newton. The black leader who opened my eyes the most was probably Malcolm X. He gave me an understanding of the black movement. There was a fire in Malcolm, and I thought of him as the poet of that movement. He was very light-skinned, with red hair. "Do you think, Mr. King," he said to me, "if you were my color, you'd have your job? In your wildest dreams?"

That kind of put things in perspective. Malcolm was the first to say to me, "I never see my people in a commercial. Did you ever think about that, Larry?" Before he said that, I had never thought about it. Now we take these perceptions for granted, but just 25 years ago, they seemed unheard of.

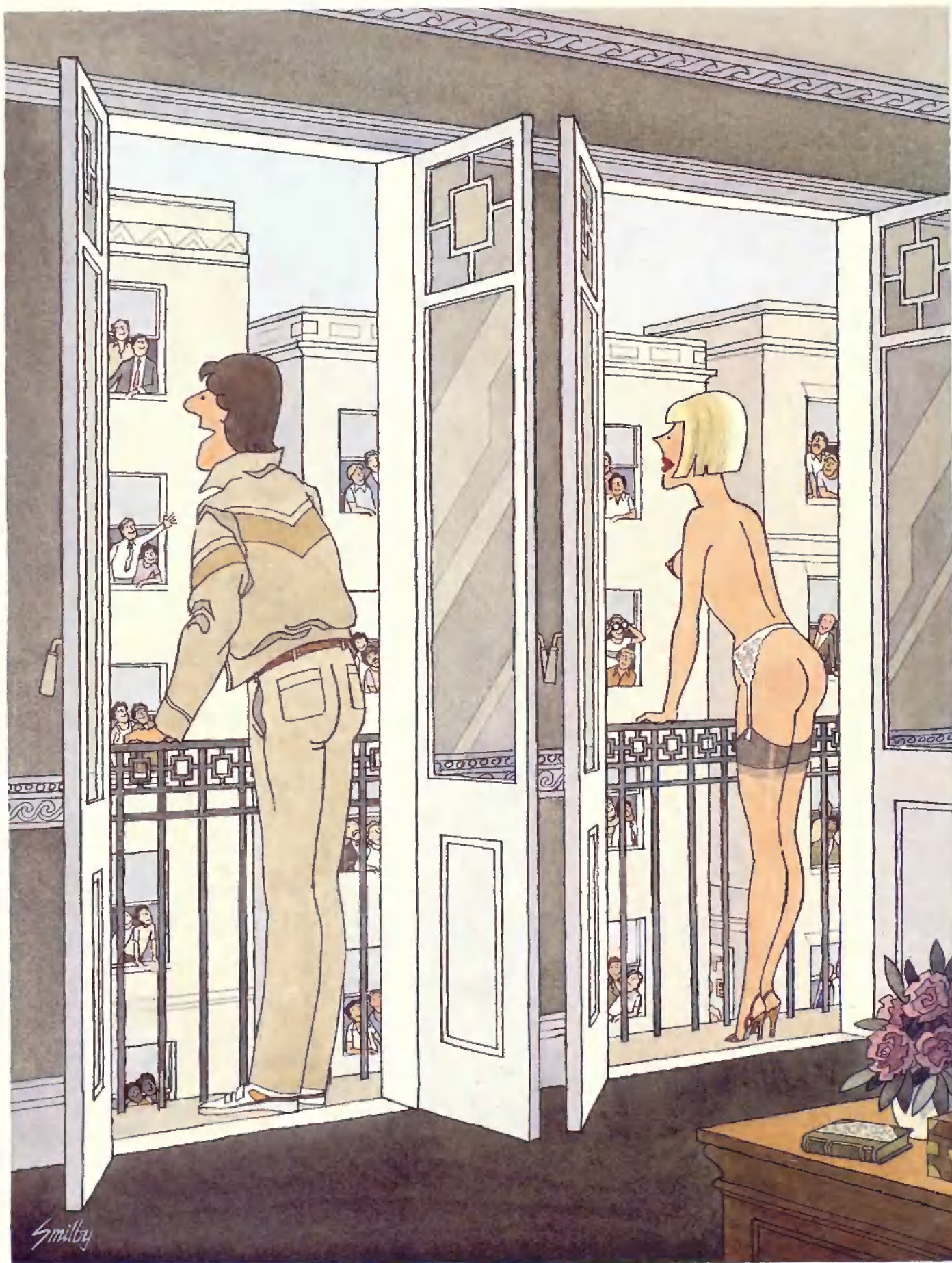
I flew back from Chicago recently and the pilot and copilot were both black. Twenty-five years ago, there would have been peril on the plane. Even ten years ago, something happened that I'll never forget. I was flying to Dallas in first class, and sitting next to me was a white pilot who was "deadheading"—flying to Dallas, where he was going to pick up his plane. He recognized me and he happened to be a fan. He said, "Larry, you know who the pilot is today?"

I don't remember the guy's name, but he was a black pilot flying left seat, and there weren't many black left-seat pilots back then, because they had been very late getting into the system. "Watch this guy," he said. "He puts on a good show."

I had no idea what he meant. After we got up into the jet stream and were cruising along, the black pilot came out, put his pilot's hat on a shelf and stretched so we could all see his captain's insignia. Then he walked out into the aisle, where everyone could see him plainly. "Ain't dis a lovely day to go flyin'?" he said in his best Uncle Remus accent. "Holy Moses, what a day we's been havin' up front in de cockpit. Ain't it wonderful, folks? I's flyin' dis plane to . . . uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . Dallas. That's where we's goin', Dallas." This is a true story. That was one nervous first-class section for the rest of the flight.

And, finally, I must say that I have a favorite story of my own. A lot of unusual things happen to me on the air, but nothing compared with what happened one night in the fall of 1975. You may remember Marilyn Chambers, the star of *Behind the Green Door* and other adult movies. Well, Marilyn was on my radio show in Miami, talking about—what else?—sex. She said, "Sex is a commodity to me. You have your voice, you use it. I have my body, I use it. It doesn't mean any more than that to me."

She stayed to the end of the program, and we were getting ready to break for the news. Perhaps to illustrate her point, she



*"Hey—I wonder what all those fellas over there are looking at."*

asked me, on the air, "Do you want to make love during the news?"

While I was fumbling for an answer and trying to find my voice, she added matter-of-factly, "How long is the news, anyway?"

"Six minutes," I said, grateful for a question I could answer with a straight face. "And another minute of local."

"Let's do as much as we can in seven minutes," she said—and then she began taking off her clothes. Finally, all she had on was a slim gold chain around her waist.

I didn't know what to do. Chambers certainly was attractive, but—make love? Right there in the studio?

"Come on," she said. "The subject of this show is sex, isn't it? Don't you think it's appropriate?"

So I gulped and said OK. I broke for the news and I asked the engineer to leave the control booth. The idea was that we would

make love and then I would talk about it on the air after the news. Except—well, you know what comes next. I couldn't do anything. It was just too public, too exposed. It was *weird*.

When the news ended, we went back on the air and talked about what had happened. She said, "Why couldn't you get excited? I was willing to do anything. In fact, I like you. We could have fun. Do you want to go out after?" I said no, thank you.

When the morning disc jockey came on, Chambers was still naked. She started dancing around for him and then went over and danced right into his face. The poor guy didn't know what to do. She said to me, "It's like you taking your elbow, Larry, and rubbing it up against somebody."

Well, maybe not exactly.



## AIR ATTACK

(continued from page 82)

late at night, we'd go play."

He *doesn't* like to lose, and so it was perfectly in character that he should explode on Collins in disagreement over the score of a pre-season practice game. The result was a much-publicized and seemingly unexplainable snit between two notoriously genial guys.

Out on the south golf course at La Costa, Michael was good company, full of stories and interested questions. He wore a white pith helmet that made him resemble a Bahamian policeman on holiday and his legs were so thin that his Achilles' tendons popped painfully out of his calves as he swung his driver. But he hit the ball hard and clean. It rose in an arc, whistling straight down the fairway like a Steven Spielberg special effect, and before it landed, Jordan was in his golf cart, pushing the accelerator all the way down, hustling toward the green.

Michael has been playing golf for only four years, and only during basketball's off season, but his handicap is only five. He lies with a straight face that it's eight, to hustle people onto the course. "If I was playing *you*," he had taunted me the night before, "I'd say I was a ten." His best golf score to date is 74, not much higher than his personal best on the basketball court, 63 points, which he scored two years ago in a play-off loss to the Boston Celtics.

Michael hopped out of his cart, and as he walked to his ball on the far side of the green, he said, "It's not cockiness, it's confidence. If I stopped playing basketball right now, I believe I could play another professional sport." He had, after all, quarterbacked his high school football team and played baseball well enough to attract professional offers. He chose basketball over the other sports when he started college and immediately caught the nation's attention when, as a freshman, he sank a 16-footer against Georgetown to win the 1982 N.C.A.A. tournament for the University of North Carolina.

But he still has his hobbies, as he then demonstrated on the golf course by putting his ball 15 feet to the hole. It hit the back of the cup with a click, popped up into the air and dropped in, a slam dunk. Then he was back in the cart, pedal to the floor and on to the next tee.

We chatted about the stuff of a solid middle-class upbringing—houses, families, golf—as we moved doggedly from shot to shot, hole to hole. Jordan comes from the all-American family; his father was a plant supervisor for General Electric in Wilmington, his mother worked in a bank, and they attended all of his games.

Earlier, I had asked Adolph Shiver the worst trouble he and Michael had ever got into as kids. Shiver thought a long moment



*"I can't cure your premature ejaculation, but I can put you in touch with a woman with a very short attention span."*

and then said it had to be when they were thrown out of high school basketball practice for not being serious. My goodness.

In an age of Brian Bosworth-style excess, Jordan works at being normal. He does his own cleaning, cooking and shopping. He waits until just before closing time to go to the supermarket, or he sends Juanita, whom he met three years ago in a restaurant after a Bulls game. At the time, she wasn't overly impressed that he was Michael Jordan. "Girls who chase you," Jordan told me in the car, "aren't the ones you're interested in." He's wary of women, having spent many dateless years as a student and suddenly finding himself one of *Playgirl's* ten sexiest men. "In high school, I didn't have the status as an athlete," he said more than once to explain his datelessness. Juanita sometimes takes time from her real-estate job to travel with Jordan. Overall, she stays well in the background, and she declines interviews. "She's not the partying type," Jordan said, "and neither am I."

As we approached the 17th green, an elderly man jogged down the fairway, breathing heavily and waving an enormous handkerchief like a white flag. The old fellow glared at him, and Jordan, ever respectful and courteous, greeted him with, "How you doing today?"

The man clearly didn't recognize Jordan, seeing only some upstart young black man who had driven the ball within a dangerous proximity to his head. "Didn't think I was going to escape with my life," he sputtered. Jordan said nothing, but he did chip his next shot into a sand trap. He bypassed the 18th hole entirely.

As we reached the first tee of his second 18 holes, because Shiver decided not to play and Jordan needed some sort of competition, he made a wager with me: "Two dollars if I break 80, ten dollars if I break 75," and then, for the next two hours, it was "You're in trouble now" every time he landed a shot on the green. He lost the wager, incidentally, and when I tried to collect, he told me to consider it an investment in Michael Jordan.

It's not just golf and basketball that stir his competitive urges. Once, Jordan was playing Pac-Man in the basement of David Falk's home. Falk won the first game, and all through the second, Jordan stood at his shoulder jawing at him and warning that he'd be eaten. Falk turned to him and said, "Why don't you let me play? I'm not talking to you when you're playing."

Jordan just replied, "That's right, but I'm going to win." And he did.

Hanging on the wall of Falk's Washington office is an autographed poster of Jordan spread-eagled and flying through space, seemingly pulled by the basketball in his palm, his mouth wide open, as if surprised by his own trajectory. Falk, 37,

is a lawyer by training, but as a senior vice-president at ProServ, he transformed Jordan from a basketball player into a conglomerate.

Nineteen years ago, ProServ managed a stable of tennis players; now it represents more than 150 high-profile professional athletes, including 29 N.B.A. players. It does everything for Jordan, from negotiating his contracts and investing his millions to maintaining his schedule and keeping the press off his back.

Under Falk's direction, ProServ sold Jordan as a concept, a more difficult task, at the start, than it would appear in retrospect. He was once just a charismatic rookie basketball player of uncertain professional future, and some of the companies he now represents turned him down at the first offering. But Nike saw promise in Jordan, and he signed with it in September of 1984, before he had even reported to the Bulls' rookie camp. The deal amounted to an unprecedented \$2,500,000 over five years; with royalties added on, it came to more than \$1,000,000 a year. In the first year, the Air Jordan line alone grossed more than \$130,000,000 for Nike—more than the sales of all but two athletic-shoe companies in America. The money, Jordan admitted, "blew me away and told me more or less what I was about to enter into."

ProServ clinched McDonald's, Coca-Cola and Chicago Chevrolet during Jordan's first year in the pros; Wilson Sporting Goods, Excelsior International, a watch manufacturer, and Johnson Products, the cosmetics company, followed. "There are no hard-and-fast rules," said Falk. "It's all judgment. But you're concerned that if you put too much on his plate, too many corporations, at some point, the public will wake up and say he's becoming a corporate animal. It's hard to become Michael Jordan, and you can lose it overnight."

Falk is the guardian of the image, and it's a shrewdly ambiguous one, something along the lines of "Michael Jordan is an exceptionally talented athlete with solid moral values." What those values are doesn't matter. Fill in the ones you want. When you lock into an identity, you become, like Jim McMahon, a prisoner of your own fad. Jordan, on the other hand, forever remains undefined, free to be whatever the public wishes him to be.

This image was a work of genius, and Jordan is well aware of how much money it has made for him. He spends three hours going over his monthly ledgers with Falk, and his parents and Dean Smith review them as well. He has ProServ invest his money conservatively in a portfolio balanced between growth and conservation of assets, commercial real estate, oil, stocks and bonds, overseas securities, pension plans and retirement accounts.

He guards his money cautiously. After

watching him scrutinize the price of a dozen golf balls, I suggested that with his income, he could buy anything he wanted.

"Yeah, I could do that," he answered a bit impatiently, "if I didn't think too much about the future. But someday I'm going to get married. Someday I might have kids. I don't know if I'm going to get hurt, if that's going to be the end of my career, and then I'm living a lifestyle I can't cut back on."

At the age of 25, when most men are just getting started in careers, Michael Jordan is planning for retirement. Unlike Jabbar or Dr. J, he won't go on playing when he's 40. He says he'll quit basketball by the time he's 33, take golf lessons and go on the professional golf circuit while he's still young enough to pull it off.

• "What is basketball?" I asked Jordan over dinner in a La Costa coffee shop.

Without looking up from the menu, he replied, "It's the link between the real Michael Jordan and the public Michael Jordan. Take away basketball and it's hard to get to the real Michael Jordan."

A waitress appeared. Michael asked her what chicken à la king was and then ordered it with a milk shake.

Without basketball, I realized as we ate, we'd never care about the real Michael Jordan, because he's a pretty ordinary guy. Maybe that's why he plays so constantly and forcefully; maybe that's why he spends his life out on the road, moving from city to city, promotion to promotion, to keep from wondering if that identity will vanish when he quits playing. He knows that someday he wants to own a big house with a Doberman in the yard. And when his hair is gone and he's long retired, he'd like to tell his grandchildren "how I once took a dollar off the backboard and left change."

Thinking of grandchildren makes him smile, but they will have to wait. So will slowing down long enough to figure out what an ordinary guy of modest needs and tastes will do with all the millions of dollars he has in the bank. Spending them could never be as much fun as accumulating them.

"You never know when this can be taken away from you," he said. I wasn't sure if "this" referred to the money, the fame, the freedom to play, all three, or more. "So I figure I'll enjoy myself now," he continued. "And every time I think about it, I have to say that this is the easiest job in America, to go out and play two hours and get paid so much. Who else can have it this easy?"

We were tired from the talking, burned from a day in the hot California sun, and the conversation turned monosyllabic.

"What would happen if you stood still?" I asked.

"You miss life," he answered solemnly. "You miss life."



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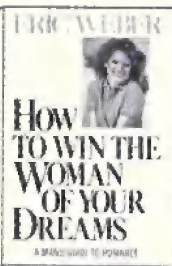
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## TOM CLANCY

(continued from page 63)

Does that actually mean anything?

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think it lessens the threat of a nuclear war?

**CLANCY:** I want you to assume for a moment that I extend my hand to you. In this hand is a nine-mm Browning high-power automatic pistol. In fact, I own one of those. It has a 13-round magazine, you put one in the chamber, it's got 14 rounds. I point it right at your chest at a range of about ten feet. And I promise you I will hit you from this range. Let's say that I don't really hate you as much today as I did last week. So I pop out the magazine. I take out seven rounds. I put the thing back in. I point it at you again and say, "OK, now there're only seven rounds pointed at your chest from a range of ten feet." Don't you feel twice as safe now?

**PLAYBOY:** We take your point.

**CLANCY:** If the Russians can deliver 5000 nuclear warheads on U.S. soil, we're just as dead as if they delivered 10,000. Now, if you were to reduce the deliverable number on both sides to 1000, you might actually start talking about saving some lives.

**PLAYBOY:** If war ever broke out, and it began in Europe, whoever used nuclear weapons first would probably use the smaller, tactical weapons first, right?

**CLANCY:** Probably. If the Soviet forces broke through NATO lines.

**PLAYBOY:** What are tactical nuclear weapons, anyway?

**CLANCY:** I have Nigel Calder's book *Nuclear Nightmares* on the shelves here. And he has a particularly black joke that goes, "What is the definition of a tactical nuclear weapon?" Answer: "One that explodes in Germany." As a joke, that's really evil. Consider that the weapon that destroyed Hiroshima—it wasn't really the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima, it was the fire that resulted from it—was a 20-kiloton weapon. The warhead on a single Pershing missile—a so-called tactical weapon—that the L.N.F. agreement is going to remove from Europe is up to 400 kilotons. Twenty times greater than Hiroshima! So the difference between tactical and strategic weapons depends on how close to you it explodes.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet U.S. nuclear policy makes a big distinction between the two types of weapons.

**CLANCY:** We think there is an actual difference. We plan walls and firebreaks and other defenses against these so-called small nukes. But Soviet military doctrine regards all activity as part of a continuum. And I think they're more correct than we are in that respect.

**PLAYBOY:** One of your protagonists in *Red Storm Rising* is a Soviet general who says to the Politburo, when they are debating, that it's madness to consider the use of even the smallest battlefield atomic weapon.

**CLANCY:** Thank God, someone noticed!

The best line in the whole book, for an insider, is when General Alekseyev says, "The Politburo is talking like those NATO idiots." That's the Soviet view of NATO tactical nuclear strategy—that it's idiocy.

**PLAYBOY:** So here we have one of President Reagan's favorite novelists calling NATO's nuclear strategy idiotic?

**CLANCY:** Yep. Look, the Russians are right. Soviet nuclear strategy makes a hell of a lot more sense than Western nuclear strategy.

**PLAYBOY:** Why, exactly?

**CLANCY:** The NATO idea is that we can fight a limited nuclear war in Europe under gentlemen's rules. OK? We'll kill your soldiers and you'll kill our soldiers, but we won't nuke each other's cities. It's been part of NATO doctrine for 30 years that we can use nuclear weapons on the battlefield without eliminating large civilian or economic targets. They feel that we can limit the use of the nuclear weapons to military activities and not to strategic activities. That's lunacy.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**CLANCY:** Because, most likely, both sides would keep upping the ante until, all of a sudden, Paris isn't there anymore. And the French are probably going to take great offense at that and take out Moscow. And the Russians are going to be a little bit peeved and, next thing, New York, London and Washington are gone. At which point the whole world goes slightly nuts.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you know for sure that the Russians have a more logical view of the dangers of nuclear war?

**CLANCY:** I know from their open source material. The way they write to each other in *Red Star*, the daily paper of the Soviet military. You can subscribe to it in the United States if you speak Russian. Their writings on nuclear war are very different from ours.

**PLAYBOY:** Then do you think it more likely that a nuclear war in Europe would be started by the U.S. than by the Soviets?

**CLANCY:** Probably, yes.

**PLAYBOY:** That's another surprise, coming from you. Even your novel *Red Storm Rising* assumes that the Soviets will use nukes before the U.S. does.

**CLANCY:** In my book, NATO was holding a good hand. The use of nuclear weapons in the tactical environment would be an act of some desperation. If the Soviets do their job right, if they can achieve strategic surprise on the battlefield and get their breakthrough, the NATO countries are going to say, "We can't let the Russians have Europe. We have to stop them somehow." And the only choice they're going to have is to go nuclear.

Which is why I've been saying for quite some time that the primary mission of the United States and the West in general is to make sure we have sufficient conventional arms to stop the Soviets cold. Because if we don't, we're risking a global nuclear war, and that is not something that I look upon

with enthusiasm.

**PLAYBOY:** Whose fault, then, is the West's flawed nuclear strategy? We think we know.

**CLANCY:** Right: politicians'. Armies do not start wars. Generals do not wake up in the morning and say, "Shit, let's go kill somebody. I haven't had a good killing rush for a while. Let's go take out a regiment of Frenchies today." That doesn't happen. What happens is that the politician says, "The French have something I want. Or the Russians have something I want. Or the Nicaraguans, or the Cubans, or the Vietnamese have something I really want. They're not going to give it to me, so I gotta go take it. And you, General Smith, go take that country."

"Yes, sir."

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you think the policies of a man like Gorbachev can reduce the chance of a superpower confrontation?

**CLANCY:** I spoke recently at Quantico, the FBI academy, to a bunch of counterespionage people. And I posed the question, "What if a nice guy took over the Soviet Union—how would we know? How do we tell the difference?" Because he still has to act within the context of his own society. He's not going to change the Soviet Union into a liberal democracy overnight. He would probably be doing all the things that Gorbachev is doing now. And Gorby is moving forward quite rapidly in some areas. Now, the question emerges: "Is he a good guy or is he a guy who's trying to act like a good guy?"

**PLAYBOY:** And the answer is?

**CLANCY:** You can't know! Personally, I think that Mikhail Gorbachev is a good guy, within the context of his own society, of course. So you give him the benefit of the doubt. Yes, we should encourage him in every way. But not without a *quid pro quo*.

**PLAYBOY:** In all of your books, but most notably in *Patriot Games*, there is constant reference to good guys and bad guys. Is the world really that simple?

**CLANCY:** A lot of the good-guy, bad-guy stuff in *Patriot Games* is a technical designation. That's the way cops talk. It is, nevertheless, the way I think in a lot of cases. The world is not so simple as to lend itself to people's falling into one of two categories. But those two categories do exist and quite a few people do fall into them.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you reject the notion of other writers, such as John Le Carré, that there might exist some moral symmetry between "our side" and "theirs"? That, ultimately, we're all up to the same thing?

**CLANCY:** That's an absurd notion. Today, in Afghanistan, the Russians are deploying a munition, a bomb, that's completely new, unique in the history of warfare. It is an antichild bomb. Dan Rather showed a clip of it on TV. It has to be real. It's a bomb that's in the configuration of a toy—a truck or a doll. A kid picks it up and it blows his hand off. There is no moral symmetry between the United States and the Soviet

Union. Certainly, we've never deployed anything like that. In our darkest hour—and some of the things we did in Vietnam we don't have to be especially proud of—we never have done anything like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Some would say that your faith in the good guys is wishful thinking. Like your faith in technology.

**CLANCY:** Let me ask you a question. In what kind of airplane did you fly from Los Angeles to Washington to interview me?

**PLAYBOY:** A 747.

**CLANCY:** Did you feel safe?

**PLAYBOY:** Most of the time. Not as much as some years ago.

**CLANCY:** Well, the 747 is a pretty good bird. The only times they ever broke have been the crew's fault. If it weren't for technology—let's say, for example, if you took away fertilizers, which are chemically manufactured, and just eliminated them worldwide—50 percent of the people alive today would be dead in 12 months.

That's what technology does for us. It keeps us alive. I'm driving a car with German engineering. You're using a Sony tape recorder, Japanese engineering. You couldn't make a living without it. We get our information that way. Business could barely function today without computers. Technology is part of life, and always has been. Ever since we stopped using our muscled to poke holes in the ground to plant seeds, technology has been important. After it's been around for 20 years or so, it just recedes into the woodwork. There was a time when nails were high-tech.

**PLAYBOY:** When did your great romance with technology begin?

**CLANCY:** I've always been a gadget freak. When I was back in first grade, I think it was the first year that the Walt Disney show was on TV. There was a one-hour show of how the space race was going to start. I saw that and I said, "Yeah, that's the way to go." And I've been a technology freak ever since. I supported the space program before there even was one! That's where the future is. The future is in doing things that we don't know how to do yet.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you think an increasingly technological society undermines the human side of life?

**CLANCY:** Why should it? I have two computers and a couple of VCRs, color TVs and all that neat stuff. I still like to talk with my family over dinner. Maybe they said the same thing when Gutenberg perfected the movable-type press. The real synonym for technology is tool. Any item of technology is simply a tool. If it's used skillfully, it has a positive effect on the way life is lived. If it's used unskillfully, or stupidly, as often happens, it can kill people.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet a lot of people have begun asking questions about the role of technology—its impact on the environment, on who controls the technology and, most recently, about whether or not complex technology

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even works the way it's supposed to. Do you have any second thoughts such as those?

**CLANCY:** Absolutely not. Most of the people who say that are living off in never-never land. In past centuries, such people were called Luddites. Technology is part of life. It's not going to go away. As far as its working, well, people are people, and they will continue to make mistakes, to screw up.

**PLAYBOY:** But doesn't technology sometimes amplify those mistakes? Screwing up with a nail is one thing; with a nuclear power plant, it's quite another.

**CLANCY:** Technology makes things safer. Let's take Three Mile Island, for example. The people screwed up real bad. The technology built into the power plant saved them. There was enough safety built into the system itself to prevent anything really bad from happening. And, in fact, nothing really bad happened. Nobody was hurt. There may be one extra case of cancer 20 years from now; and if there is, it'll probably be a jerk like me who smokes.

**PLAYBOY:** You wouldn't have any problem living next to a nuclear power plant?

**CLANCY:** I *do* live next to one—15 miles from a nuclear power plant. The place we just bought on Chesapeake Bay is in a direct line of sight to it. Doesn't concern me.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the Soviet disaster at Chernobyl? Do you think it was a technological breakdown or just human error?

**CLANCY:** It was probably both. Name one Soviet consumer product, aside from the AK-47 assault rifle, which was, in fact, stolen from the Germans; it was originally the German StG 44—that you can buy in the West. Cars? Television sets? Cameras? Maybe caviar—but the fish make that. Soviet technology is not terribly impressive. I've been inside Soviet military equipment. I'm not overwhelmed.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think it's so inferior?

**CLANCY:** Politics. Their economy is screwed

up. In America, either you turn out a quality product or nobody buys it. And if nobody buys it, you go broke. In the Soviet Union, they don't have market forces to regulate anything. If a guy turns out a quality product and he's the only one who makes it, the people have to buy it whether it's good or not. You can make an argument that the best reflection of any society is to be found in its military, because all of its societal tendencies and all of its economic abilities will be crystallized at that level. Every time American gear has met Soviet gear on the battlefield, the Soviets have come off second best.

**PLAYBOY:** Back to the future. Your next book is *Cardinal of the Kremlin*, and we understand that it focuses on Star Wars—

**CLANCY:** Don't call it that. Come on.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**CLANCY:** It's a pejorative name for something that can be of great benefit to the world. The Strategic Defense Initiative, SDI.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you such an ardent booster of such a controversial program?

**CLANCY:** It offers us the only logical way out that I see of the nuclear conundrum that we're in now. Nuclear deterrence, the situation that putatively keeps the peace in the world today, is fundamentally flawed. It's like a bunch of crazed neighbors with loaded shotguns marching around their homes, yelling death threats at one another. Just because it happens to be nation-states that agree to keep the peace that way doesn't make it any less crazy.

**PLAYBOY:** Instead of coming up with new gadgets that may not work, why not try to take the shotguns away—in this case, the nuclear weapons?

**CLANCY:** You're *never* going to eliminate all nuclear weapons. You're *never* going to eliminate manned bombers. You're *never* going to eliminate cruise missiles.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**CLANCY:** Because there simply is no way to verify their elimination. You want to bring a nuclear bomb into the U.S.? Don't bring it in on a missile. Just disguise it as cocaine and bring it through the Miami airport. [Laughs] However, we might be able to get rid of the *scary* missiles, the long-range ballistic weapons.

**PLAYBOY:** So how would Star Wars, or SDI, do that?

**CLANCY:** Even a fairly rudimentary system will make a successful disarming first strike, called counterforce, virtually impossible. Now, in all likelihood, you will never come up with a system that's 100 percent effective. There are just too many warheads coming in. But say we could deploy a 99 percent effective system right now—would you be in favor of it?

**PLAYBOY:** It's hard to think of anything technological that's 99 percent effective—and haven't you made the point that it hardly matters if only 100 Soviet missiles come down on us instead of 10,000? These are nuclear weapons, right?

**CLANCY:** Yeah, a lot of people would die. But my point is that virtually nothing, not even SDI, can stop a nuclear cruise missile or those fired from close in by a sub. What SDI *can* do is cut down—way down—on the effectiveness of the strategic counterforce, the threat of the ballistic missiles.

Now, what have you done? If you can make it statistically unlikely that these very expensive, very hard-to-maintain ballistic weapons are any longer militarily effective, then, just maybe, you have a rational basis for negotiating the bastards out of existence. And that's the promise SDI holds.

This is actually an interesting point in military history. We've finally reached a point where the defense actually has a technical advantage over the offense. That happens very, very rarely. We're coming into a whole new category of weapons, directed-energy weapons, which change the rules. SDI gives the Russians a basis for saying, "Yeah, why don't we get rid of the damn things once and for all?"

**PLAYBOY:** Or for building new ones.

**CLANCY:** No. What the Russians would do if we deployed a defensive system—since countries' military communities do tend to mirror-image each other's technology—would probably be to deploy a defensive SDI system themselves. And that's probably the best thing that could happen. I would rather blow up a missile than blow up a city any day.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to be banking a good deal on everybody's best intentions.

**CLANCY:** Everybody on both sides acknowledges that just busting each other's cities is a completely irrational act. Nobody—not even a Joe Stalin—wants to be the guy in history who killed 100,000,000 human beings. Nobody wants to be remembered as another Genghis Khan or Attila the Hun.

What we're trying to eliminate, therefore, is a way for one of those guys to say,



COCHRANE!

"A beefeater, please."

"We don't want to use nuclear weapons, but we *have* to, to prevent damage to our country." If you can eliminate that, you've eliminated the most dangerous, most expensive, most destabilizing kind of weapon. You're not eliminating the threat of nuclear war entirely. They're simply too valuable for national strategy for both sides. What we are doing is reducing the likelihood that those weapons will be employed.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't it all come down to whether or not SDI could ever really work? A lot of experts think it can't, it's too complicated. You think it can. Since you make things easy to understand, tell us—how is this system supposed to work?

**CLANCY:** You take a free-electron laser and base it on the ground.

**PLAYBOY:** Not in space?

**CLANCY:** Oh, no! You want the laser on the ground, so you can fix it when it breaks. That way, you don't have any trouble getting power to it. This laser shoots up a single beam of light with a power on the order of 10,000,000 watts. That searing beam hits a mirror that is up in orbit. That mirror relays the beam to a second mirror, which then focuses the beam and aims it down at a Soviet rocket just as it is emerging from its ground silo.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds like a tough shot to make.

**CLANCY:** Come on! You can't miss the sucker! It's a great big target with an enormous thermal signature. You zap it while it's still in boost phase, and the eight to 12 warheads it's carrying will drop down and burrow into the earth. They won't even go off.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, by your own count, the Russians have some 10,000 of those missiles to throw at us—

**CLANCY:** Hold on. Ten thousand *warheads*—just 1400 missiles to carry them.

**PLAYBOY:** Still not reassuring. That's a lot of missiles for a few high-tech weapons to intercept.

**CLANCY:** It's more than a few! The system I'm talking about could fire 500 bursts per second, 1500 in three seconds. Ivan's got only 1400 missiles.

**PLAYBOY:** Somehow, we still don't feel safe. If a submarine can send out decoys against a torpedo, couldn't the Soviets fool our billion-dollar lasers with aluminum-foil planes?

**CLANCY:** Target discrimination is not going to be terribly hard, because the lasers are going to be looking for large infrared targets. If you wanted a decoy to generate that sort of image, each one would have to cost almost as much as a missile, making it unfeasible. Even so, the SDI system can cycle through targets so quickly, at such a high rate, that it could probably take out both the missiles *and* the decoys, if such decoys were ever launched.

**PLAYBOY:** Your faith in technology is greater than most people's. Aren't at least a few of those 1400 Soviet missiles going to get through?

**CLANCY:** Hey, maybe more than a few.

Maybe 100 or more. I've already said the SDI system may not be 100 percent effective. It merely gives the Soviets more of a rationale to sit down with us and negotiate the ICBMs away. And *that* makes it worth it.

**PLAYBOY:** You obviously love this military stuff, yet you were kept out of the Service because of poor eyesight. Do you think you'd rather be doing it for real, instead of just writing about it?

**CLANCY:** I've told all my friends in the military that I'd rather do what *they* do than what *I* do. The reason is, I'm just a minstrel, when you get down to it. OK, I may be a very smart minstrel, or a very lucky minstrel, or a very successful minstrel. But I'm just a minstrel. And people out there who do this work every day are more important than I am, and they do not get the recognition that I do.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a message you're trying to get through in your novels?

**CLANCY:** My feeling on messages comes from Sam Goldwyn: If you want to send a message, use Western Union. But if there is a message in what I write, it is that the people who serve in the U.S. military are in essentially the same kind of work as police officers and firemen. Their job is to risk their lives for people they don't know. I don't say they're perfect, and they don't claim to be perfect; but they are entitled to as much respect.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you decide you were going to be a writer?

**CLANCY:** It was always my dream. I wanted to see my name on the cover of a book.

**PLAYBOY:** But you didn't publish anything until you were an adult. And then it was a letter to the editor.

**CLANCY:** Yeah. To the *Proceedings of the U.S. Naval Institute*, the monthly journal of the U.S. Naval Institute. I said that it wasn't doing its job properly of explaining its role to the American people—that the United States needs a Navy. What the Navy people were mainly doing was communicating back and forth among themselves. Totally incestuous.

**PLAYBOY:** Turns out that you've taken over that job for yourself.

**CLANCY:** Never thought of it that way. Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it your Jesuit education that instilled in you the discipline to sit in front of a word processor eight hours a day?

**CLANCY:** Do I look like a very disciplined person? [*Waves at the cluttered study around him*] I tend to be something of a slob. I fight against it, but it seems to be a losing battle. I tend to be lazy. Though my writing is the first disciplined thing that I've been able to do in my life. It took me 35 years, but I've finally found something I'm good at. I guess it just took me a long time to grow up.



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## RUNTS OF THE LITER

(continued from page 123)

*"Leno says the Mazda 323 'looks like a Japanese Volvo and drives like a BMW on a caffeine high.'"*

a French car, which, noted Leno, "means that it corners on the door handles, but you can hit a speed bump at 60 miles an hour while drinking a Perrier without blowing bubbles out your nose."

The second category of cars, which Leno dubbed Turbo Beefeake, includes the Mazda 323 GT and Isuzu I-Mark Turbo. "What we got here," explained Leno, "is a pair of college-educated Hulk Hogans dressed up for a prime-time wrasslin' spectacular."

Equally to the point, he observed that the Mazda 323 "looks like a Japanese Volvo and drives like a BMW on a caffeine high." It's true that you don't get the full dose of that teenage-athlete-in-pinstripes thing that the Germans do so well, but then, most German suits don't come with three pairs of pants, as is the case with the Mazda. Depending on your sartorial preferences, you can get it dressed up as a full-figure five-door wagon, a four-door

business suit or a three-door Hawaiian-print ensemble with turbo motor and four-wheel drive.

The sporty GT four-door sedan we tested is new for 1988 and is powered by a turbocharged, 132-hp, 16-valve version of the 1.6-liter four-cylinder found throughout the 323 line. Apart from its ability to display its prominent taillights to almost anything else on the road, the 323 GT is distinguished inside by special upholstery and seats with even more ergonomic adjustments than usual. Outside, except for a small GT badge, the only indicator is a set of 14-inch alloy wheels shod with special high-performance tires. As Leno put it, "This is the perfect car for stop-light *macho* contests."

Fibulist Joe Isuzu would probably describe the Isuzu I-Mark Turbo as being "more nimble than a Formula 1 racer, more predictable than a Johnny Carson monolog, and the adjustable bucket seats

include several positions from the *Kama Sutra*."

Actually, the Isuzu I-Mark Turbo looks like a Japanese Volvo and drives like a . . . well, like a Mazda 323 GT. The turbocharged Isuzu four-cylinder engine puts out 110 hp from a displacement of 1.5 liters (a 46 percent increase over the nonturbo base engine) and gives the car zero-to-60-mph acceleration capabilities in the under-ten-second range. "What you've basically got here," said Leno, "is a four-door sports car that goes with your attaché case."

A rather neat summation of a vehicular concept, and one that, with a quick mental two-step, leads rather neatly to the category Leno dubbed Lawn Tractors for the Masses. This is machinery in which form follows function and not vice versa. Included in the group are the Suzuki Samurai, Subaru Justy and Yugo GV—vehicles whose principal virtues are mechanical simplicity, utilitarian character and a low price. "In Beverly Hills," said Leno, "they buy these things by the dozen and give them out as Christmas gifts." Any of the three will get you from A to B. The chic quotient, however, varies a bit.

At the top of the chic list is the Suzuki Samurai, a sort of transistorized jeep from Japan. In the two years it has been available here, the Samurai has become one of the best-selling four-wheel-drive vehicles in America and one of the few available as either a convertible or a hardtop (which is a \$150 option). "The Samurai has become a very hip lifestyle accessory here," Leno observed. "But park it anywhere but Beverly Hills and when you come back, there'll be a 4-H club brochure on the windshield."

Mechanical simplicity is the hallmark of the Samurai's design, with a Spartan yet comfortable interior, a rugged 1.3-liter, four-cylinder, 64-hp engine, and trucklike live axle suspension that yields a ride so stiff it led Leno to observe, "It's such a cute little thing that you might be able to lure Miss April into going for a ride. But advise her to wear her jogging bra or she's going to wind up with a severe case of titlash." A soft-ride suspension option is also available.

If you're looking for four-wheel drive in a form a bit closer to the mainstream, the Subaru Justy might be just the ticket. The Justy is available with the new-for-1988 optional on-demand four-wheel-drive system that costs just \$600. Activation is achieved by thumbing a red button in the middle of the shift knob, and the hardware necessary to drive all four wheels adds only 100 pounds to the weight of the standard two-wheel-drive model.

The Justy's styling and interior design are what might be termed Tokyo technomimimalist, but you have to get used to the engine, which Leno characterized as sounding like "a steam-powered sewing machine." If so, it's the racing version, because the Justy's 1.2-liter three-cylinder engine puts out 66 eagerly obliging horses, and once you get over the rubbery feeling of a jacked-up, semi-off-road suspension that



*"Hey, Dave, get over here and teach this rookie how to chew tobacco."*

has 7.1 inches of ground clearance, the Justy can be tossed down a windy road with the best of them.

"This looks like a car for people who make goat cheese by candlelight in their condo at the beach," was Leno's preliminary assessment of the Justy. "And they order the four-wheel drive because those darn neighbor kids keep tracking sand on the driveway." But halfway into the test drive, he started making more positive noises and wound up picking it as his second favorite, behind the Honda CRX. "So many cars today are like a middle-aged dentist in a toupee and gold chains, desperately trying to be something they're not. The Justy doesn't have a pretentious bolt in its body."

Another unpretentious vehicle relatively new to the U.S. market is the Yugo, built in Yugoslavia, which, the PR people are careful to point out, is *not* a Communist-bloc country. "Cute little car," said Leno. "But the name sounds like Boris Karloff's cousin from New Jersey."

Despite its bad rap when it first went on sale in 1985, the Yugo today is on the move. It's the cheapest new car in America and a sponsor of the U.S. Olympic men's and women's volleyball teams. A Yugo placed third in the One Lap of America rally. The new convertible model is on the way, so is a new "luxury" model called the GVX, and thanks to a 136-percent jump in sales since June 1986, Yugo has become the fastest-selling European import in history.

The vehicle causing all this commotion is the GV, a \$4199 three-door hatchback sedan, just 139 inches from bumper to bumper and powered by a 1.1-liter four-cylinder engine that puts out 52 hp. Fuel economy, according to the EPA, is 29 m.p.g. around town and 31 m.p.g. on the highway, with zero-to-50-mph acceleration of about 10.6 seconds. The upcoming GVX luxury model features a larger, 1.3-liter engine, five-speed manual transmission, heavy-duty suspension, aero body kit, alloy wheels with low-profile radials and designer upholstery, all for \$5699. The convertible model (with electric top), due midyear, has been restyled by an Italian *carrozzeria* and carries a price tag of \$8300.

The fourth and final category of cars in our test, which includes the Toyota Tercel, Volkswagen Fox, Hyundai Excel and Plymouth Horizon America, was categorized by Leno as "the automotive equivalent of a Maytag, complete with a lonely repairman." Hence the category Maytag-Mobiles.

There are no style statements here. These are cars for those who simply want to get to and from without a fuss, without a doubt and without being noticed, which is not to say that among this group, there are no sensory rewards for the driver. The Toyota Tercel is a prime example of how attention to detail can enrich your perceptions. The styling is what Leno calls "Harvard wedge modern," the controls are light and precise, the ride smooth, the handling nimble. Power for all three Tercel models (two-door notchback, three-door and five-door

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hatchbacks) is provided by a silky-smooth 78-hp, 1.5-liter, four-cylinder engine and routed through a choice of smooth-shifting five-speed manual transmission or three-speed automatic.

Smooth is the operative word here, and the visual, the kinetic and the tactile aspects of the Tercel conspire to give the impression of a more expensive car. The seats feel German, and the dashboard has the starkly expensive look of a Porsche-design watch. Leno particularly liked the nubby cloth upholstery material and asked, "Can you get me a swatch I can show my tailor?"

In the category of cars that feel good, the newest offering from Volkswagen also deserves attention. Code named Project 99 during the three-year-long start-up phase, the all-new Fox was designed in Germany, built in Brazil and is being marketed in the U.S. as the Beetle of the Eighties. Although lacking the distinctive styling that (along with its reliability and low price) made the Beetle a world-wide phenomenon that has lasted almost 40 years, the Fox has the full measure of the Germano-tactile feel competent drivers world-wide demand and happily pay for.

Designed as an entry-level car, and in direct competition with the microsize, minibuck wonders from the Orient, the Fox is currently available in both two- and four-door notchback-sedan body styles and a stylish three-door station wagon. All are powered by a 1.8-liter fuel-injected four-cylinder that develops 81 hp, allowing the

Fox to do zero to 60 mph in 11.5 seconds. This is the same basic engine used in the Golf and Jetta models and is currently available only with a four-speed manual transmission, to be joined momentarily by a five-speed manual.

The fully independent suspension, MacPherson struts in front and torsion beam/trailing arm in the rear, yields a ride that is firm without being harsh, and the handling (despite the skinny tires) is sporty. Leno, however, had his eye on the interior. "It's got great seats, an expensive-looking dashboard and a trunk you could sublet to a couple of college students," he said. "And the glove box is big enough to put in a pay phone so they can call home for the money."

Hyundai (rhymes with Sunday) is the largest auto maker in Korea, sells cars in 65 countries and bills itself as manufacturing "cars that make sense." All of which might suggest that money, and how little of it is required, is the major attention-getter. Which is true, up to a point. More to the point is that the Excel is the embodiment of a concept that is right on target for the times—a car that is not only very inexpensive but very good.

Built in Korea, the Excel is available as a three- or five-door hatchback or a four-door sedan, all of them powered by a 1.5-liter, three-valve, four-cylinder engine that puts out 68 hp. A four-speed manual transmission is standard on some models, a five-speed with overdrive is standard on others and a three-speed automatic is avail-

able on some. All ride down the road on fully independent suspension and are covered by a 36-month/36,000-mile power-train warranty, a 12-month/12,500-mile new-vehicle warranty, a 36-month corrosion warranty and a free one-year membership in the Cross Country Motor Club, which has a toll-free hotline for emergencies such as towing and roadside service. For this price category, a remarkably comprehensive package of benefits that provoked Leno to speculate, "I hear that next year they're going to come with a butler."

Which brings us, at last but not least, to the one and only American-designed, American-built, American car in the group, the Plymouth Horizon America (called the Omni America at Dodge dealers). The Horizon is the result of a collaborative effort among management, labor, suppliers and dealers to create a genuine built-in-America import fighter targeted at the entry-level and second-car markets.

Fitted with a higher level of standard equipment than comparably priced imports, the Horizon America is available in a four-door hatchback powered by a 2.2-liter, 93-hp, four-cylinder engine upgraded for 1988 with fuel injection and fast-burn combustion. And even though Chrysler expects the Horizon to be the lowest-priced American-built car on sale in the U.S. in 1988, the car is still covered by Chrysler's industry-leading seven-year/70,000-mile power-train warranty. This is the quintessential American-designed, American-built transpo module—affordable, comfortable, reliable and styled to be practically invisible. "What we have here," said Leno, "is a car designed to make a *banzai* run to the airport without worrying about speeding tickets. An interesting example of specialized evolution."

Once again, our fearless comedian has put his finger on the heart of the issue. Even as evolution on a large scale is leading to smaller cars, evolution is going on among and within the small cars themselves. The Japanese have what's been called the "nichest trigger finger in the West," and it shows in the proliferation of task-specific and image-specific small cars. Evolution driven by marketing. And the steady trickle of go-fast hardware and electro-techno bells and whistles that used to flow from the big cars to the little cars is, today, equally likely to flow in the opposite direction. Evolution driven by enthusiasts.

And they keep on driving. "If Darwin was even half right," concluded Leno, "somewhere along the line here, we ought to wind up with a car that looks like a Lamborghini Countach, will do 150 miles an hour, gets 40 miles to the gallon around town, is easy to park and you can buy for less than 15 grand."

To which the PR man from Suzuki replied, handing his card over with a smile full of secrets, "Come see me in 1990."



*"How do you do it, Stephanie? Raise a family, hold down a great job and still find time to screw my husband?"*

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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### SLICK WHEN WET

**T**he raincoat. Timeless, here, in silhouette, it stirs memories of Bogey in *Casablanca*. But even the toughest trench coat can become a drench coat if the fabric isn't water-repellent—and it's the fabrics that make these raincoats special. One is made of "mud silk," in which mud is applied to wet silk and sun-baked, water-

proofing the coat and creating the texture of the cloth. Linen can be treated to withstand the elements, and rubberized cotton chases the night away with dazzling colors. A travel trench coat in crinkled nylon can be packed and still stay true to its personality. Making your slicker slicker goes far beyond the utilitarian. It's great to have fun and stay dry.

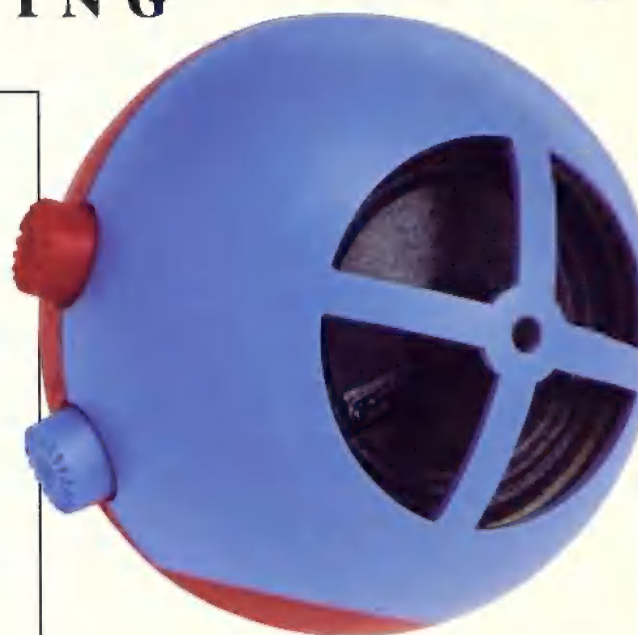
**Below left:** Travel trench coat in crinkled nylon with belted waist, by Banana Republic, \$89, worn over an indigo washed-silk sport shirt, by Men Go Silk, \$200. **Center top:** Rubberized-cotton water-resistant raincoat with snap front, by New Man, \$300, over a cotton mock-turtleneck sweater, by One Man Band, about \$160. **Center bottom:** Water-repellent linen duster with self-belt and antique buttons, by Jeff Sayre, about \$625, worn over a striped linen dress shirt, by Lazo, \$120, and silk tie, by Susan Horton Designs, about \$38. **Below right:** A mud-silk, belted raincoat with brass-button closure, epaulets and welt side pockets, \$375, covers a tan washed-silk sport shirt, \$170, both by Men Go Silk.

STEVE CONWAY





Woods of Windsor in Garden City, New York, is a toiletries company with a line of products featuring a scent that's derived from the *peau d'Espagne*—an arresting aroma originally used in conjunction with leather tanning. Above are three veddy masculine products, including Woods of Windsor talcum, \$6, bath-and-shower gel, \$6, and after-shave, \$9.50. Other great-smelling products for men, including scented drawer liners, are available.



The French-designed Switch radio is currently making sound waves in Europe. It's about the size of a billiard ball and features AM/FM, a headphone adapter and exceptional fidelity, by Switch USA, Inc., \$39, including a deskstand.



Matte-finished in durable plastic, the Inning Organizer is a completely integrated spiral-bound day/date organizer with space for shopping lists, phone numbers, expense-account reports and more, from Plus USA, Closter, New Jersey, \$49.95.

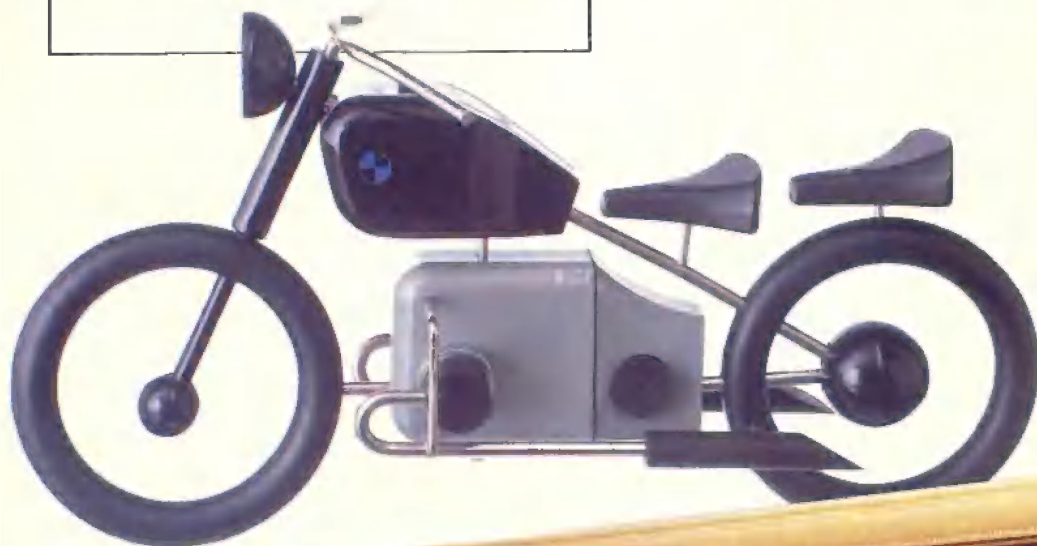


Have gym tote, will travel. The Original Locker Bag looks like a gym locker but travels like an overnight bag. It fits in a locker (or under an airline seat) for easy storage and carries enough gear to satisfy Arnold Schwarzenegger, by Ogio, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$49.95, including a hairbrush, mirror, three liquid containers, toothbrush holder, soap dish, comb.

The Swiss Champ model Swiss-army knife is the first new offering in three years by Victorinox and features 29 functions, \$72; leather case with 11 additional gizmos, \$38. Neat.



The classic Corvette is the inspiration for the Corvette Road-wheel Watch, an etched image of the 'Vette logo on the famous face of a Swiss-made quartz timepiece with a pigskin band, from RoadMasters Design, Woodridge, Illinois, \$245, in a crested rosewood box.



Made in France of lacquered hardwood, this model of a BMW motorcycle, measuring 6 1/2" high by about 13" long, makes a perfect desktop trinket for guys whose taste runs to Bavarian wheels, from Schylling Associates, Salem, Massachusetts, \$100. A sidecar with leather seat is optional.



Magnavox' 27" color monitor, the RH7610BK, has more going for it than just another pretty video picture. The cabinet is covered in camel-colored leather, and that's just one of several hides available. Other features include a wireless remote control, stereo sound, a 36-button menu with on-screen programing displays and a sleep timer, about \$2000.

## Uncovering Karel

Actress KAREL HANNAK has appeared on TV in *The Young and the Restless* and on the big screen in *Rock and Roll Reunion*. We think she's a knockout and a dead ringer for Brooke Shields. Here, she emerges from an April shower, ready to bloom.



## The Way He Wears His Hat

You can't take that away from JOHN LYDON. Currently taking a touring break, you can catch the ex-Sex Pistol on his album *Happy?*.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE

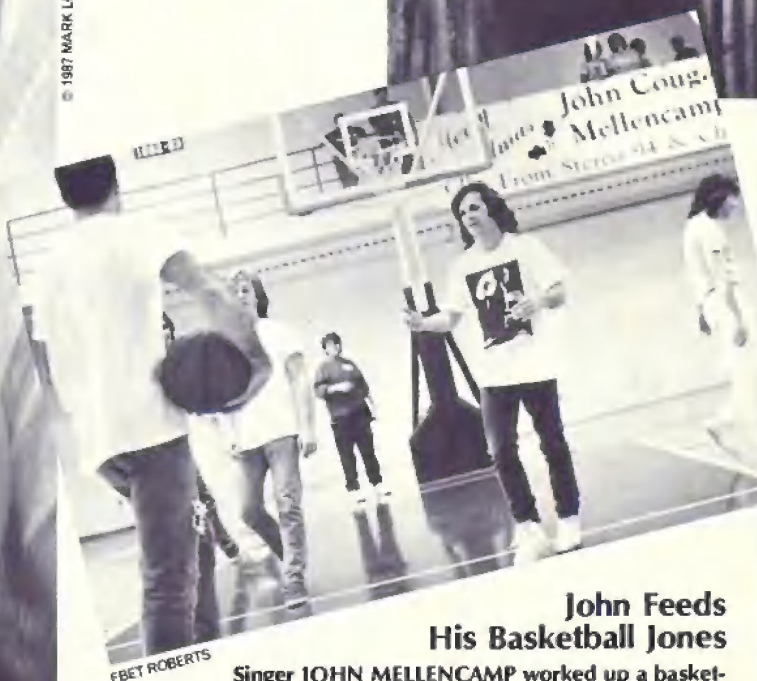
## Robbie's Waltzing All Over Again

ROBBIE ROBERTSON waited for about 12 years for the muse to return. It was worth it. You saw him a lot on late-night TV last winter, and if all goes well, you'll be able to see him in concert sometime in the spring.



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## John Feeds His Basketball Jones

Singer JOHN MELLENCAMP worked up a basketball sweat before a concert sweat in Chillicothe, Ohio, last winter, where he played for free after the townsfolk signed a petition asking him to come. After he finishes his U.S. tour, it's off to Australia.

EBET ROBERTS



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## A Ticket to Ride

Australian rockers INXS are finally getting the attention they've been looking for after ten years of work. Their album *Kick* kicked up the charts. Michael Hutchence, the group's singer, says, "Great things rise to the top." Amen.

## Where Does It Hurt?

Please, no letters from irate nurses. Actress MICHELLE WILKERSON is just having a little fun. Michelle has appeared in the movies *Charlie Guitar* and *Glitch*. She's also appeared in two or three office fantasies, but we'll let you work out your own. It's only fair.



CHASE ROE/RETNA

## The Champ Is a Scamp

MIKE TYSON is entitled to a little horseplay. Fresh from his Tokyo bout, he signed a multimillion-dollar, multifight deal with HBO. He'll fight a series of seven bouts, to appear on cable into 1989, which makes him the highest-salaried star on TV. Here he's gym dandy.



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